

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

25 CENTS



HOLLYWOOD BAD MANNERS
by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

THE SECRET GENE RAYMOND
KEPT FROM JEANETTE MACDONALD



**"Look what I
brought back from
my vacation!"**

ANNE was simply floored; Sylvia of all girls, getting a man like that after so many years. Sylvia, the office nuisance. Sylvia, the girl that men forgot as quickly as they could.

"Isn't he nice?"

Anne had to admit that he was.

"My dear, it was simply whirlwind. We met . . . we talked . . . we fell in love! Didn't we, Dave?"

Dave grinned sheepishly, "Boy, am I lucky."

"We're going to be married next month," Sylvia rattled on, "and then honeymoon in Bermuda."

"How gorgeous!" said Anne.

Then while the somewhat abashed bridegroom-to-be sauntered out onto the lawn, Sylvia held Anne's ear. Dave was in business for himself . . .

doing awfully well, too . . . they were going to build a home . . . he had the nicest disposition . . . and, my dear, half a dozen girls had made a play for him at the summer resort. Suddenly she stopped and patted Anne's hand—

"I guess I've got you to thank for this," she said, simply.

"Me? Why, Sylvia?"

"Don't you remember the spat we had? You lost your temper and told me about my breath. Told me to get Listerine or get off the earth."

"But, Sylvia"

"No buts. Honestly, if you hadn't said what you did I'd probably still be a wallflower instead of the luckiest girl in the world. That dig of yours changed my entire life."

HOW ABOUT YOU?

There are a million people that might well

take a hint from Sylvia's case—people who are fastidious about everything but their breath and who continue to offend *without even knowing it*. Perhaps you are one of them.

No one is exempt from halitosis (bad breath). It may be present today and absent tomorrow, due to subtle chemical changes in the mouth.

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Why guess about the condition of your breath . . . why take needless chances of offending, when all you need do to make your breath sweeter, cleaner, purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic?

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Don't expect tooth pastes alone to remedy breath conditions. When odors are present you need a deodorant, and none is better known than Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every morning and every night before both business and social engagements. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

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Ever try LISTERINE for dandruff? Wonderful!

20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT
EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A
GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On
The Avenue" ... faster 'n'
funnier than "Sing, Baby,
Sing" ... bigger 'n' better
than "Wake Up and Live"!

'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

with

ALICE FAYE Honey lovely ... lilting to new hi - de - heights!	RITZ BROTHERS Triple threats to gloom ... give 'em room ... give 'em room!	Don AMECHE Your new heart- throb...now star of radio's big- gest show!
CHARLES WINNINGER Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!	LOUISE HOVICK Bringing a new personality to the screen!	RUBINOFF and his Violin...that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!
Tony MARTIN Romantic rave of the airwaves!	ARTHUR TREACHER One l-o-n-g laugh!	Phyllis BROOKS Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!
TIP, TAP & TOE Rhythmic as rain on the roof!	LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND The trumpet king at his hottest!	Tyler BROOKE Rootin', tootin' trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY
MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'



THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!



Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!



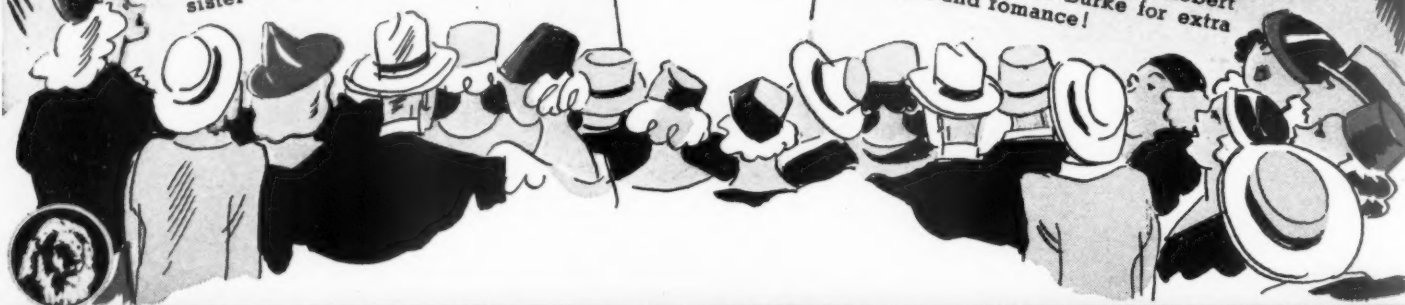
A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!



That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—till Myrna comes along!



A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38



Photoplay

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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Myrna Loy, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. \$2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries, \$3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. While manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

VOL. LI., No. 9, SEPTEMBER, 1937

Ask THE ANSWER MAN

EDUARDO CIANNELLI (pronounced Chan-nelly) has an M. D. tucked away some place, but he prefers acting to the medical profession. Not since "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar" have people shuddered so much and liked it as they did watching the consummate performance of this Anglo-Italian in the screen version of "Winterset." His savage, malevolent gangster *Trock*, whose sinister shadow hovered over Burgess Meredith throughout the picture, was a masterpiece of villainy. Except for a small rôle in "Reunion in Vienna" in 1933, Eduardo has not appeared on the screen before, and it takes exceptional ability to project yourself into an audience's consciousness in one picture.

Ciannelli's background was far from being sinister or forbidding. Born in Naples of an Italian father and an English mother, he was the youngest of four boys. His father owned a health spa, and wanted Eduardo to be a doctor, but after taking his degree the young man discovered he had a good voice, and began a musical career. He sang in grand opera in Italy, Russia and France. At the close of the World War he came to America and though he couldn't speak English married a charming girl who couldn't speak Italian—proving perhaps that love is the universal language. Eduardo then began singing in musical comedy, playing with Mitzi in "Lady Billy." He also sang in "Rose Marie." On the side he dabbled in writing, and Frank Morgan (his fellow actor in the screen version of "Reunion in Vienna") appeared in the leading rôle in Eduardo's "Puppets and Passion."

His most outstanding stage appearances were in "Broadway," in "The Front Page," and with the Lunts in "Reunion in Vienna." When RKO purchased "Winterset" they signed Ciannelli to appear in the original rôle he had played on the stage. Since then, he has been in "Criminal Lawyer," "The Girl from Scotland Yard," and currently with Bette Davis in "Marked Woman." Ciannelli is five feet nine and one-half inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. His birthday is August 30th. He has two young sons, one of whom shows a marked talent for drawing.

MRS. P. E. FIELDS, OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS.—Jack Haley, whose roaming eyes and general expression of coy futility made such a hit in "Wake Up and Live," is a veteran actor though only thirty-six years old (he was born in Boston on August 10, 1901). He came out of high school planning to be an electrician, got his wires crossed, began his stage training in burlesque, started a vaudeville team, Krafts and Haley, went on to musical comedy with notable success in "Gay Paree," "Good News" and "Follow Thru." He entered pictures in 1927 and has been around Holly-

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The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY 1926 Broadway, New York, New York

Slickest menace of the month is Eduardo Ciannelli, who's an M.D., but prefers to specialize in screen villainy

Today
the Curtain Rises
ON THE PEN OF
HIGHEST PEDIGREE...



A New and SUPERLATIVE Model of the Revolutionary Vacumatic

PARKER'S SPEEDLINE MAJOR and MAXIMA, \$8.75 and \$10

Attend Original Showing August 10 to September 10—
Start Fall Earning or Learning on a New High Plane

*New Speedline Shape
with enlarged Ink Capacity.
Self-governed Flow,
33% More Gold,
and of course Parker's smartly
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A conquering Pen is this, because it never starts anything for you that it cannot finish.

For example, it gives you continuous year-round mileage if you merely fill it 3 or 4 times from one birthday to the next. Eight or ten fleet seconds does the trick.

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A wholly original and exclusive Style—shimmering Pearl and Jet—now with new,

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Not merely a 1938 style, but also a 1938 mechanism! A simple recoiling Diaphragm replaces the old-time rubber ink sac and lever filler still found in ordinary pens. The flow is automatically governed regardless of your writing speed. And every Parker Vacumatic is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect, with no coddling asked or expected.

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Pencils to match, \$2.50 \$3.50, \$3.75 and \$5



Brief Reviews OF CURRENT PICTURES

Tim Holt, Jack's son, and Anne Shirley in the "Stella Dallas" rôles made immortal by Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Lois Moran

ANGEL'S HOLIDAY—20th Century-Fox.—Again Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnaped movie star, and provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she locates the missing actress, helps capture the thugs (July)

★ **ANOTHER DAWN**—Warners.—A story of sand, and death and love in British India with Kay Francis, Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter being too, too honorable about it all. There is a lot of polite killing of the natives. Go for the stellar cast. (June)

AS GOOD AS MARRIED—Universal.—Audacious, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary in order to save on his income tax. But his frau really loves him, gets tired of his shenanigans. Giddy and good. (July)

BANK ALARM—Grand National.—This jumps for glory from murders to kidnapers to counterfeiters, and misses. Conrad Nagel is the G-man who ferrets out the crimes with the assistance of his comely lieutenant, Eleanor Hunt. Vince Barnett contributes several laughs as a slow-witted photographer. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE HEADLINES—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy is the energetic newshawk in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Gibson, a bright newcomer), and blocks the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug.)

BIG BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox.—The Jones family again deliver an excellent piece of entertainment in this tale of how they are almost ruined by

Prouty's (*Mr. Jones*) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the procrastinating florist who woos the daughter; Kenneth Howell does well as the inventive son. (July)

BILL CRACKS DOWN—Republic.—Rough and ready action in a steel mill. Grant Withers neglects his sweetie for work, with the usual trite outcome. Beatrice Roberts, Judith Allen, Ranny Weeks, Pierre Watkin and Roger Williams try hard. Dull. (June)

BORDER CAFE—RKO-Radio.—John Beal, ne'er-do-well, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cattleman Harry Carey and café dancer Armida, makes good after routing gangsters who try to bamboozle him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug.)

★ **CAFE METROPOLE**—20th Century-Fox.—This offers Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of sly satire, speedy satire, speedy humor and romance. It's a casual story of a young man who poses as a Russian duke to snare an heiress. Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all the cast, are grand. Be sure to go. (July)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal.—John Wayne, Louise Latimer and Robert McWade rise above an unbelievable slice of bologna dealing with a Coast-to-Coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks for a million-dollar contract. Skip it. (June)

★ **CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—Simplicity, dignity, magnificent photography [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story
by the authors of "Boy Meets
Girl" that will give you the great-
est thrill in years! Girls... music
... romance... stars... comedy...
fashions... all done in *Advanced*
TECHNICOLOR so daz-
zling it takes your breath away!

MISCHA AUER—
twice as funny as in
"My Man Godfrey"!



ALAN MOWBRAY—
what a riot of laughs
this guy gives you!



HELEN VINSON—
alluring, but oh!... so
aggravating!



WARNER BAXTER
JOAN BENNETT

Walter Wanger's

VOGUES OF 1938

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

Helen VINSON • Mischa AUER

Alan MOWBRAY • Jerome COWAN

Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER

Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



with "The Most Photographed Girls in the World"... those

WALTER WANGER MODELS

WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED FASHIONS

From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
and
VICTOR McLAGLEN

with G. AUBREY SMITH • JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN • CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER • DOUGLAS SCOTT

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid... when the bagpipes skirl and the regiment charges... you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid \$2.20 to see it— and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!

20th
CENTURY
FOX

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

THE trouble with writing editorials is that you are supposed to be dignified about them . . . and this month I have something as dignified as all get out to announce to you . . . but I am too excited to tell you solemnly . . . so here it is and instead of writing it to you I wish I could shout it, I'm that pleased . . . a dream I've had for a long time is coming true . . . PHOTOPLAY beginning with the next issue will be in a new large size, with the most beautiful new appearance and even better writers. . . .

Two years ago when I took over the editorship of PHOTOPLAY quite a few of my self-appointed critics told me I couldn't ever get my magazine read by the class of reader who buys the latest books, speaks accurately of current events, and knows the newest distance between a hemline and the floor . . . but PHOTOPLAY has always had a great block of readers who did all of those things and more . . . the faithful readers who have stayed loyal through its twenty-six years, who were attracted to it originally by the dynamic editing of the late James Quirk . . . the important thing in the past two years was to add to it the new, intelligent movie-goers of today. . . .

FOR there is, as we all know, a new and superior movie audience today . . . due not alone to the improvement in pictures but to the decline of the theater, and the anemia of the average novel . . . an audience frankly seeking amusement but liking to think a little about it too . . . the public which goes to see "The Life of Emile Zola" and to listen to Stokowski and to observe the transcendent art of Greta Garbo . . . PHOTOPLAY has been catering quite frankly to that audience knowing you wanted the fun and laughter and news of Hollywood, the most beautiful spot on earth, and also its genuine art development. . . .

BECAUSE of this . . . because I so firmly believe that Hollywood has educated the eyes of the world to beauty . . . I felt that PHOTOPLAY had to be larger and more lovely to look at . . . since even the purest beauty has to have space in which to be seen . . . but reversely the

Miss Waterbury has an important announcement to make this month. For her, a dream has come true; she tells you why

moment you set up the pictures of the four most beautiful women on earth (you'll see them in the October issue) you simply have to have better writers in order to attract any attention whatever to the type pages. . . .

So you will find these writers, too, coming to us beginning in October and following on throughout the year . . . in this very first new large issue you will find Gilbert Seldes who was the first critic to discover "The Seven Lively Arts" . . . that ace reporter Lowell Thomas . . . and that great novelist, Faith Baldwin, writing a startling love story which a great star told her . . . and our own Adela Rogers St. Johns . . . Dixie Willson, that glamorous short story writer . . . there will even be new departments by such authorities as Edgar Allan Woolf on Cooking . . . on account of he is Hollywood's best man cook . . . and a children's page by the girl who writes to the Royal English princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose . . . there will be all that and much more . . . but the price will remain right where it is now. . . .

ALL of which I hope makes you understand my excitement . . . those big new PHOTOPLAY pages will be glamorously laid out by Heyworth Campbell who has done such a distinguished job with other publications . . . even the very type will be new . . . I'll be eternally grateful if when you've seen and read the new PHOTOPLAY you will write and tell me what you think of it. . . .



FAN EXPERIENCES WITH THE STARS



THE BIG WIG MYSTERY - - WITH IRENE DUNNE

BY J. DONALD HEEBNER, ARUBA, N.W.I.

It happened as long ago as 1924 while on the road with Col. Savage's musical play, the "Clinging Vine"—by Zelda Sears. Peggy Wood had been the very charming star, but in Cleveland we learned that an attack of chronic laryngitis was forcing her to leave the company at the end of the week. Our schedule to play the larger Eastern cities was suddenly changed to a series of one-nighters, where we would remain until Miss Wood's successor was ready to go into the show. An understudy from New York, a chorus girl with the show while it played Broadway, was coming on to fill in while we did the sticks where names didn't matter.

The first one-nighter was at Sunbury, Penna., a quaint little place with something more than a quaint theater. We arrived on Sunday, and were

called for a special rehearsal with the understudy. At least she was pretty, but our loyalty to clever Peggy Wood, for whom the "Vine" was written prejudiced us against any successor. But by the time the Sunbury performance was over, it was evident the understudy was quite capable of coping with the sticks audiences.

For three weeks we tramped through Pennsylvania and New York State and up into Connecticut, during which period the new leading lady proved herself to be a real trouper. The best actress in the world cannot appear good-natured while playing one-nighters if she is not good-natured. In spite of the big job she had shouldered, this girl's disposition remained unruffled. There were many things to try her. It was in Williamsport, I think, where the company all registered at the same hotel. We arrived late, and as I put down my bag to register, an old friend from Williamsport greeted me with a dinner invitation. Pointing to the bag, I instructed the porter to take it to my room, and without waiting I went out to keep the dinner engagement with my friend.

Later, at the theater I heard that our leading lady had lost her bag, in which she was carrying a wig which she wore in one scene. I remembered the wig—it had been [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before Sept. 1, 1937, we will pay you \$10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Due to the large number of letters received, it will not be possible for us to return unused material. Send contributions to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

"SURE I LIKE A GOOD TIME!"



STELLA DALLAS

They called her a party wife.
They said she "wasn't fit to
be a mother." But *you'll*
recognize Stella Dallas as
one of the greatest, finest
characters on the screen!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

STELLA DALLAS

BARBARA STANWYCK

JOHN BOLES - ANNE SHIRLEY

Directed by KING VIDOR

FROM THE NOVEL BY OLIVER HIGGINS PROUTY

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

*Dramatization by Harry Wagstaff Gribble
and Gertrude Purcell.*





The Goldwyn version of the tragic play, "Dead End," story of N. Y.'s water-front line, finds Joel McCrea as Dave . . .



gifted young architect reduced to sign painting, hopelessly infatuated with the wealthy Kay (Wendy Barrie) . . .



Baby Face Martin (Humphrey Bogart) killer-product of the slum street, teaching a young crop of law-breakers . . .

BOOS and Bouquets

\$15.00 PRIZE

THE WINNER!

(An Open Letter to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.)

READ your article in June PHOTOPLAY and was very much amazed that you, the supposed "cream of American society," should write such a thing about people who were kind enough to welcome you into their homes. Was it really Fifth Avenue that lifted a snooty eyebrow at the doings of Hollywood, or was it just Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who came, and looked and got nowhere?

Hollywood is too independent to care what you think, but some of us lesser persons resent the way you condemned it. I, too, was born on your same Fifth Avenue. I, too, can trace the blue bloods of my family back generations. I was one of your debutantes, and like every girl in my set envied the freedom and glamour of Hollywood women. Why shouldn't the stars dye their hair? Why shouldn't they wear false eyelashes and paint their faces?

You go to the movies to see beautiful women. You go to Hollywood every year (according to your own account, you've gone for the past twenty years). Why? Isn't it because, being a man, you crave beauty and excitement, something different? You call Hollywood stars "hillbillies." Isn't your resentment caused from pique because you were not received in the way you expected to be? Hollywood has no class distinctions. Stars boast they weren't born with a silver spoon in their mouths. They weren't playboys with a manufactured bank account to draw on. Can you blame them, now that they have gained wealth and fame, for cutting loose occasionally?

Suppose they did have only one case of iced champagne, and the rest of it iced with cubes in the glass? A well-bred guest takes what is given to him; if he does not like it he need not go back. Suppose a few of the guests did relax in the host's sleeping quarters? They had had a trying day. I agree that Fifth Avenue parties are swell affairs, but Fifth Avenue women have nothing to do but plan parties, while the Hollywood hostess rushes home from the studio and hurriedly throws a party together. You commented that some of the men were unable to hold their drinks. I have seen men in the Four Hundred who couldn't either. You thought

the stars were worried when Walter Winchell joined their group. Oh, me. I've seen New Yorkers take to their heels, too when he comes around. You think Hollywood men talk in circles trying to imitate Fifth Avenue. The next time, get into a little private conversation with Bob Montgomery or Richard Dix or some of the younger stars and learn something of how English should be used. Their English is fluent and perfect and not cluttered up with slang and retorts such as you set forth in PHOTOPLAY.

I spent eight happy years in Hollywood and learned to understand that strange little city and its people. I admire their fortitude in holding up their heads and pushing ahead in spite of all obstructions. Maybe your Four Hundred does look down on them, but, my, how some of them would love to have that wealth and fame. If East is East and West is West, then let the East stay where it belongs. Hollywood doesn't need any blue-blooded snobs to tell them what is right and wrong. They'll get along, and you'll be dying to visit them again whether or not they've forgotten you.

PATSY MACMILLAN,
San Francisco, Calif

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

MARIE DRESSLER LIVES AGAIN!

Of all the entertaining fiction which has appeared spasmodically in PHOTOPLAY over a lengthy period of time, I believe "Molly, Bless Her" will instantly climb into first place on PHOTOPLAY's Hit Parade of crackajack yarns, even though only a portion of the story has appeared to date.

Besides those who knew Miss Dressler intimately (and adored her), we, the fans who were acquainted with her only through the medium of the screen, will love her counterpart, the fictional Molly, and laugh and cry and aspire to theatrical heights with her while we thank Frances Marion, the author

for the most delightful and gripping work of her career. Marie Dressler was not only the greatest character actress of our time and a splendid real-life character, but a flesh-and-blood symbol of the present-day Hollywood, where levelheadedness has taken the place of pre-talkie madness. As long as there is a copy of "Molly, Bless Her" left, Marie will live—here on earth. Thanks again Miss Marion.

MAURICE JACOBS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sophie Tucker, heretofore noted for her torch singing, is being groomed by M-G-M (who bought Miss Marion's latest best seller) for the role of "Molly" in the screen version of the book. An old troupier of the royal line of Nora Bayes, Lillian Russell and others, with the same warm sentimentality and gusto for life which characterized Miss Dressler, Sophie admits to getting a big bang out of being "discovered" all over again. She said in a recent interview, "I was in the commissary of M-G-M selling tickets for a charity affair when I stopped at a table where Frances Marion and Gloria Swanson were sitting. Frances looked me over and said, 'You're Molly,' Gloria agreed, so I said, 'Who's Molly?' That's when I found out about the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Regardless of our legal rights in the matter, however, we believe good sportsmanship would prohibit any of our readers from sending a letter submitted to us to another publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

**SAY, BOB,
DON'T YOU
LIKE STOCK-
INGS ON A
GIRL BETTER
THAN BARE
LEGS?**

**SURE, EVERY
MAN DOES.
WONDER WHY
GIRLS DON'T
ALWAYS WEAR
THEM?**

**Stockings flatter you —
and they don't cost
much this way . . .**

Most everyone agrees — men especially — that even the most gorgeous legs look lovelier in sleek, sheer stockings. Why try to save money at the expense of your looks when it's so easy to save with Lux . . . Lux preserves

the elasticity silk has when new. Then stockings can give under strain instead of breaking into embarrassing runs so often. Many ordinary soaps contain harmful alkali that weakens elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali . . . makes stockings last longer, look lovelier, fit more sleekly.

Lux saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y

LUX



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Made by David O. Selznick, who gave you
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RONALD COLMAN
The **PRISONER**
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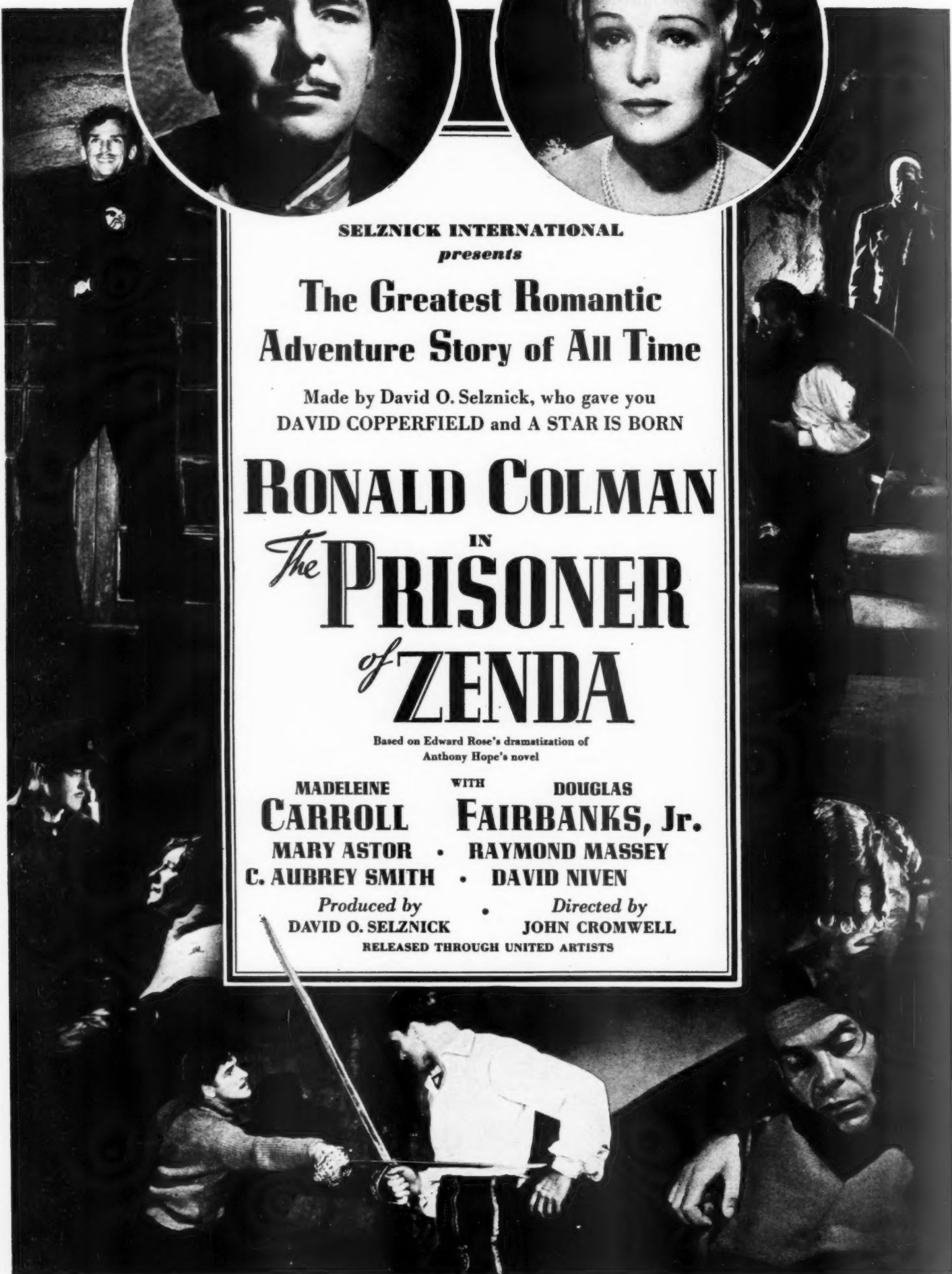
Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of
Anthony Hope's novel

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MARY ASTOR • RAYMOND MASSEY
C. AUBREY SMITH • DAVID NIVEN

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
JOHN CROMWELL

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS



The Secret

**GENE RAYMOND kept from
JEANETTE MACDONALD**



She was duped! But it wasn't until after she'd said "I do" that Jeanette discovered she had married a shameless schemer

AM still agape over the revelation of the most daring piece of deception ever perpetrated in Hollywood.

The author of it is Gene Raymond, the last person in the world I would have suspected of any such conniving. Yet for ten months—nearly a year, mind you!—Gene actually lived a double life as the mysterious "Mr. John Morgan."

In this audacious masquerade he succeeded not only in duping a town where nobody has ever been able to keep things under cover, but in hoodwinking his bride-to-be.

It was at eight o'clock one night that Gene first donned his disguise and so began the amazing series of events which were to launch him on his precarious Jekyll-Hyde career. That he got away with it, through elaborate lies and deepest subterfuge, gives evidence that he is not only a remarkable actor, but a man of daring and infinite resource.

On this evening, a few hours earlier, Gene had driven his fiancée to her home in Hollywood. Now, as he appeared before a deserted house among the winding hills of Bel-Air, no one would have recognized him. A hat was pulled down over his telltale blond hair, a muffler swathed his chin, and he carried

a handkerchief ready to press to his face should any strangers pass. Gene Raymond had become Mr. John Morgan.

He walked briskly across the yard to the dark house. It was a large and rather rambling place, weeds grew along the walk, and a cold wind rustled through the gables.

The murky moonlight faintly revealed three people waiting in the shadows for Mr. Morgan. One of them was a lady who was, for a time, to be known only as "Mrs. Shux." She was to become a guiding genius in the conspiracy that was afoot, through all its astonishing ramifications. The other two were men intimately known to Gene Raymond.

Flashlights were produced, and after fumbling with the lock, they entered. The musty odor of an unused dwelling rushed to meet them.

"I don't see how you can get away with it," the lady said to Mr. Morgan, alias Mr. Raymond.

"I've started it. I'm going to finish it," he said. "I'm going to buy this house to be our home, decorate and furnish it to the last detail, and it's got to be a complete surprise to Jeanette."

There, the cat is out of the bag.

BY BARBARA HAYES

In the rambling English type house, with its steep shingled roof, Gene found the perfect home with which to surprise the new Mrs. Raymond. Jeanette's dusty pink bedroom with its powder blue accents, center, was a particular triumph. The rose arbor, below, on one of the many terraces, contains every variety of rose known to California



NOW that you know what he proposed to do, the enormity of the undertaking may become apparent. It would have dismayed an ordinary mortal. Gene Raymond was not, however, to be discouraged.

This was his dream, and he has a way of making dreams come true.

"I've always wanted, when I married, to be able to carry my bride across the threshold of our own home," he had told this group one night, adding, suddenly: "And why not? Why not buy a house, fix it up, put in everything we'd like—and keep it all a secret!"

Thus the ambitious stratagem began. If Gene could have foreseen all the pettifoggery and chicanery it would lead to, if he had known he would have to keep his fingers crossed and lie to his beloved—yes, even steal!—he would have quailed at the prospect. But right then he went at it blithely.

First he scouted around for a house, something homey, not too big or showy, something that would be solid, comfortable, a *home*. He found the makings of such a place at last, an English style country home built partly of stone, with a steep roof of rolling, haphazard shingles. There were two acres, with a dilapidated stable, bridle paths, rose and grape arbors clinging to hillside terraces. Hidden among the pines was a little playhouse that was reached across a bridge of stones.

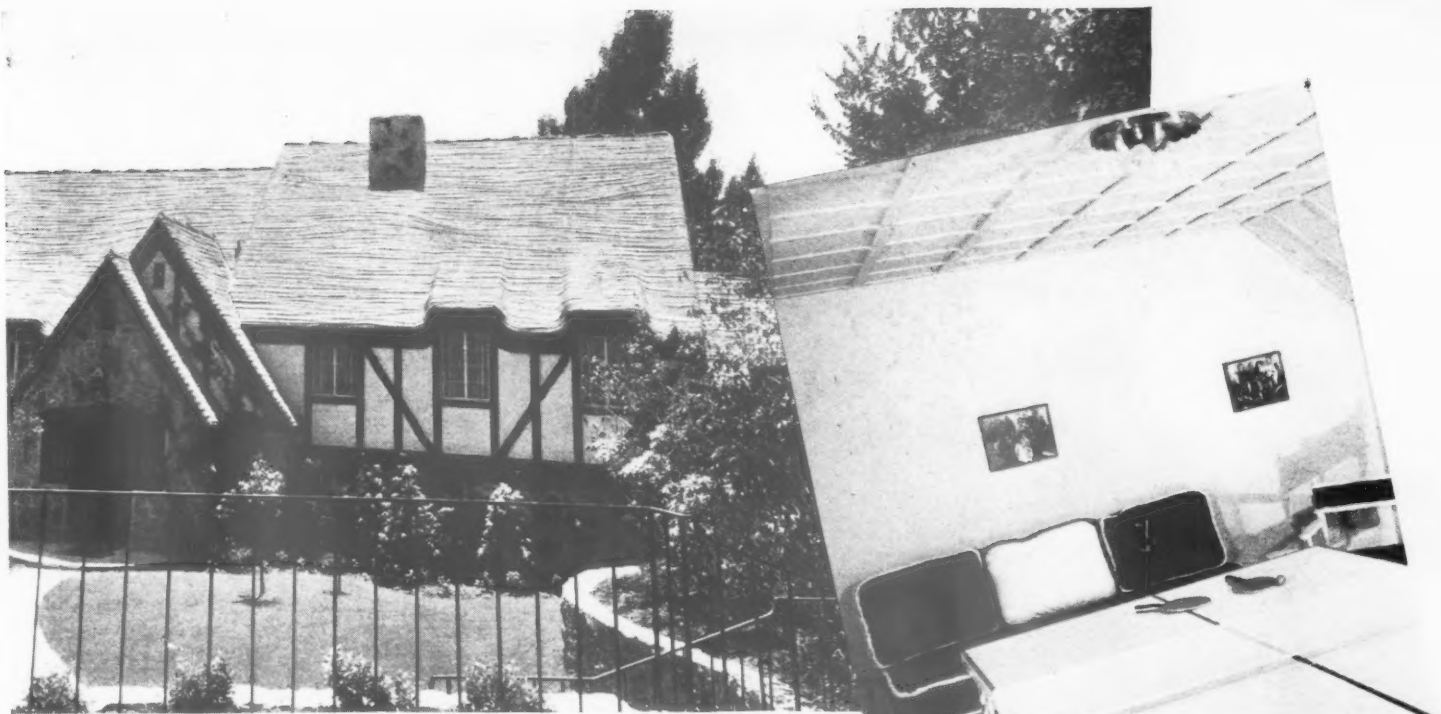
The entire place had to be remodeled, as Gene outlined the changes: take the driveway out and put in a lawn, tear down the stable and build a new one, enlarge a room here, add another there, put in new plumbing. It would all be a tremendous amount of work. He would have to find an architect willing to take a solemn oath of secrecy. Gene called in Kenneth Albright, whose clever work is well known in the film colony. For a decorator, well, Gene would turn "Mrs. Shux" into one. After all, on the correct

decorating depended the success or failure of the scheme.

As the ringleader of his band of confederates, we may now reveal the identity of "Mrs. Shux"—Helen Ferguson Hargreaves, confidante and most trusted friend of Jeanette MacDonald's. The responsibilities—and the risks—made "Mrs. Shux" blanch, but since it was Gene who asked, she decided she'd do it.

No one else, not even Jeanette's mother, was to be let in on the scheme.

Yet time and again, the super-colossal secret tottered on the brink of discovery



The white and scarlet playroom, right, is just off the guest room. Another room of interest is the music studio, center, with twin baby grand pianos and the plaid of the MacDonald clan to decorate its divan, picture frames and trim the Venetian blinds

Early in the game, Jeanette nearly caught Gene red-handed.

Gene had bought the property in the name of Mrs. Hargreaves, and then, assuming his disguise as Mr. Morgan, he was spending every spare minute at the new home, supervising the work. Neighbors decided Mr. Morgan must suffer, poor fellow, from a bad cold, for their rare glimpses of him showed only a man with sun glasses on, holding a handkerchief to his nose and peering blankly about.

Well, on this particular day, Gene had told his fiancée that he was going to the polo games, and would come from there to pick her up at the studio when she was through work.

Then and there he learned what every young husband should know—never, never tell a fib.

Jeanette finished shooting early that day, so she decided to surprise Gene at the polo games.

She arrived between chukkers and started looking for him. She wandered back and forth before the grandstand, searching the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

The stable, especially designed by Gene, houses White Lady and Black Knight, Jeanette's and Gene's horses. The dog kennels adjoin it





This renowned author, who aroused such a furor of comment when an article of his appeared a few months ago in PHOTOPLAY, turns his biting wit once more on the movie colony as he exposes what he calls—

LONG before the days of Emily Post, Karl Menninger or Ward McAllister the manners of us human beings instantly placed us in certain very definite categories. In the same way that you can tell types of personalities by their clothes, so can you also tell them by the way they play life's game.

Fifth Avenue has for generations emulated Park Lane; Park Avenue takes its tip from Mayfair and its "Circus Set"; Newport is only hours behind the house party hams who yearly carve out a very definite curve in the aristocratic customs of the British Isles.

But in Hollywood it's different. In fact, Hollywood is the only really *natural* place left on earth; that is to say, anything you do or say or wear goes. And the more exotic you are in these things, the more popular you are. But go back East and try out some of the Hollywood excitement on your friends and see where you will spend most of your time—that is, if you care

deeply about such things!

Hollywood Social Standing depends definitely on Box-Office Rating. If you haven't B.O. in the city of Filmflam you just don't get anywhere!

The greatest scoop guest that anyone could drag out would be Garbo, and also you may be quite sure that the Temples, the Disneys, Clark Gable or young Bob Taylor are welcome anywhere. Amusingly enough, none of these people cares particularly about society.

Yet since no one ever knows what the box office is going to register a year ahead, this creates great Social Caution. You don't quite dare snub the kids that are coming up the ladder. Tomorrow morning's ledger may show them 100%. On the other hand, you have to be chary of getting in too deeply with the people who are now on top, for fear they may be out of the running shortly, and you would be left beached with a lot of swell friends who count for nothing at all. And you must be especially careful not to be seen with people who are *passé*!

Now, some critics may claim the Social Kingfish of all lands work similarly. They will point out that Cash is Queen anywhere you find her. A mummy from Egypt suddenly reborn in Manhattan can crash any gate, you are told. Why look at the Huttons, the Hartfords, the Henrys and the Wrights. Ten years ago they were unheard of in the Diamond Horseshoe. Whoever thought the Rockefellers had it in them to put footmen in knee breeches! Five years ago when I told my fond parents of visiting a certain woman in Oklahoma City, I was fondly cautioned

Pictured above are five Hollywood stickers . . . Would you know when to snub Robert Taylor or Clark Gable or the Charles Rays, who once gave the swankiest parties? . . . Where would you seat engaged couples at dinner parties? . . . Why is it said of David Niven, who's never been married, "he's a bachelor again"? . . . Would you know what to wear and when? Cinemaland has its own ideas! And you'll want to learn what they are



HOLLYWOOD *Bad Manners*

by

CORNELIUS
VANDERBILT, JR.

to keep the news to myself. Yet only yesterday, or was it the year before last, to be exact, this woman's attractive sister rented one of Newport's most exclusive villas, and gave the smartest dance of the season. And when Frazier Jelke was engaged in business in the Midwest, no one gave him so much as a nod. But after he built himself a sumptuous manor house on Newport's Ocean Drive he was immediately accepted within the throng.

B.O. may be simply a catch phrase in Hollywood. Its equivalent is I.T. in New York, in this case I.T. not meaning sex appeal, as Madame Glyn had it, but Income Tax; and the larger the figure (you pay Uncle Sam), plus your ability to be a gentle person at all times, stamps you without another symbol as "in" or "out" on Fifth Avenue.

On the other hand, though you may fall downhill faster in Hollywood than in New York, the depth of your abyss is generally not quite so profound. Take, for instance, the Charlie Mitchells. There was a day after the end of the Great War when anything they did or said made them the Oracles of the Flitter-Flutter brigade. And then I.T. went against the President of the National City Bank in a big way; and those nebulous things called "Friends" faded faster than secret ink on an international blotter.

You have the replica in Park Lane itself. When Edward VIII renounced his throne for an unknown American divorcée, the rats left the sinking ship in no end of a hurry. Some wag wrote a brochure called "Rat Week" that should be accepted by the British Museum for posterity, though it won't be. Dozens of

the "best families" in England raised their skirts, tilted their toppers and scurried away. Down at Schloss Enzenfeld in Austria, it took a member of the aristocracy of a non-Aryan race to offer security and *actually* a place to lay his weary head to "the most popular young man in the world," when he had been deserted by those closest to him. Thirty days before the catastrophe there wasn't a golden knob in any of the social headquarters throughout the world that would not have turned for him on one second's notice.

Think for a moment, as you read this, and tell me of anyone in filmland who has gone into ignominy quite as quickly as the Duke of Windsor has disappeared from his own set. True, Doug Fairbanks became passé after marrying Lady Ashley; but, nevertheless, the two of them [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



Gosh, were we startled to see this kind of a love scene on account of the Hays office isn't supposed to allow sheik stuff now. No sir, only upright love scenes! But in "She Didn't Want a Sheikh" Ramon Novarro burns up desert sands again, 13 years after that classic, "The Arab"

THE CENSORS CALL IT SIN

Sex was always horizontal in the days when Ronald Colman and Lili Damita turned on the pash and Garbo tried her temperature-raising artifices on her weak but willing lovers. That was way back B.C. (Before Censorship)—but you can't get away from sex (see page 42)



The business of being godfather to twin stars, Billy and Bobby Mauch, spells—

DOUBLE



"The Prince and the Pauper" preview began a furor over two 13-year-olds and gave the studio a double headache

THERE was nothing in the sweeping arc lights before a Hollywood theater to indicate that this was a preview of any special significance. Yet, just one hour and a half later, that entire audience realized an event of far-reaching importance had taken place. By morning the entire town knew it. For Hollywood, you see, had not only given birth to a new star, always an important event, but for the first time in its entire history it had presented a dazed papa World with twins.

Billy and Bobby Mauch were born. "The Prince and the Pauper" had marched off to cinematic history leaving behind, on the doorstep of Hollywood, two thirteen-year-old hellions.

Warner Brothers, after the first thrill of box-office exaltation wore off, sat right down where they were (in the men's lounge) and looked at each other in blank astonishment. Then and only then did it dawn upon them just what this amazing success of the twins meant. They bethought themselves of the feverish activity of Producer Zanuck in behalf of his one baby wonder, Shirley Temple. They visioned the look on Louis B. Mayer's face when his sole juvenile genius, Freddie Bartholomew, uttered his amazing speeches in the name of American boyhood with a clipped British accent. They recalled the frantic, hectic search for material on the part of other producers with baby stars and, frankly bowing their heads, they groaned—

"And we had to get twins, yet."

It was agreed, finally, that until the right plan for appeasing the double demands of twin stars could be worked out and authors on day and night shifts could turn out material suitable for twins, they would ignore the whole double trouble event.

Only it didn't work. The furor over the boys grew instead of subsiding. In less than two weeks after "Bobby Prince and Billy Pauper" had been previewed, national publications had smeared the lads with glory, their buoyant voices had vibrated over the ether waves on three Coast-to-Coast broadcasts, and they had autographed thousands of books for local department stores, meanwhile slaying the press from Hollywood to New York and back again.

MARK TWAIN'S story of "The Prince and the Pauper" originally belonged to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who had intended it for Freddie Bartholomew. Realizing twins were more suitable to the rôles, they let it go to Warners. The day the lads' picture appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine, Freddie Bartholomew, they say, walked into an

TROUBLE

by LOIS
SINCLAIR

M-G-M producer's office and placing the magazine on his desk said,

"Well, we certainly started something, didn't we?"

The producer, looking long and steadily at the cover, turned eventually to the contents and read: "... two amiable young actors from Peoria, Illinois, who, among Hollywood's currently swollen quota of remarkable children, are perhaps the *most* remarkable.

"Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced Mock) are more extraordinary than Shirley Temple because there are two of them."

The producer looked up at Freddie and rubbed his chin. "Yes," he said, "we sure did. We certainly reaped ourselves a double headache."

The agitation in Warners' mind as to what to do with two boy wonders was put to rest when the lads themselves saw nothing extraordinary in their overnight acclaim. No demands, no calls for bodyguards, chauffeurs, French teachers, dancing or dramatic teachers, no screams for new dressing rooms.

The boys went to school each morning at nine, made any and all publicity pictures requested by the studio, even to posing on a merry-go-round like a couple of eight-year-olds.

With every indication pointing to normal behavior on the boys' part, the business of being godfather to twin stars revolved itself into one problem — the question of suitable stories. A problem of considerable magnitude, however, when one realizes that the studio pays each boy the sum of \$350 weekly with an additional \$150 weekly to their mother for their care and managing.

Originally the studio signed both boys for the sum of \$150 weekly, with nothing for Mama. It was its intention to use only Billy for the boy *Anthony Adverse*. Bobby was allowed to roam the lot at will, play on the set and watch Billy work.

Never, at any time, will one boy be allowed to act as stand-in for the other. No such inferiority-building business would be permitted around the boys' mother, an able defender and staunch fighter where her precious cubs are concerned.

"No man alive can crush one boy at the expense of the other one," declares the boys' mother in a quiet firm voice, all the deadlier for its calmness. During the filming of "Anthony Adverse," she said, Bobby, in a spirit of helpfulness, volunteered to act as stand-in for Billy, although he had a contract of his own, with the result that he was publicized as Billy's stand-in which was actually not the fact.



The twins blacken bullies' eyes with pleasure, and what's more, share the blame, for loyalty is their watchword

Billy went right on from "Adverse" to the drummer boy in "White Angel" and the lead in "Penrod and Sam." It was when Warners decided to use both boys in "The Prince and the Pauper" that Mrs. Mauch quietly stepped up to a judge and said, "Please don't approve those contracts calling for \$150 each weekly."

Mrs. Mauch felt, sincerely, that the children were worth more.

The unusualness of twin actors, and the fact that their years of experience rendered an interchanging of talent possible, decided the judge in their favor.

WHAT is or will be the effect of success on two young boys is the current question among certain people in Hollywood. Will the lads become impressed with the importance of winning against an enormous motion-picture studio? Will they think "Oh, yeah, we showed you," and match deeds to words?

Pish tush, those people do not know their Mauchs. No two more normal, natural scalawags ever trod the byways of moviedom. Born thirteen years ago in Peoria, Illinois, the boys reek Peoria from their very souls. Albeit a complete naturalness, despite their eight years' professional experience in New York and Hollywood, may well be mistaken for precocious sophistication.

Their naturalness takes this turn, for instance. They freely offer suggestions for changes on their radio scripts. "Wouldn't this be a better line?" they kept asking Errol Flynn and Louella Parsons before a national broadcast. It was agreed as often as not that, by George, it would be better. A lot better. But if a suggestion were spurned, it was quite all right with the boys. Intelligent beyond their years, modest, normal, the boys assume no false modesty or phony timidity.

They are, probably, the two most natural human beings in a town polluted with complex individuals slightly screwball in flavor.

It was when the boys were still lads of seven or eight that their parents had a premonition that all wasn't going to be too cozy for the Mauchs. One day, noticing passers-by gazing up at her house in open-mouthed astonishment and then fairly flying past, Mrs. Mauch stepped out to investigate. She saw nothing until she walked out to the gate and looked back. There, across the house front, the boys had painted this sign, "Enter—but leave all hope behind."

Their father, whose suspicions of troubled years ahead had



Billy and Bobby Mauch busied themselves with law books when their mother had them in court for readjustment of \$150 per week contracts

been aroused when the twins had built a submarine that promptly sank to the bottom of the creek, nearly drowning the two, had his strongest intuitions justified when he marched up to the bathroom one evening and found painted on the door in huge letters, "This Is It."

Their ability to dance, sing and recite decided Mrs. Mauch to take the boys to New York where their talents would have ample room to expand. The boys posed for ads by the drove. If a new bicycle, new toy, new anything came out the boys were right there to pose, with an eye to getting free the article they posed for. Radio, with March of Time, Show Boat, Lucky Strike and other programs, opened a new world to Billy and Bobby. The posings and broadcasting questions were always settled by a toss of a coin if only one were needed. But here's the important thing behind their work, a point that's destined to influence their entire future. They secured their own work because they loved it, and nine times out of ten, reported for work alone, with no loving parent to hamper.

Mrs. Mauch simply provided the proper setting for the boys' talents and let them go it themselves. Even today, she remains quietly in the background and only steps forward when there seems to her threatened partiality to one boy. Today, in Hollywood, the boys give their interviews alone, call on friends, go to school, attend church and movies, report for work, play, ride bicycles, visit the dentist, singly or together, just as any other average boy and girl. There is no million-dollar-baby hooey about it.

SO it seemed perfectly natural for Billy and Bobby to apply for the rôle of the boy, *Adverse*, together. The fact that two identical *Adverses* of remarkable ability were available, and the fact that no insistent mother, among all those hundreds of pestering mothers, was there to distract, must have impressed Warners' talent scout beyond words, for the lads won the rôle, it falling to Billy's lot to play it.

After the completion of the picture, the Mauchs returned to New York. Suddenly the studio put in an S.O.S. for their return.

"I'm not going back," Bobby announced.

"But they're calling us," Mrs. Mauch insisted. "We must go."

"Mother," Bobby replied, "Billy and I have radio contracts to fulfill right here in New York. I'll never break a contract or my word for anyone. I'll stay and do mine and Billy's work."

And Bobby stayed. Quite alone except for a cook and his police dog, for thirteen weeks he played his thirteen radio shows. Returning alone, weary and tired, to his apartment, eating his solitary dinner and spending all of his salary each night on telephone calls to "Mom," "Pop," and Billy. But it was the principle of the thing, you see.

The fact that Billy was chosen for the movie glory made little, if any, difference to Bobby.

"I'll get my break," he kept assuring his mother.

There never has been even the faintest trace of jealousy between the boys, for deeper than their love for each other, twin brother for twin brother, is their friendship, each for the other one. Their quick clasping of hands over a bit of excellent screen or radio work, their concern when one is moved to emotional tears over a scene, that look of "I'm with you, boy," flung across a movie set just before a camera turns, speaks always of the deepest understanding and friendship.

There's a twinkle in the blue eyes of the Mauch boys that reveals an enthusiastic love of life and an oversized capacity for getting into things. Two chemistry sets, gifts of friends, have proven almost too heavy a cross for the community to bear. Weird concoctions are brewed for various purposes such as removing ink spots from bedspreads spilled there by the twins. A mixture of a certain acid and ketchup is supposed to do the trick.

Entertaining guests one day, Mrs. Mauch reached for her glass iced-tea spoons and found, instead, long pieces of glass doubled up in the last stages of cramps. The boys had simply discovered how to torture glass without breaking it.

"Rotten egg" brew is their specialty. Just before a dinner party one evening Mrs. Mauch de- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Michael Whalen, superb pianist, expert swimmer, green vegetarian, is a blue-eyed Celt with a no-hit, no-run marriage score and plenty of girls goofy over him

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She started at three, this Martha Raye, in vaudeville.
Made Hollywood via a night club in the Sunset Strip.
Hit the air waves with Bob Burns. Just married her
make-up man. Income big, mouth big, hands beautiful

Long-distance wife Ann Sothern was once brunette
Harriet Lake. Rising fast as a comedienne, follows
fashion magazines devotedly, goes in for culture
deliberately, has too much sense to be high-hat





Virginia Bruce could only happen in Hollywood, a beautiful blonde with a keen mind, a career, a child, wealth, and eyes which drive men to buying diamonds



HEAVEN PRESERVE THEM!

EVERY man has his ideal woman.

So have I.

She's slim, tall and graceful. Her figure is divine and she's definitely what you'd call the athletic type. I suppose you'd call her a blonde. She loves speed, but when I'm weary and want to relax, she idles along with me, her head high and proud as they make them in the sunlight. Her name? The "Cheerio"—and the finest fifty-two-foot-yawl-rigged lady in the Santa Monica Yacht Basin. She has a magnificent disposition and is never hard to handle, though occasionally she might toss a few dozen gallons of water at you in a sportive mood. But her most important attribute, in my opinion, is her knowledge of men. She knows, for example, that men have a roving eye and sometimes wander far from the home harbors. Does she mind? Not at all! You haul her hull out of the water, undress her, put her

to bed and there she stays without a whimper until you get back.

She's quite a contrast, by and large, to Hollywood women—even women in general—who are prone to be quite annoyed when you dry-dock them, even for their own good. That seems to be especially true out here where the career bug bites them if they don't watch out.

FOR some strange reason, you seem to run into a number of ladies of an unusual type in California. They are definitely predatory. They don't wait for the men to cluster 'round—they go out openly and, with bow, arrow or the weapon best suited to their personalities, proceed to pick off a male.

by ERROL FLYNN

Second

in an exciting series—our star-reporter lets loose on the fair sex

The Flynnns have celebrated two wedding anniversaries but with a wife making pictures in Europe, it's open season on Errol for the modern Dianas in Hollywood. Does he have an Achilles heel that makes him susceptible to their weapons? Let him tell you



It's more than a bit startling. One has been more or less brought up to believe that man is the hunter and woman the coy little rabbit who prolongs the chase long enough to ascertain the serious intent of the pursuer.

In Hollywood, there is a whole tribe of Dianas who never heard of a closed season. They'll even knock a man off when he's roosting. The male players in this town, who have a reputation of having a way with the ladies, haven't a way at all—they merely like to be caught. You can see them perched on fence rails in every club in town, ruffling their plumage and emitting low calls calculated to attract the attention of the blasé huntresses.

You can imagine the huntresses chatting as they glance over the well-marked coveys.

"Look," the young featured actress will murmur, "there's a big buck! Shall I drop him?"

"Don't be silly!" will comment the seasoned star. "He's not prime meat yet—only a six-month contract! Now look over there—there's as fine a head as I've seen in many a day plus a long-term contract. I'll kill that one myself!"

"No, please don't kill him—just wound him. He's got a doe and three fauns at home—and anyway, they're not going to take up his next option."

And the silly part of it is that that particular buck was dying to be killed. I know. He told me.

○NE thing that is certain—careers breed a different type of women, even if the career is not their own. In most of the

communities in which I have lived, women have had a totally different sort of life. That may account for it to a degree. In an average small town, in the islands or in a great city, most women have certain definite responsibilities attached to their homes. Even if they have something else to do in the nature of a career, that career is mostly spoken of in quotes. Their primary interest is domestic—or am I getting profound? I really have no right to carry on this way, I suppose, but even actors do have their serious moments.

In Hollywood, everything is on a different scale. People make ten times the money—when they have a job—that they'd make on the same job in any other part of the world. It seems to be a corollary of making money that you spend it, and the Hollywood wives are no more of an exception than any others.

The first thing they do is to relieve themselves of most women's normal responsibilities by the employment of superlative servants. I am, of course, speaking of the vast majority of Hollywood women—the wives, not the actresses. These poor souls find themselves in the unenviable spot of having days upon days on their hands and nothing to do with them. Nothing, that is, that doesn't soon pall on them and become monotonous.

Their husbands work. They work in a very exacting business, a business that takes well nigh twenty-four hours a day. Frequently, they are away from home on ten minutes' notice for days and weeks at a time. Even in their homes there is no



... YOUNG MAN ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

discussion of anything other than business. Perhaps a fascinating business, but still something foreign to the home circle.

More as a result of sheer boredom than anything else, many of these women start playing the field. They become predatory. Word goes out among the boys that "so-and-so's wife is on the loose," and many of the boys immediately pop up on a convenient fence where they provide suitable targets. These women of whom I speak are not necessarily bad in the accepted sense of the word, but it goes without saying that the woman who has no particular responsibility toward her home, no particular job to do in the outside world of affairs, is either going to go mad with ennui or is going out to find greener pastures.

But Hollywood wives are a subject more suited to the piercing mind of a Dorothy Dix than they are to me. I like many of them—am sorry for most of them.



Right now, Errol has an excuse to dodge the pot shots of movietown's huntresses. He's hard at work on "The Perfect Specimen" with Joan Blondell and Hugh Herbert



FORTUNATELY, all the women in Hollywood are not married. If they were, it would be the unattached stag that I'd be sorry for. I'd let the women take care of themselves without sympathy from anyone. It would serve them right!

Strangely enough, the so-called "career-girls" who pop out at you from behind every bush are the worst menace in the town, if it is indeed a menace and not a Moslem's idea of Heaven. Most of these lassies have read in various sensational magazines that *there is only one way to get ahead in Hollywood*.

Now, I'd hate to take the bread, to say nothing of the butter, out of the mouths of the sob sisters, but that remark is strictly poppycock. The brutal truth of the matter is that the most consistent of the roués—yes, we have them here, too—are more than a bit bored by this distinctly amateurish approach. They've been braced for a job by experts and feel that the girl who parades her sex in an all too personal manner is merely advertising her inexperience.

Don't misunderstand me. Hollywood is not all sweetness and light any more than is your own home town. The fact that the fundamental business of this town is to parade glamour and beauty and whatever else goes with it on the screen doesn't mean that it is a sexy town. One might parallel that thought with the statement that a town whose primary business was bathing suits and ladies' undergarments was necessarily a sex-mad community because the advertisements for such garments were usually in a distinctly—shall we say, attractive?—key.

So many girls arrive out here with mediocre accomplishments, a driving ambition and no particular brains. Most of them don't really want a career. They want the adulation and the luxuries that go with success, but none of the fighting, tearing, sundering heartaches that are a part of all attainment.

It was once said by a very grand director, Henry Hathaway, that "a person with a real desire for a career is something of a masochist, someone who enjoys the miseries of suffering for a purpose more than he enjoys the completion of the struggle." In other words, these people only want the theater as a means to an end. They want to be celebrities. Having an inferiority complex, they want to be stared at. If their own achievements do not qualify them for attention, then they must shine in the reflected glory of their companions.

There is still another type of woman that inhabits Hollywood. Maybe the Greeks didn't have a word for this type, but we have. They're celebrity-chasers.

In one respect, they are quite closely akin to the predatory Dianas I first mentioned. Anything for a laugh, so to speak. They don't care if the man they snare is a low comic, a broken-down character man, a lead or a star. If his face is familiar, their imaginations will do the rest. Mark you, I don't mean to imply that these girls are just the neophytes of Hollywood, or the tourists, or that the chasing is limited to their sex. In this respect, many men are just as bad. The celebrity-chaser is like any other kind of collector with one important exception. Their collections comprise only human beings and that is hardly cricket. It is not playing the game in human relations because like collectors of inanimate objects, they discard the erstwhile famous as callously as a stamp the day that person becomes *passé*, or less rare

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

A CERTAIN clause in the contracts of both Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard, to the effect that only Travis Banton should design their screen clothes, threw a tidy bombshell into our midst this month.

When Warners borrowed Claudette for "Tonight's Our Night" and Selznick borrowed Carole for "Nothing Sacred," they discovered the little stinger in the business and practically passed out. Especially when Paramount demanded—and got—\$10,000 from each producer for Banton's services.

"And me with four designers of my own," Jack Warner moaned.

But here's the catch. Banton didn't get one penny of that money. Paramount, the piggy, ate it all up.

LESLIE HOWARD and Bette Davis were enacting the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for their new picture. "It's Love I'm After."

Leslie, as *Romeo*, lay dying beside the bier of *Juliet*. "Now, Leslie," instructed director Archie Mayo, "as Bette leans over you to grasp the vial, you say, 'Get your hair out of my face.'"





There's been a rush on the honeymoon suites on the Honolulu line this summer—Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Vic Orsatti (separated, as we go to press). Above right, Mildred Lloyd watching Harold get Mary P. Rogers' kiss

Below, left to right, despite break-up rumors Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie step out together; Eddie Cantor hugs Simone Simon into an M. Raye act; Virginia Bruce, John McCormack, Buddy Adler, Anita Louise, Jean Negulesco and Binnie Barnes at the Wodehouse party

From the uncensored notebook of our Town Crier comes this private collection of data—the choicest chatter and the latest cinema news

They rehearsed the scene as directed, and were ready to shoot when *Romeo* suddenly sat up and, in that clear English voice, said, "I say, don't you think it would be better if I said—'Get your hair out of my puss?'"

And the English blame it on the Americans.

THE Jack Haleys are adopting a baby boy as a companion to their own three-year-old son, Jack, Jr. In fact, the Haleys were almost driven to it when they discovered Jack, Jr., had

invited his daddy's barber to remain all night, bribing him with a promise of an ice cream party. The Haleys felt a little brother would make a more suitable companion than the family barber

ELAINA BARRYMORE has been given a small bit in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" at Paramount and not because that studio is building her for stardom, either. Little official birds whisper to us that Paramount doesn't even want

C A N D I D P H O T O G R A P H S B Y H Y M A N F I N K



her a little bit. But, you see, she's just made up with John — and John's in the same picture—and, what with Mr. Barrymore's well-known laxity about being on time and everything, *somebody's* got to see that he arrives on the set every morning.

THE ripest, hottest mad-on of the month belonged to one Bob Taylor when gossips announced his newest heart interest was a San Francisco society woman whom Bob actually met but once. Moreover, the gossip went on to blast Bob's present understanding with Barbara Stanwyck and to tell of many capers cut by Bob with his new love in Honolulu.

The truth of Bob's now famous visit to the Islands must be told. In fact, Bob, between angry mutterings, asked us to print this true story of his adventure, and we're only too happy to oblige.

When Bob stepped off that boat in Honolulu, he stepped right into the arms of a clamoring, mauling, pulling mob of fans. Finally, a large, determined-looking woman elbowed her way through to Bob and said, "I'm a reporter. My paper wants a story, and I'm here to get it."

"Get me out of here," Bob pleaded, "and I'll give you the best story you've ever had." So they fought their way out to a dilapidated flivver and the reporter drove Bob to a private beach. There she motioned him to a near-by shack, where Bob changed to a bathing suit while she scouted for sandwiches and coffee.

On that beach, alone with a woman reporter, Bob Taylor spent his one and only day in Honolulu. At night, he crept off to his hotel and next day was homeward bound on the same boat that bore him over to the Islands. And if that's courting a beautiful society woman, Bob Taylor says he's a Dutchman. But boy, he's a mad one.

Britain meets the Bronx. Freddie Bartholomew and Tom Kelly (N. Y. recruit for "Tom Sawyer") have different accents, the same appetites. New romantic item is the Withers-Searl combination. Ray Miland talks to Mrs. Bradley (extreme right) who won the star-guessing contest (and our hearts) because—but let Cal tell you



THIS year's crop of Hollywood June brides appeared to be very happy (you saw the photographer's pictures of them) but, if the truth is told, they all had their troubles. Mother trouble, especially. . . .

There was Mrs. Raye's objection to Martha's marriage, with many tears all around; there was the unfortunate estrangement between Gene Raymond and his maw. That last has not been patched up and probably never will be.

Then, to top these reports, comes the news that June Lang and Vic Orsatti, whose May wedding was a social event, are separated. Their hectic romance has had Hollywood holding its breath several times, but a separation, less than nine weeks after their marriage, was the last thing expected.

Hollywood formula: all struggling young actresses have mothers. No one of the mothers wants her daughter to marry and interrupt a career. The daughter marries anyway, having fallen in love BOOM!



NOT a cent was paid, etc. testimonials are always welcome, and you can call this one bragging if you want to but—

A short while ago Paramount had its Silver Jubilee. In connection with the shindig they ran a

Far left: Barbara Read gets down on her knees to Tom Brown — but Natalie Draper has him hooked. They were married on July 4th. Claudette Colbert needed to relax at the Troc after the clothes fracas on the set of "Tonight's Our Night"



contest. They published uncaptioned pictures of stars that had been with their studio—off and on—since 1910. The reader guessing the most names correctly got a free trip to Hollywood and heaven knows what all.

Mrs. A. D. Bradley of Des Moines—she is pictured with Ray Milland on this page—won. When, in the course of events, they asked her how she knew enough about those old-timers to name them all correctly, guess what she said?

Mm-Hm. "Because I've read *PHOTOPLAY* for twenty-five years, without missing a copy!"

It must be love, with orchestra leader Ozzie Nelson. In fact, it's just gotta be love when a man will leave a New York job that pays handsomely to follow his wife to Hollywood and take a job that pays far from handsomely.

When Ozzie brings his orchestra to Hollywood, to be near Harriet Hilliard, his actress wife, he must comply with the California law that stipulates he hire California musicians only or pay his own orchestra as stand-ins. Ozzie refuses to give up his own lads of melody, so when he finishes paying double, he'll have left a mere pittance of his former salary. But he feels the sacrifice is worth it, just to be near Harriet and their baby.

M-G-M Studio wins our vote for the best deed of the month. The studio has just placed under contract ninety people who were once important to the motion-picture industry. Flora Finch, Claire McDowell, King Baggott and other old-timers have been made happy by this very grand gesture.

In speaking of the deed a certain M-G-M producer said, "We don't want our former stars and directors to feel shut out of a business they love and have given their lives to. The death of little Marie Prevost, alone, penniless, and undiscovered in death for several days, has taught us a lesson."

So, at last, Hollywood has decided to take care of its own.

PAGE Mr. Clemens: when Selznick International decided, a year or two ago, to remake "Tom Sawyer"—and we mean really do it up in style—they thought the business of casting would be a pushover.

They looked about and found a youngster in Alhambra called Ted Limes. He was perfect for the rôle of *Huckleberry Finn*, so that was settled.

It was months later before they discovered the correct kid for the *Tom Sawyer* part. He was unearthed, eventually, in a



Bronx school. His name was Tom Kelly, and he looked it—Irish to the hair. It was only when they got him to California that they discovered he had a terrific "Toidy-Toid Street" Brooklyn accent. Now he has to live with a Western family for a few weeks, where he'll learn not to say "Youse." Swell for his father and mother, though; they'd been on relief for a long time.

But to get on with the calamity yarn—later the studio discovered that during the long wait young Limes' voice had changed . . . and he was dropped.

As a crowning indignity to Selznick officials, another little boy was brought in for a lesser rôle. And they said to him, "What's your name?"

And he said to them (he was ten or thereabouts): "A. C. Sweat—and no cracks, see?"

THE love bug is biting even the youngsters of Hollywood these fine days. Jackie Searl has fallen hard for Jane Withers, but boylike, is trying desperately hard to conceal it. Mrs. Withers came upon this note from Jackie hidden in Jane's arithmetic book. It read—

Dear Jane:

Roses are red, violets are blue
Sugar is sweet, and nuts to you.
All my love.

Jackie

It looked for a while as if all that trouble about little Freddie Bartholomew and his four-figure income were over. There was a big court battle, remember, and columns of publicity with Aunt Cissy keeping Freddie, and the Bartholomews keeping part of the boy's money. Everyone seemed satisfied.

Then Aunt Cissy, dissatisfied with the appointment of the bank as guardian of Freddie's estate, endeavored to have the decision set aside. She failed. Now, in the lad's behalf, she's suing nine lawyers for \$22,500, charging conspiracy in the 1936 controversy.

Meanwhile young Freddie goes on working doggedly, day after day, at the nerve-wracking tense business of motion pictures—in order to earn his big salary. His allowance is a few cents a week.

SOME years ago George Raft used to pal around with a young fellow in New York. The friend married, moved away; George came to Hollywood. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

M Y T H

Shirley

T E M P L E

You've heard them—the masterly little tales about Shirley, the midget, the giant, the billionaire curly top. Here we pop off a few of the best!

ALL around the Shirley Temple home is a fence that will instantly electrocute a stranger who touches it!

This alarming discovery was made the other day by Mrs. Temple. She got it firsthand from a tourist who had it from a neighbor in Winnebegosh, by gosh, so it must be true.

But Mrs. Temple didn't, somehow, believe it.

That's only one of the many astounding myths which form the Temple tradition. In her brief years, or rather during her few years in pictures, Shirley has acquired so many legends, all as phony as Anna Held's milk baths, that to explode them all would sound like the firecrackers which woke you up last Fourth of July.

Even if it does make a racket, we're going to pop 'em off right here and now, with a series of loud bangs. It's time the truth was told about Myths Temple.

Take that matter of the electric fence, for a starter. Shirley and her mother were picking flowers in the garden in front of the house when a family of tourists stopped outside the gate. The kids piled out and dashed forward for a glimpse of the most famous star in the movies, the acknowledged box-office darling.

"Don't touch that fence!" screamed the woman in the car. "You'll be killed!"

Shirley, who has become accustomed to curious stares, was startled. Gertrude Temple hurried to the gate to investigate.

"Sure," she was told, "we know that fence is full of live wires. That's to protect Shirley, isn't it?"

Mrs. Temple summoned a reassuring smile—a rather wan smile, for these fantastic tales are annoying—and convinced the woman that she had been misinformed. It's doubtful if her visitors appreciated being disillusioned, since the sensational is rather exciting.

No one apparently stopped to figure that Shirley herself would be most likely to be harmed by live wires festooning the grounds. Electricity hasn't yet learned to discriminate between friend and foe.

The origin of this ridiculous myth about the fence may spring from the fact that the gate is the new type installed in many cinema estates, opening or closing by an electric motor. Push a button and the gates part. The effect is eerie, but convenient. Driving home at night the Temples [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Shirley's actions at her first premiere, "Wee Willie Winkie," belied the fantastic rumors that have spread

By
JACK
SMALLEY



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PERCHED on the hill on which La Brea Avenue abruptly stubs its toe and decides to call it a day, there stands a solitary white house, set in a bramble of surrounding shrubbery tantamount to a miniature wilderness. From its windows may be glimpsed the entire town of Hollywood spread out in panorama.

At night neon lights flash, mock, reveal even as they conceal many things. "Roosevelt Hotel" in flashy red, the Gotham restaurant in blue, the burning beacon of Carthay Circle Theater, nightly proclaim their existence in electric script. Sweeping klieg lights scraping the sky from the Chinese

Theater on premiere nights flash through the south windows of that white house near-by

At those windows, looking down on that scene, an actor stood, watching, wondering, suffering. His name was Charles Boyer. A language dripping with flashy slang and tricky idioms held him in bondage. He couldn't get it. Couldn't master it, control it, think it. He couldn't think the words, act them and repeat them at the same time.

Strange as it may seem, that's the unhappy truth about this actor who is just now emerging from a situation that all but broke his heart and arrested his career in Hollywood.

All very well for friends to say; "Well, heck, look at your friend Chevalier. His accent didn't stop him."

Boyer had only to turn and look at them, his dark, brooding eyes set in a dark sensitive face. "And you suggest I play the rôles I'm fitted for with a musical comedy accent?"

And so he brooded, yearning, wanting to give, to act, to create, and not being able to.

He studied daily with a tutor. For long hours after he married his wife, Pat Paterson, he listened as she spoke to him in English. Single words he selected for practice.

"Congratulations" he'd choose, for instance, and murmur over and over to himself, "Kon grat u lá shuns," each syllable separate and distinct. He'd wander from library to swimming pool, down a path through the thickets where La Brea ended so suddenly. "Congratulations. Congratulations," he'd repeat over and over as he walked. Eventually he'd find himself back at those windows staring down on the town below.

Other things happened during this trying period that caused him new anguish. His first big chance in Hollywood came in "Private Worlds" in which he played opposite Claudette Colbert.

After the preview of this picture, two typically American girls emerged from the theater directly ahead of him.

"Gee, wasn't that French guy something," one remarked. "Could I go for him!" She paused a moment. "The only thing is I couldn't understand him so well."

Bitterly disappointed, Boyer drew within himself, and naturally, erroneous opinions of this strange Frenchman were formed.

"Snooty" was one of the most common terms used to describe the unhappy Monsieur Boyer. After seeing him, interviewers came away spouting blasphemy. "Never said anything. Couldn't get a word out of him," they grumbled, while alone in his library Boyer, white and sick at heart, would say to his wife, "I just sat there. Afraid to answer for fear I make mistake in English."

SO the misunderstanding between Hollywood and Boyer grew and widened until it reached a climax on the set of "The Garden of Allah."

During the shooting of a scene, Boyer made a slip in English

BREAKS his BONDS

that promptly threw the visitors into gales of laughter. He stood there, never moving, while the red slowly crept up his neck and stained his cheeks. Sensitive at all times, he was cruelly hurt and humiliated.

"Could the visitors please not stand so near?" he finally asked, and by nightfall the rumor that Boyer had gone temperamental and difficult swept the town.

Thus the misunderstanding grew wider—a breach between a man and the work he loved. What with enduring the terrific desert heat, trying to avoid Dietrich's ten-layer homemade cakes, and attempting to conquer | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 |

It was one of the strangest plights

that ever faced a foreign star in

Hollywood—yet this man solved it



A three-year marriage and not a "bang-off" yet. Reason? Mr. Boyer had a brilliant theory



THE

Screen Test

THAT BROUGHT FAME TO FRANCES FARMER

Test No. 567 — August 9, 1935
FRANCES FARMER
in scenes from
"The Second Man"
and "The Lake"
 Age 21 Height 5' 6 1/4"
 Eyes Hazel Hair Blonde



Today Frances Farmer is talked of as the greatest "find" since Garbo. But, when a scout arranged her tryout at Paramount late in 1935, this hazel-eyed young co-ed had had no acting experience except college theatricals. Her test was a severe one for any actress—scenes from "The Lake" which Hepburn played on the stage, and from Lynn Fontanne's play, "The Second Man" (left and below). The studio took one look, signed Frances to a long-term contract. At the right you see her newest portrait. Hollywood has made her over!







Gypsy Rose, as she was when movies signed her. She rivaled Mae West in torrid technique

YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY FROM



A WISECRACK answer is obvious. Who wants to? Agitation against sex in the movies begins with two classes: the morally sick (those who see evil whether evil is meant or not) and the professional reformers.

Never forget those professional reformers. Prohibition repeal cut them out of a first-class excuse for making a living, so they put their cagey heads together on movies. The screen has always made them sigh a little. It looked like good pickings.

Back in 1927, when the industry set out to film "The King of Kings," a life of Christ, three great faiths were invited to send representatives to Hollywood, as consultants during production. Two of the men chosen by their respective groups were unselfish, hard-working—real people. But the third (you'd never guess which one) turned in an expense account as long as your arm and wound up by demanding ten per cent of the gross receipts as his cut.

But getting back to sex, as who isn't, here's a red-hot 1937 fact:





But observe the transformation! As Louise Hovick, Gypsy now sets out to court the ladylike audience who doted on "Little Women"

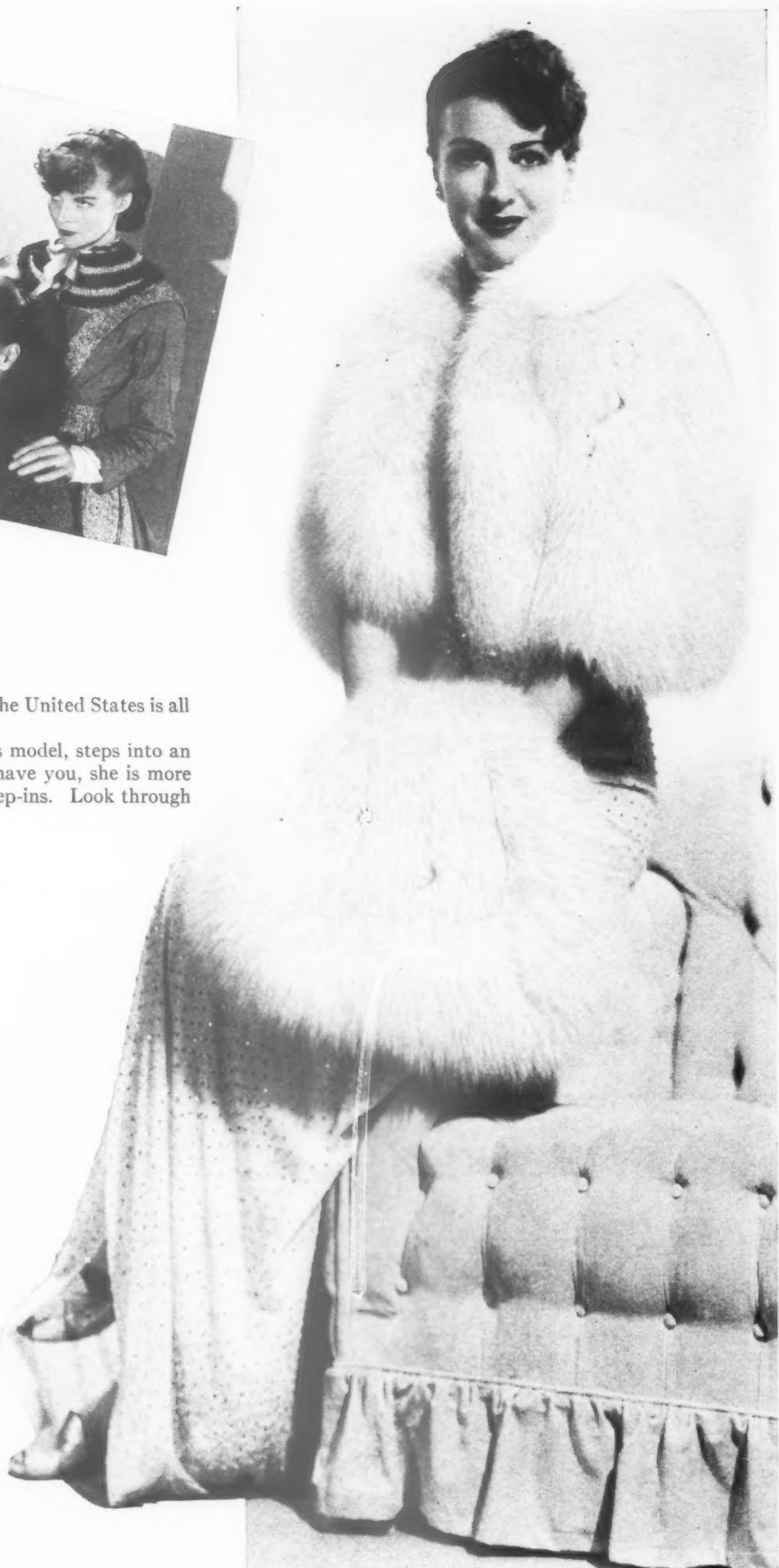
If sex interest constitutes moral hives, the United States is all broken out.

When Mary Smith, the photographer's model, steps into an ad for cosmetics, or bath soap, or what have you, she is more than apt, today, to step in without her step-ins. Look through the advertising pages of your favorite magazine. Evidently the highly paid heads of the commercial ad agencies believe that the female form still catches the eye.

As for books—whew! One of the current best sellers, a volume much praised by the critics, deals with the sex aberrations of a moron. Publishers must feel that they have exhausted the shock value of just plain sex, as normal people understand it.

Meanwhile, the legitimate stage continues its endless imitation of the sewers of Paris and newspapers have joined the general procession by parading intimate details of sex crimes and divorce charges. In these two fields it's almost impossible to distinguish the sainted conservative journals from the newer tabloids. They both tell all—and smack their lips.

What will motion pictures do? Will they break loose from their own self-restraint and go bouncing down the stream with the current? How far *should* they go? Does anybody, with his wits and health, really want sex tabooed on the



When that basic impulse rears its luring head producers keep one eye on the Purity League, one on box office **by LUPTON A. WILKINSON**



"The Children's Hour" was the most dangerous theme Hollywood ever handled but the screen version, "These Three," widened the scope of sex treatment

screen? Where is the line? That's the biggest problem in motion pictures. Not even the Production Code—under which American films have gained respect, achieved adult intelligence and busted world box-office records—can say "Finis" to the sex problem. It comes up new with every new script; it always will.

THREE years ago, when the heat was on the picture business and it looked for awhile as if all the producers might be able to film in the future would be Little Rollo and Rollo's Baby Sister, I made a quiet trip to eighty-two American cities and towns. The idea was to find out how the silent vote felt.

Psychologists and their imitators will tell you all about the responsibility of the screen because of its universal audience. They stress the obvious fact that a sequence portrayed by camera and sound is more vivid than any printed account. They used to add tons of guff, now proved false by scientists, about children and movies.

My investigation, not so high-flown as that, was much simpler. It was to find out what the average American man and woman wanted in their movies—and what they didn't want. I talked with newspaper editors and other leaders of opinion. In each newspaper office I asked to read the file of letters damning or praising screen trends. Then I went down to the nearest barber shop and set barbers and customers talking. I even interviewed nursemaids in the park. (Either I look respectable or park policemen are broad-minded; not one gave me a dirty look.) I made myself a nuisance at the exit doors of theaters, large and small. Everywhere I asked, in effect: "How about sex in the movies? How much do you want? How do you want it treated? What is it, if anything, that you don't want?"

Daily reports from that extended trip went to the presidents of the producing companies and to the man who caused the survey to be made, Will Hays. The detail of these reports was confidential; the survey was not for publicity or any other purpose except practical use. But certain general likes and dislikes running almost unanimously among the hundreds of people interviewed, can be discussed. Those opinions are valuable, because they are what you would find on another such trip. They are what a common-sense person might expect to find—and they at least indicate the road the industry is trying to follow, probably must follow, in regard to sex in the movies.

Newspaper headlines outside the business were screaming excitement. A casual reader would have thought maybe the screen had invented sex. Will Hays was so quiet it puzzled everybody. Privately he said, "We will not have to give up strong dramatic themes; nobody with good sense wants that. But we will have to develop the level of good taste in handling

these strong themes. And we will have to be doubly careful that our stories do not paint evil as profitable or attractive." Publicly his only comment—it almost ran newspapermen crazy—was, "We'll say it with pictures."

Hays had an ace up his sleeve. Several months before the organization of the Legion of Decency, he had convinced the producers that they were in danger of running into competitive shock tactics—each company trying to be a little more daring than some rival's latest picture. That is what, in the opinion of many, wrecked the New York stage.

Hays had suggested certain definite adventures into new movie fields—for instance, the suggestion to Louis B. Mayer, who was game, that M-G-M take a plunge on "David Copperfield." The industry's head knew that a whole string of classics, high-type musicals and homey pictures (such as "Little Women") was in the making. So he kept quiet, like Old Man River. It's said in his Washington days he was a grand poker player.

DESPITE the fashion at that moment for criticism, I found, on the long trip, not more than a half-dozen people—good old cranks; you know the kind—who really wanted the screen emasculated. Strong as was the belief that in certain phases the movies had ventured too far, equally strong was the demand that entertainment should not become milk and water. Editors, barbers, clubwomen, nursemaids—the sentiment ran the same. Those who feared the movies, in excitement or panic, might become too pure were as numerous as those who feared the screen was headed straight to moral hell.

What then was all the excitement? It wasn't just the Catholic Bishops, sincere and earnest though they were. In the Protestant city of Houston, Texas, 60,000 persons had signed the Legion of Decency pledge. There was something more involved in this agitation than the old familiar factors of evil-minded cranks and professional reformers.

Look at the main objections that several hundred people stressed, and the "uprising" becomes clear:

1. Injected vulgarities.
2. Plots of young people who play fast and loose with life and come out winners. Ditto about married women.
3. Triangle plots where the two cheaters win.
4. All screen treatment or suggestion of abnormal sex relations.

ITEM No. 1 needs explanation. A snappy bit of dialogue in a fast-moving comedy offends few. A labored sex-crack or hot scene in a homey type of play, where it is out of place and out of tune, simply enrages a large class of people—the heads of families. The father who takes his family to the show or the mother who, frankly, likes to "park" the children once in a while, feels that *some* pictures should be made for them. "State Fair" was a fine picture, of the close-to-the-soil type. In it was one hot scene—a camera shooting at ceiling shadows and at eloquent cigarette ends. Father after father commented: "If I can't even take my family to a Will Rogers picture without having intimate sex flung at them, what have the movies for us?"

The plots listed as Item No. 2 [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Recently discovered Dorothy Lamour is rising rapidly, thanks to a vivid blend of fine legs, long hair and a throaty singing voice. Posed here among assorted Hawaiians in "The Hurricane," she is about to plunge into a deepwater kissing scene (cost to stage \$8,000) with Jon Hall

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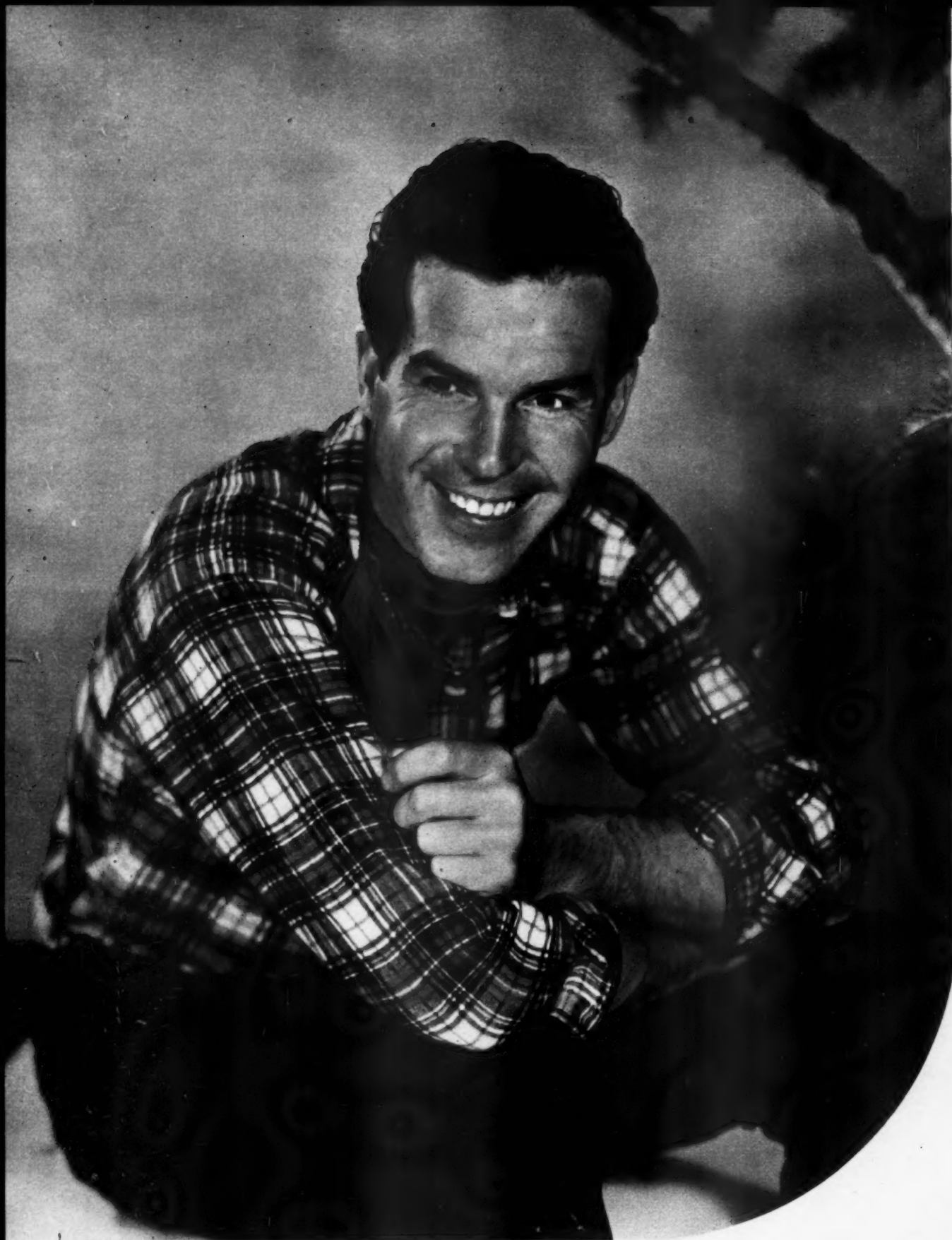


Golf is Roz Russell's formula for keeping fit. Working currently in "Live, Love and Learn" with Robert Montgomery, she speaks only script lines to her co-star. Superintelligent Rosalind comes from a family of seven children, all of whom are making good

Rosalind

IN THE ROUGH





Stalwart Fred MacMurray, playing in "Exclusive," admits his knees tremble at odd moments, that he has a hard time trying to stay astride a horse, that interviews slay him, that his interests are two, his wife and his work

Confident cowgirl Jane Withers, movie holy terror and number eleven at the box office, admits no fears of any kind, and is at present calmly learning to rope in snorting bulls for "Wild and Woolly," the first child Western





They met in "My Best Girl" in 1927. When Mary divorced Doug in 1934 Buddy became her devoted escort. Their romance culminated in marriage—Mary's third, Buddy's first. Here's a wish for happiness

Nelson Eddy, the Voice by which Hollywood judges all others, is of the Social Register but scorns society, resents prying reporters and romance rumors but takes his music and his public seriously





A Royal Purple pose of the perennial Ronald Colman, who'll play the dual rôle of king and commoner in the newest screen version of Anthony Hope's antique hit, "The Prisoner of Zenda"



Why was Martha Raye so pleased when she appeared in this costume for the sailor's hornpipe dance in "Double or Nothing"?

WE know a girl in New York who is crazy to come to Hollywood, and see how movies are made, but doesn't want to come in the summertime—"because there isn't anything doing then."

All we hope is that she reads this.

Come summertime, movie stars have to work, whether they like it or not. Otherwise, you wouldn't be seeing new pictures, come fall, come winter.

For example, now that the temperature is such that a steak could be broiled on any Hollywood pavement, 20th Century-Fox is shooting snow scenes on the back lot, so that, next Christmas, you can see Shirley Temple in "Heidi."

The snow scenes, and "Heidi," are being made in the belief that sixty thousand Temple fans can't be wrong. Sixty thousand said Shirley should picturize the famous story. When the count passed 59,999, Producer Darryl Zanuck looked up the sales of Johannes Spyri's book. He discovered that, Christmas after Christmas, it is the world's best seller, next to the Bible. So here's Shirley, under wraps on the back lot, playing *Heidi*.

The whole huge set is under wraps, the set being a village square in the Swiss Alps. From roof top to roof top the square, black canvas is stretched, shutting out the midsummer sunlight. The time is Christmas Eve.

Inside this huge makeshift tent, the heat is like that of a blast furnace. Yet snow lies deep in the roadway, piled high along the curbs, drifted on window sills, and does not melt. The snow is gypsum, tons of gypsum. And that pungent odor? That's explained by the sparkle on the snow—tons of moth balls.

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

PHOTOPLAY'S private operator goes sleuthing on the midsummer sets, proves there's no summer slump in movies, gives you the highlights on the new crop of pictures

BY JAMES REID



This article tells you about newcomer Oscar Homolka (left) with Ray Milland in a scene from Paramount's "Ebb Tide"

Looks pleasant, doesn't it, this scene between Lubitsch and Dietrich on the "Angel" set. But more, much more, than this went on

A few people are walking in the lamp-lighted snow, Christmas packages under their arms. In the background, two horse-drawn sleighs cross the square. In a sleigh with Mady Christians, Shirley, dressed for winter, even to long black stockings, drives up to a house in the foreground, steps out and goes up to the door, which is opened by Arthur Treacher, buttlings again.

On the sidelines we see Shirley's curly-headed stand-in and playmate, Mary Lou Islieb. Near-by we see another youngster in similar curls, a youngster who looks mad. We are told:

"Now, there's a story. Mary Lou has a 'bit,' for the first time, in this picture. Jean Hersholt sees a youngster walking along and mistakes her for *Heidi*. Mary Lou plays the part. So Shirley has to have another stand-in, temporarily. And there's that stand-in over there. If the curls don't look like the real McCoy, and if the dress doesn't hang the way a little girl's dress should, well, there's a reason. The stand-in's name is Joe. Joe O'Brien. He doesn't think much of the idea of being a male Shirley Temple."



ALSO working on the back lot, on Stage A, Shirley's rival, Jane Withers, is making less of an epic. "Wild and Woolly" is its title. "It's a Western for children," Jane's mother tells us. Most Westerns aren't, you know.

Director Alfred Werker is developing jitters, waiting for the electricians to light the set. "Better hurry up, boys," he says. "We've got only twenty minutes to get this."

There's a State law about how many hours a day a child star can work. Jane's quota for today is almost up.

The set is the cab of an old railroad engine, with Jane, Jackie Searl and Robert Wilcox aboard. It is mounted on a platform, which in turn is on rockers, and, at the psychological moment, is rocked by a crew of prop men. That moment occurs when Wilcox, testing levers, pulls one and the engine starts. At the same moment, on a background screen, landscape starts moving.

The first "take" satisfies Werker, except for one thing.

"Better act as if that lever pulls harder, Bob. We don't want any movie-boner letters from Local 18 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers."

Back on the main lot, on the set of "Danger—Love at Work," we encounter an army of stand-ins. Eight, no less. It's a sure sign that eight "name" players are somewhere in the vicinity. We look around. We find: Jack Haley, Ann Sothorn, Mary Boland, Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, John Carradine, Etienne Girardot and Bennie Bartlett.

Except for Haley, all the cast are members of one big balmy family. He is a naïve lad who tries to have some business dealings with them. The result, the studio hopes, will top the mad mirth of "Love Is News."

We see the scene in which Ann introduces Jack to her giddy

mother (Mary Boland) for the second time. The first time Mary met him, she thought the young man was crazy, but she has no memory for faces, hence she doesn't recognize him now. When he innocently reminds her who he is, she mentally swoons. With her vocal gymnastics, she gets laughs from both Jack and Ann, laughs that aren't in the script. The picture looks promising.

On the sidelines stands a large, old-fashioned rocking chair, the kind that used to rock on a front porch all Sunday afternoon. We suppose it is Miss Boland's. Instead, it is Ann's. "Grandma had the right idea," she says. "It's relaxing and it's form-fitting. The answer to an actress' prayer." She's starting a one-woman rebellion against canvas between-scenes chairs.

On a near-by stage, Loretta Young looks young-girlish and sprightly in a billowy, gauzy gown. She is playing a wedding scene with Don Ameche in a small ship interior. Just back from vacation, she feels as she looks—even if she still is making the same picture we last saw her making.

"That's Hollywood," she tells us. "I had a vacation between 'Love Under Fire' and 'Love Under Fire.' While I was away, they decided there was more fire than love in the picture. That would never do. So here we are, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



You'd never guess who uses an old-fashioned rocker on the "Danger — Love at Work" set

The unexpected happened when Katie Hepburn and Ginger Rogers went into "Stage Door"





THE LIFE STORY
OF A

*Problem
Child*

Minor successes, mad haste, new fame, harsh readjustment, romance—in other words, Tyrone Power up to date **by HOWARD SHARPE**

AND it was spring of 1935—the year all the world wept for the Lindberghs, and Hoover came out of hiding to remark that the Roosevelt Administration must be cleansed from the face of the nation, and a farmboy named Pinky Tomlin wrote “The Object of My Affections,” and prosperity put just the tip of its nose around the corner. It was May of 1935, with Katharine Cornell’s “Flowers of the Forest” closed at last after eight successful, New York weeks.

A minor member of its cast — you know him now as Tyrone Power, Jr., but no one knew him as anything in particular, then—stood, on one of the latter afternoons of that month, in front of the Santa Fe station in Pasadena, signaling for a cab and grinning. This was the prodigal’s glorious home-coming, the utterly satisfying I-told-you-so of a young man who for six determined years had swung at fate with both fists, while the crowd cheered fate.

He couldn’t quite afford it and he hadn’t much time, but the trip was a necessity to

his ego. Hollywood, which had scorned him, must see the well-cut clothes he wore and the two unbreakable, signed and sealed contracts he had in his pocket and the well-fed look of contentment he had on his face; and Hollywood must look carefully, for these things were his despite many things, and they were Triumph, incarnate.

Patia Power, his mother, to whom he had said once: “Let me go. I will do great things—” must see, and exclaim, and crow in unison with his crowing . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



It was natural that Tyrone and Sonja should be drawn to each other—two youngsters flashing high in success—but today the Power lad has both feet firmly on the ground





★ BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

OCCASIONALLY a picture, unheralded in the making, steals a march on its audiences and unexpectedly proves smash entertainment. Exactly that happened to this three-way story of two women and a man. Franchot Tone is a staff surgeon in a general hospital. To the hospital as a patient comes Virginia Bruce, society girl, who meets and marries Dr. Tone. There follows for Tone the inevitable struggle between work and play and finally Tone leaves Virginia to devote all his time to work and to Maureen O'Sullivan, a nurse he grows to love. A horrible accident, in which Virginia is critically injured, brings Dr. Tone back to his wife's influence. There are scenes of gripping horror and drama but through it all the characters live as real people facing everyday problems of life. Janet Beecher turns in a topping performance as the head nurse. Tone and Maureen do their very best work to date.



★ SARATOGA—M-G-M

THE enthusiastic reception given the preview of "Saratoga" leaves no doubt that the public wants to see Jean Harlow in this her last screen rôle, a rôle in which Jean gave one of her best performances.

Jean is the daughter of the owner of a stable. After her father's death Jean discovers he has lost everything to Clark Gable, a track bookmaker. Before marrying millionaire Walter Pidgeon, the penniless girl tries to win back her home by playing the horses. Gable's attempts to lure Pidgeon into gambling bets and Jean's slow capitulation to the rough and ready courtship of Mr. Gable form the framework of some hilarious comedy. The performances of Gable, Una Merkel, Frank Morgan and Lionel Barrymore are vividly presented, and we believe Jean would have been happy to leave her portrayal in this picture as a memorial to her career.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Warners

WARNER BROTHERS prove, once and for all, their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment in this superb picture. It is a solemn, carefully synthesized, expensively equipped film in which Paul Muni, as the dynamic Zola, does a better job of interpretation than he did in "Pasteur." Admittedly, the ending is anticlimactic, much liberty was taken with historical fact, and several portions of the picture are needlessly dull. But these objections are lost in the final effect, that of grandeur and accomplishment.

Story opens with Zola living in a Paris attic with Paul Cezanne, painter. Both are poor, both hold an enormous brief for justice and the poverty-stricken folk of France; Zola writes "Nana," the true story of a streetwalker, and becomes successful. For years he champions the underdog, fights for truth. Then, on the verge of his retirement, comes the famous Dreyfus affair, in which an innocent army officer is exiled for treason. Once again Zola risks his own freedom, takes up the fight, and climaxes his magnificent career.

Muni plays the famous author with restraint and a peculiar, personal understanding of the subject's psychology. Joseph Schildkraut, as Dreyfus, is superlative. Gale Sondergaard, Gloria Holden, Donald Crisp, Vladimir Sokoloff and Henry O'Neill all score in their respective rôles. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA EASY LIVING
BETWEEN TWO WOMEN THE TOAST OF NEW YORK
THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS NEW FACES OF 1937
SARATOGA TOPPER
DEAD END

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola"
Joseph Schildkraut in "The Life of Emile Zola"
William Powell in "The Emperor's Candlesticks"
Luise Rainer in "The Emperor's Candlesticks"
Franchot Tone in "Between Two Women"
Maureen O'Sullivan in "Between Two Women"
Jean Arthur in "Easy Living"
Edward Arnold in "Easy Living"
Donald Meek in "The Toast of New York"
Clark Gable in "Saratoga"
Jean Harlow in "Saratoga"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 122)



★ EASY LIVING—Paramount

NOW surely this must be the peak of all these mad, mad farces! For nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish bit of silly sophistication. And of all these screen comediennesses, surely none could be such a divine little smoothie as Miss Jean Arthur.

Edward Arnold, a Wall-Street tornado in constant full bloom, quarrels with his wife over a sable coat and finally tosses it from his penthouse roof. Who should be riding atop a bus to work at that exact instant but Jean Arthur? And, of course, the coat lands squarely on her head, breaking the feather of her hat. When she attempts to return the coat to Arnold, he not only insists she keep it, but buys her a new hat to go with it. Result—scandal rears its ugly head and Miss Arthur loses her job. Luis Alberni, believing Jean is Arnold's girl friend, insists she move into the royal suite of the hotel he owns, thereby hoping to drum up business.

Well, here's our heroine with a sable coat, a royal suite and ten cents to her name. So, taking her sole dime to the automat for pie and coffee, she meets Ray Milland, who is really Arnold's wayward son, working as a bus boy.

Riots break out in all directions from this point to the Cinderella finish. But the performances of Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold are the outstanding happenings of the whole amusing story. See this and forget your hot weather blues



★ THE TOAST OF NEW YORK—RKO-Radio

INSPIRED by events in the spectacular careers of the great "robber barons," this is stirring drama. Edward Arnold gives a memorable portrait of *Jim Fisk*, member of a colorful crew of greedy financiers who dominated Wall Street after the Civil War. Beginning as a cotton trader during the war, *Fisk's* limitless ambition carries him on to Wall Street and his notorious affair with *Josie Mansfield*. For screen purposes it is *Fisk* who attempts to corner the gold market, bringing on the dramatic climax.

Donald Meek's deft characterization of *Daniel Drew*, boss of the Erie Railroad, is a standout. Cary Grant plays *Fisk's* partner with sincerity and authority, and Jack Oakie scores with a fine comedy performance. *Josie Mansfield* is intelligently conceived by Frances Farmer. This is a lavish, spectacular cinema, full of lusty humor, and stirring entertainment.



★ TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M

GAY, mad nonsense such as only the late Thorne Smith could devise and the antics of his two mischievous ghosts are captured intact by Hal Roach's brilliant production of the novel "Topper."

Constance Bennett and Cary Grant are a scapegrace couple who end their earthbound existence in an auto crash, emerging as spirits capable of materializing at will. They determine to jolt Roland Young, playing the whimsical banker *Topper*, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, out of an unhappy marital rut. Connie, an amorous spirit, is the ringleader in the hilariously pointed plot and her disembodied week end with *Topper* at a fashionable resort brings matters to a frenzied climax. Alan Mowbray also contributes some sublimely funny moments.

Huzzahs for Norman McLeod's direction of a grand cast of comedians.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS



**MARRIED
BEFORE
BREAKFAST**
—M-G-M



**THE SINGING
MARINE—**
Warners

REFRESHING and debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to fine entertainment. The good story concerns a crackpot inventor who cashes in, does a lot of spending, and gets involved in a night of adventure by trying to help a strange girl. Florence Rice does excellent work as the heroine. We think you'll like it.

AGAIN Dick Powell makes a picture which is generally amusing, nicely produced, well tuned, and completely unoriginal. He plays a bashful marine who enters an amateur contest, wins it, becomes popular. Newly a stuffed shirt, he goes to China and recovers his modesty. Doris Weston is the girl who waits for him. Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins score.



**SING AND
BE HAPPY—**
20th Century-
Fox



**THE DEVIL IS
DRIVING—**
Columbia

IN the wake of "Wake Up and Live" comes this innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray sing their way to happiness. They belong to rival advertising concerns, bicker for reels, and make up in the end through the efforts of Helen Westley, Pickle Queen. The songs include "Travelin' Light" and "Sing and Be Happy."

AS propaganda against reckless driving, this picture is neatly contrived and proves entertaining. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the lawyer who defends Elisha Cook, Jr., on a murder charge as a result of drunken driving; later, as the district attorney, he is forced to prosecute Cook on the same charge. Reporter Joan Perry is charming; and Cook does well.



**COUNSEL
FOR CRIME—**
Columbia



**WILD
MONEY—**
Paramount

EVEN Otto Kruger's excellent performance and a fine cast cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who, not knowing his identity prosecutes his father, an unscrupulous attorney, on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and even the forced love interest misses fire.

HERE is another Edward Everett Horton yarn, in which he plays a stingy newspaper auditor. He goes on vacation, discovers a kidnaping, and goes off on a spending spree. That's about all there is to the picture, except Horton's standard comedy and the slight love interest Louise Campbell injects. Catch this on a double bill somewhere.

AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



**THE ROAD
BACK—
Universal**

A DEEPLY moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. They grope blindly to adjust themselves to the rehabilitation of a world that has moved on. Richard Cromwell, John King, Andy Devine and Slim Summerville offer keen portrayals of the youthful soldiers. It will bring smiles and tears.



**DANGEROUS
HOLIDAY—
Republic**

A CHILD violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations, a gang of racketeers fleeing the law, and a mild romance between an heiress and a forest ranger compose the ingredients of this placid little adventure story. Twelve-year-old Ra Hould, who looks enough like Freddie Bartholomew to be his brother, gives a natural and satisfying performance.



**THE HOOSIER
SCHOOLBOY
—Monogram**

HERE is a timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright acting of Mickey Rooney as a fourteen-year-old devoted to preserving the reputation of a drunken father, a onetime war hero. Anne Nagel as the understanding schoolteacher, Frank Shields as a rich man's son, and Mickey himself are splendid.



**NORTH OF
THE RIO
GRANDE—
Paramount**

A SHOOTING, tooting action story in the famous *Hopalong Cassidy* series with William Boyd as *Cassidy*. Boyd sets out alone to find the murderer of his brother. Posing as a bad man, he gains the confidence of the murderous gang but almost loses his life in achieving his purpose. The scenery nearly steals the show.



**EVER SINCE
EVE—
Warners**

ONCE again Marion Davies is the glamorous beauty who poses as an ugly duckling to keep her job. But Bob Montgomery, her author boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary anyway and all turns out well. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy and Marcia Ralston makes a beautiful vamp. It's light and amusing.



**SMALL
TOWN BOY
—Grand
National**

THE familiar story of the small-town sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time, Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad who finds a thousand dollars and immediately starts out setting the town on its ear and winning the village belle, Joyce Compton. Clara Blandick and Jed Prouty complete the cast. | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 |



"Molly Drexel!" the audience shouted. Tears stinging her eyes, Molly stood there mutely, too moved for empty words

Molly

BLESS HER

by

FRANCES MARION

ILLUSTRATION BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

The story thus far:

WHEN Molly Drexel, famous old-time actress, realized that there was no longer a place for her on the stage, she bravely took a position as housekeeper for John Graham and his young son, Jimmy, on a Long Island estate. She did not, however, forget her theatrical friends: one by one, she secured positions in the household for Lily, Musette and Julia, and Ronnie Burgess, a former playwright. Peabody, the butler, proved to be Harry Phipps, an old friend of Molly's, and the happy days on Long Island gave the discouraged group a new lease on life.

Molly endeared herself to John Graham and young Jimmy, gratifying every wish of the youngster's and even going so far as to get Daisy, a Great Dane puppy, for him. When Jimmy sneaked out one night against his father's wishes and became involved in a brawl in which another boy was injured, it was "Mrs. Bunch" who tried to lessen his father's anger. Unfortunately, a blackmailer, Sam Adler, knowing Mr. Graham's aversion to publicity, and discovering Jimmy's part in the affair, inveigled the frightened Molly into giving him money, threatening that otherwise he would tell the newspapers that the staff of Graham's estate was made up of former actors and actresses

When Adler demanded \$500, Molly was forced to go to Graham. His suspicions were aroused, however, and when in despair, Molly blurted out the truth about her former life, disgustedly he gave her the money and then fired her and the other women servants. Ronnie captured Sam Adler as he was leaving the house, got the money back, and then went to Graham and told him everything. The widower, realizing what Molly had tried to do, wanted the staff to stay, but too proud to accept favors, Molly, Lily, Musette and Julia made up their minds to return to the old New York flat, although they had no definite plans for the future.

Now continue with the story:

THOUGH Molly, on that long ride back to New York, tried to keep their spirits up, it was a chilled and dismal procession that marched wearily up the stairs to the Sixth Avenue flat. A cold, dank odor rushed to meet them as Molly turned the key in the lock. When she said, cheerfully enough, "Nothing like being home again," no one answered. Lily switched on the lights and Molly hurried to turn on the steam.

"When I think of that bed I had down there, I could die," Julia groaned as she sank on the hard couch. "I've half a mind to go to a hotel. At least, I deserve *one* good night's sleep!"

"Why don't you?" Lily glared at her. "You've done nothing but bellyache all the way up here. It's no harder on you than the rest of us."

"Oh, stop it!" Molly was about at the end of her rope. She turned her face, blue and drawn with the cold, toward Ronnie. "Let's see. Have we got all our stuff here?"

"Five suitcases, the hatbox, and four paper bags," he counted.

"Yep, Ronnie, everything's here. Where are you going to stay?"

"I'm going to try and run down a Turkish bath. Remember, I've got to start back to Long Island by seven-thirty. A good steam might put me on my feet. Well, Molly, what shall we do about a settlement with Graham? I believe he'll want to do something pretty nice when he gets the low-down on this affair, and



*Another fascinating adventure in the
life of Molly. Follow her story here
—before you see it on the screen*

I think you'd be foolish to turn it down. You've earned it."

Molly frowned. "All we want is exactly what's coming to us, Ronnie. The money he owes us on our salaries plus a week's extra pay for letting us go on such short notice. And that's all! If he tries to give you anything else, refuse to take it. I'd rather starve than take anything I haven't earned."

"Right," said Lily decisively.

"Very well, Molly," said Ronnie. "I'll be back late this afternoon to report all that happens. Try, dear, to get a little rest. You look fagged out."

All the way back to Long Island, Ronnie thought about Molly, and his heart grew heavy. How brave she always had been in the face of failure and disappointment! It seemed incredible to him that with all her warmth and talent there was no niche in the theatrical world into which she could fit. He began to wonder if perhaps he could not write a new vehicle for Molly, and he made up his mind to try.

On his arrival, Ronnie found Peabody in the kitchen, abjectly washing and drying a great mound of dishes.

Too exhausted to be emotional, he recounted what had happened. Hammer, a detective, had come with the police and there had been a reporter who tried to take photographs of everyone in the house. They had even awakened poor Jimmy who was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]





Left: Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Joan Blondell, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, knew why Bill Fields was low last month. Below: John Barrymore, giving "Hamlet" the works



CLANG! Clang! Clang!

One more month like the semester just past and your faithful Hollywood radioperative promises to climb right into a strait jacket and head for the nearest clink. Such hectic happenings along radio row! And all when Summer Quiet was supposed to bury the studios six feet deep. Well, if you think there's been a lull in our life, just look . . .

Eddie Robinson rages because an audience snickers at his histrionics on Hollywood Hotel . . . W. C. Fields fights a twelve-grand court rap—and loses—while the Chase and Sanborn program holds its breath . . . Grace Moore leaves her revised Nash script in the trailer and Valentin Parera runs off with the darned thing . . . Bob Burns gets married . . . ditto Martha Raye . . . Bugs keep Benny off the air . . . Jack's ace gag man dies—all of which goes to prove there's many a slip twixt the show and the script. (That's a pome, Gracie!)

Before we unroll our calamity calendar, though, just a word about the Hollywood air babies that let out their first squalls last month. Heading the list was John (Caliban) Barrymore (calling that guy a "baby"—after the way he's lived!) who slapped them silly with a new NBC streamlined Shakespearean series. Hope you heard it, because when there's a mess of Shakespeare lying around there's only one cinemaestro to dish it out and that's John, John, the actor's son.

The Shakespearean idea seems to have bit both chains, National and Columbia, at practically the same time, like the Love Bug, because no sooner did one announce the classic series than the other came forth with similar plans—but not the same Barrymore.

John looked in the pink on his debut show of "Hamlet" before a veddy, veddy select audience (we were there!), quite composed and practically thumbing his nose at mike fright. It's all John's show; he picks the cast, directs and helps streamline the Bard's deathless lines—doing most of this under a cedar of Lebanon tree at his estate beside a 500-year-old sundial, he confesses, just to get him in the mood.

Something, certainly, got him in the right mood—because less than twenty-four hours after his air première, Caliban and his Ariel, y-clept Elaine Barrie, were in each other's arms again

and all so lovey-dovey. We weren't surprised when Elaine showed up on John Blythe's show; he's always been convinced she can really act. How about "The Tempest" and a real load of Caliban and Ariel? How about it, John?

ALICE FAYE had enough stuff on the ball to bring Hal Kemp's Chesterfield shindig out to the Coast. The week she started her new air starrer Alice also started her first straight starring movie at Twentieth Century-Fox, "In Old Chicago." Things are looking way up for Faye in a big way—and high time, too. The other new warbler is that torch gal, Gertrude Niesen, who turned on the heat for Richfield Oil last moon. There's a swell little story about Gertrude we like. Did you know why she left the neighborhood where she was on top of the world to come cold to California? It was because her mother was almost dying with crippling arthritis and the doctors said the only chance was California and the sun. So Gertrude threw success and security in the ash can and took her West.

What happened? Her mother got completely well and spry enough to redecorate the new mansion Gertie bought in Holmby Hills. We saw the result at her housewarming the other day when we talked to one happy family. That's one reason we're so glad Gertrude is hitting the pockets in both radio and movie-go-round.

Back along the familiar Hollywood air haunts, they were thinking of rechristening it, "The Hard Lux Radio Theater"

HOLLYWOOD

on the Air

last month. Things began hopping haywire when Herbert Marshall got all tangled up with working schedules at Paramount and almost precipitated a mammoth radio-movie battle before "Under Two Flags" got air-conditioned. Right up until the final "dress" there were frantic huddles and struggles of titanic wills—because Bart's emotings with Marlene Dietrich in "Angel" conflicted with the rehearsals every Lux show requires. They finally ironed it out with a minimum of nervous breakdowns, but Paramount was a little sore, because, when Dietrich did "Desire" a few weeks ago, "Angel" was delayed

Lupe Velez stole the show with a bright orange number and hat to match sprouting aigrettes like pampas grass. Five ruby and diamond bracelets and three ditto clips ruined the eyesight of beholders and made modest little Olivia de Havilland look practically undressed. Lupe had a friend holding her purse for her, because, you know, she never carries money. She's always afraid she'll lose it. But when it comes to jools—well, you could have hocked Lupe at Uncle Joe's for fifty grand, at least, that night. Incidentally, you can always bank on Volatile Velez to do something different. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



The night James Stewart, Ann Harding and Conway Tearle aired "Madame X," de Mille challenged Helen Wills Moody—but not to tennis

Right: at the airing of "Under Two Flags" de Mille, Lionel Atwill, Olivia de Havilland and Bart Marshall watch how Lupe Velez steals a show

There's never a quiet moment on Hollywood's radio row—and here's the latest news about the hectic happenings of those famous West Coast broadcasters

by JIM NEWTON





ON THE

THIS month, and I think it's about time, I am going to take up some of the problems of you "thin-sies." Wait a minute, now! You gals with broad hips needn't be so uppity and you can drop that indifferent look on your little faces, too. I know that any advice that even suggests the addition of a few pounds is as welcome to you "fatties" as the plague! But what about those pipe-stem legs on fat bodies? Some of you could still use a few intriguing curves and increased measurements in the vicinity of those lower extremities, if you could manage it without acquiring additional girth elsewhere, couldn't you?

Also, suppose you can't sleep, or have a scrawny neck, you'd like to know what to do about those irritations, wouldn't you? All right, then, sit right in here with your skinny sisters and pay attention. You'll find plenty of information that you can apply to your particular case and from which you can benefit . . . if you'll go after it. And you'd better, or I'll be after you!

First of all, I want you to get this straight. It's quite true, in some cases, that a glandular disturbance is the reason for your inability to increase your weight or measurements. If you're not sure what causes your own thinness, the best procedure to follow is to have a thorough physical examination. Your own family physician will advise you or recommend a reliable gland specialist.

In other cases, the scrawniness (general or localized) is due to that understandable condition of "not knowing what to do." You are eager enough to go to work, but you need the tools. That's where I come in. I have some special exercises to develop thin spots which I'll give you in a moment. But right now, before I do that, let me warn you about those pernicious

Sylvia takes the scrawny ones in hand and demands her pound of flesh. But if they follow where she leads, she'll turn sharp angles into smooth curves

by Madame



Sylvia PHOTOPLAY'S

THIN GIRL

little demons called "alibis" upon which too many women have a great tendency to rely.

Although you skinny babies are less guilty in the art of the alibi than your fat sisters, one of your favorite ones is directed toward the afore-mentioned glands. When you are tired, listless and wilted, it's so much easier to say, "It's my glands" than it is to go into a routine of snappy exercises to stir those glands up. You can be quite sure you will never develop a flat chest by passing the buck. Develop some will power, that's your first job. If you want to enjoy life, you can't sit back and use your poor little glands or anything else as a handy alibi to get out of doing all you can to help the situation. To have a smooth, graceful body on the outside, things must run smoothly on the inside. That means work, and plenty of it, from you.

How do you suppose Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Ann Dvorak are able to keep their figures looking so lovely? These three gals are definitely in the thin class. Their figures easily could become scrawny and bony looking if they didn't constantly give them proper care. They are on the job every minute and if they can do it, so can you.

SOME time ago I was a little worried about Loretta. She was extremely thin through the neck. It made the cords which extend from under the ears to the shoulders too prominent to be attractive. I gave her a few tips to eliminate this condition as well as a routine to add a little flesh all over. Look at her today! Isn't she lovely? Certainly an inspiring example of the transformation you can work on yourself.

And Connie Bennett! You should have seen her when I first took her in hand. She had been all over Europe trying to gain weight. There was no flesh on her face to speak of and you could have played a xylophone solo on her backbone. She was literally down to her last vertebra.

Poor Connie was really ill. Furthermore, her career was at stake. She has always played high-society comedies on the screen where about half the scenes are views of the heroine's back. Well, it's a bit incongruous for an extremely wealthy society gal to look emaciated and as if she didn't have enough to eat. Obviously, something had to be done! Enter, little Sylvia!

I went to work on Connie with a vengeance. I mapped out her food for her and made her stick to it. I gave her special treatments and proper exercises. Under my care she not only regained her health but in a month's time, gained fifteen pounds as well. Her figure developed from harsh, sharp angles into soft smooth curves. For weeks I trained her like a soldier, and that training has made it possible for Connie, in spite of her tendency toward ex-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

BEAUTY EDITOR



See the cords in Connie Bennett's neck, also in Loretta's across the page? Read how Sylvia quickly did away with these ugly drawbacks

FASHION LETTER FOR SEPTEMBER

I HAVE so many clothes for you this month that you are in danger of indigestion, I am afraid. You had better read this, see the picture from which the following fashions were chosen, and then refer back to my descriptions for the clothes you like.

There is an avalanche of beautiful clothes in "Vogues of 1938." All Joan Bennett's clothes were done by Irene. She wears several suits and all of them but one have no lapels and are nipped in at the waist with one button fastenings.

Irene, you will note, has used scrolls of the material of the dress as a decorative effect in many of the costumes. There is a floating mist of gray chiffon used for an evening gown, with scrolls of yellow crepe outlining the bosom. Another evening gown is of stiff pink slipper satin in a naughty shade. Camellias are sewn flatly to its bodice and continue down the skirt. With it Joan wears a mere hundred thousand dollars worth of diamond and ruby jewelry. All the fabulous jewels in this picture are from Trabert and Hoeffer Mauboussin.

The Spartan dress Joan wears in the Rayon Ball is divinely simple. Its sheer white fabric falls to the floor and the waistline shows big cords covered with the fabric and tied in a triple bow at the center front. The skirt is shaped to a long train which may be whisked up and draped over the head.

More scrolls are seen on a delightful black sheer wool dress, this time done in thin patent leather. There is a gold lamé evening dress with an accordin pleated skirt, and padded cording is used round its wide hem and also makes the shoulder straps and front scrolls. These are only a few of Joan's adorable clothes.

Omar Kiam has made Helen Vinson's wardrobe for "Vogues." He is also responsible for the fashion

parade splendor. Omar is stressing short evening dresses. He likes them for dancing. There is one of gold lamé stripes set on a black net background that is very effective. The bands of gold are graduated in width. With this is worn a short jacket of red velvet with a peplum in the back. It has a great silver fox collar and the peplum is lined with silver fox.

There is a very new red velvet evening dress made with no marked waistline. With it is worn a bobbed jacket of velvet of which the body is formed of silver fox. The sleeves are full puffs and stop at the elbow.

THERE is a wide, sweeping dress of black Lyons velvet, Omar's pride and joy. The skirt is made of graduated circular horizontal pieces, stitched together flatly. The hemline is uneven, a point Omar stresses. With it is worn a short wrap-around cape of monkey fur. Terrifically *mondaine*, this.

A dress I wanted to grab is of stiff, miraculously fine white Lyons velvet. The skirt is short and flared and round the hemline is a five-inch band of fluted velvet. The bodice molds the figure closely.

The series of woolen dresses in the Fashion Parade is perfection. In each one of them Omar has used shirring to fit them tightly round the waist or the bust. Each of them will have some fur note, for Omar believes fur is an important trend. For instance, over one black dress is worn a short jacket of that luxury fur, chinchilla, which is generally confined to evening wear. There is another black crepe dress with a slenderizing panel of red down the front. With this are worn shoulder-length gloves of silver fox. Yes, I mean it!

There are suits which are worn with gossamer fine silk jersey blouses. No [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

PHOTOPLAY

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD


Over a shirt of white crepe and a heavy silk skirt Marlene Dietrich wears an Austrian jacket of scarlet linen, embroidered by hand in wool. Her hat of honey straw has green straw lightning round its crown and is edged in red peasant cotton. "It cost twenty-five cents," said the glamorous Marlene





Irene

GOES AUTUMNAL



Luxurious white fox, knee length, makes a raglan coat for Irene Dunne, now starring in Columbia's "The Awful Truth." Pockets add to the comfort of this wrap

Kalloch designed both this midnight-blue paillette evening dress and the fur coat Irene wears over it. The little bolero of the charming gown is slit down the back and has cleverly designed short sleeves



A dove-gray knotty wool suit with exaggerated shoulders is collared in silver fox. Irene carries a matching barrel muff with it. The blouse is of gray organdy patterned in lighter gray and the bow at the neck is held by matching diamond clips. The delightful hat is of gray and black velvet and the gloves and shoes are black antelope. It's a very smart and practical ensemble for those first brisk fall days in town

Kalloch designed the suits on this page too. Below is a three-piece town suit with a straight black broadcloth skirt and a white broadcloth waist with pouch pockets. The collar stands high in the front and is zipped down the back. A black-and-white plaid swagger coat worn over this, is collared in lynx. Irene's hat is a black felt affair and her gloves and pumps of black suède add a smart accessory note





Vogues

OF 1938

In the gala Rayon Ball in "Vogues of 1938," Joan Bennett will wear the Spartan gown, opposite page, designed by Irene. Heavy sheer crepe falls in classic lines to the floor, is bound at the waist by covered cords, has a trained skirt which is split to almost knee height. A white crepe cape edged in fox completes the costume

Claret-colored wool and white broadtail (below) certainly are something to shout about. Joan's pencil skirt and jacket are of wool and her draped blouse of crepe. Jaeckel designed the fur coat and Traibert Hoeffler and Mauboussin supplied jewel excitement



For "Vogues," Irene has sheathed Joan's slenderness in crystal beads, allowing the hip-length box jacket to swing free over the simple lines of the gown. Diamonds and rubies add priceless accents





Fashion news is Omar Kiam's suit for Helen Vinson, above, in "Vogues of 1938." Gray nubby speckled wool makes a single-breasted jacket and skirt. The blouse is of cobweb-fine brick-colored silk jersey. Omar added a golf cap of the gray material, topped it with a cylinder button of gray suède, added three more to the jacket

Luscious autumn coloring personified is in Peggy Calvin's suit, with its deep mulberry skirt and dark-green jacket. Omar Kiam was inspired to add a coral-colored blouse to it and John-Frederics helped by using the same shade for the upper brim of Peggy's hat. Gauntlet gloves of suède and a most conspicuous bag from the same designer build a smart ensemble



FASHION FORECAST

FROM "VOGUES OF 1938"



One of the famous fashion mannequins in Walter Wanger's "Vogues," Martha Heveran, wears a Kiam suit of light-green wool piped with maroon bands. Her blouse is checked crepe in three tones. The ultimate in chic is achieved in her brimmed hat, huge bag and John-Frederics' gauntlets of maroon kidskin

PHOTOPLAY'S

Fashion Club

STYLES



Anne Shirley, playing in "Missus America," above, wears a short black celanese satin frock with skirt cut on the bias. The bodice, with square-cut neck and shirred side pieces, descends to a point at the belt and is finished off with an exotic jade green flower. The short shirred sleeves are interlined for crispness



The bodice of this heavy sheer frock is slightly shirred into the belt with a pointed collar to outline the neck. A band of fine lace across the collarbones ties in a flat bow. Rhinestone hearts mark the belt

Form fitting by means of shirring is Anne's broadcloth jersey frock, left. The wide skirt is bias. From the pointed V neckline a bright green zipper fastening ends at the waistline. The short full sleeves have the same fastening down the outside length. The belt buckle is broadcloth jersey



WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 126

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT.



PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A
Pre-Vue
OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Ann Dvorak, starring in "She's No Lady," wears Molyneux's high, dented-crown felt, above. Stiff ribbon belting curves round the crown. Wear it straight

Agnes sponsors this hat, upper left, which has sunburst cording and a sharp cut in the brim. Belting ribbon ties in a perky bow. These hats come in black, brown, navy, zinnia rust, Mayfair gray, hunting green, ruby wine, canyon red

Descat likes a high oblong crown with a trimming of stitched ribbon. Ann knows how to wear this felt hat with swagger. It's perfect for early fall



Marsha Hunt's

FALL WARDROBE

Stone-blue suède, linen soft, makes a costume for Marsha's private wardrobe. It is laced at the throat, cuffs and belt and is worn over a vest of smart navy blue. The gloves and bag and hat are of the same suède as the costume



Jaekel makes a Persian lamb coat for Marsha Hunt, appearing in "Wells Fargo," accompanies it with powder-blue gloves and bengaline hat with black braid designs



Marsha, parading her prize Bedlington, wears a gray tweed coat, plus square patch pockets, minus belt. A black felt beret, worn well back on the head, black suède gloves, bag and shoes complete this autumn candidate





Tiptop

HEALTH RULES

*Dolores Del Rio's
simple beauty hints*

1. Everything in moderation.
2. No hard liquors. Wines occasionally with meals are quite all right. Tea and coffee also occasionally. One quart of milk and eight glasses of water daily.
3. Not more than 15% of the day's menu should contain starches. 85% should contain protein, alkaline, calcium and minerals.
4. Candy as an energy producer when not overdone. It is far better and the stimulation healthier and more lasting than a cocktail or highball.
5. Much fruit and many vegetables. At least one egg a day. Milk and eggs are the bone-builders of the body.
6. Keep strength in mind when preparing menus. Never prepare a menu which does not contain a definite strength builder.
7. No pastry. Desserts made with fruit or milk should be eaten once a day. Never break that rule.
8. Never, oh never, eat between meals.
9. Control your temper. No matter what you eat, how wisely you govern your diet—a bad temper will destroy its benefits.
10. Relax completely, physically and mentally, for at least ten minutes every day. If possible lie down for that period of time.



All Englishmen spin fine ghost stories but Sir Cedric has reason to take his weird phantom experiences seriously



Dead men Tell Tales

"If being an actor has shown me anything about life that's the least bit different from what most people learn about it," says Sir Cedric Hardwicke, "it is that truth is stranger than fiction."

"A man who liked actors and who wrote plays for them; three hundred years ago, said that better than I can say it. His name was William Shakespeare. 'There are more things in heaven and earth,' he wrote, 'than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

Hamlet was the man into whose mouth Shakespeare put those mysterious, foreboding words; and in the first act of "Hamlet" the principal character is a ghost. In Sir Cedric's story, too, the principal characters are ghosts.

Like most English actors who come over here, this gentleman had had years of experience in the theater before he ever faced a camera, and his first experience with a ghost—a live one, it so happened—took place on the stage of a London theater. It's enough to send a chill down your spine.

The play was one of Bernard Shaw's, and a minor comedy part in it was taken by a man we'll call, to give him a name, Harry. Harry's reputation in the theater was an odd one. He wasn't a very good actor. But, by some curious knack, he was able to take a dull line and make it sound very witty.

Every play has dull lines in it, narrative lines, as they're called, which carry on the action. Bernard Shaw used to put Harry into play after play to speak those dull lines and give them a sparkle nobody else could lend them.

One night Shaw, who is one of Sir Cedric's closest friends, dropped into the theater to see how the play was getting along. He had seen it before some twenty times, but he made a practice of checking up on it every now and then. Everything was the same as usual, this night, except that none of Harry's lines was getting across. He was speaking the same words and making the very same gestures as he always had, so far as could be told, but line after line went dead. Nobody laughed. Shaw and Sir Cedric went to Harry's dressing room after the performance. He was in good spirits and apparently in the best of health. He could not explain any better than they could what had happened to make his speeches fall flat. He had noticed on the stage that the audience was not laughing.

Two hours later Harry fell dead.

"Shaw's notion," says Sir Cedric, "is that Harry was already a dead man when he was on the stage, and a dead man when we talked to him afterward in his dressing room. We know scientifically, nowadays, that people don't die 'all at once.' A man's

SPINE-CHILLING EXPERIENCES WITH GHOSTS LIVING AND DEAD HAVE



"Buxton," he called to the shadow,
"come and join us," and then they
all waited in tense, nervous silence

b y J A C K J A M I S O N

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR MCGRAW

hair and fingernails go on growing after he is buried. Some of our tissue cells die while other cells in us are still living. It's possible that Harry was still walking and talking, alive to all appearances; but that the essential part of his being, his soul, his personality, call it what you will, had already died when he stepped out on the stage that night! He couldn't put any life into what he said because there was no life left in him!"

Scratch an Englishman and you'll always find a good ghost story. Over here on this side of the Atlantic we're inclined to

give ghosts a skeptical Bronx cheer. In England, however, you can't accept an invitation for a week end without being asked if you mind sleeping in the haunted room. The explanation is simple, say the Britishers. If America hasn't many ghosts and England has, it's simply because England is the older country and more people have died there. Be that as it may, Sir Cedric has no doubt in his mind as to the fact that the house in which he was born was haunted.

The house had a cheery, com- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

TAUGHT SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE THAT YOU CAN'T JUST LAUGH 'EM OFF



TO a pretty little girl named Mary Dees fell the honor of carrying on for the late Jean Harlow when Jean's fans demanded that they be allowed to see their favorite once again in her last and unfinished film "Saratoga."

Mary Dees (and that's her right name) is twenty-two and was born down South in Alabama. She was chosen for this rôle with its so sad and tragic associations because of her resemblance to Jean and because she has, at intervals in the past, worked as both Jean's stand-in and double.

It was a difficult rôle for the little Dees person to be plunged into and it is told, on her first appearance on the set for work, that her resemblance to the ill-fated star Jean was so startling that the make-up girls burst into sobs.

M-G-M has signed Mary to a seven-year contract.

PERSONAL DATA: won first place in the McClelland Barclay contest for having perfect legs; doesn't smoke, drink; detests parties—but likes our own Hyman Fink.

Carrying On for
JEAN

Dead Men Tell Tales

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

fortable room downstairs which was used as a den. It had a great fireplace in which there was always a coal fire glowing. In fact, it was an ideal place for a cup of hot tea after a walk in the raw English weather. A walk—or a ride. Apparently the gentleman who had owned the house before Cedric's father had been a great rider, for nearly every evening as dusk drew on he came in, threw himself into the easy chair before the fire, pulled off his muddy riding boots, and dropped them to the parquet floor with a vigorous thump. No one in the family ever glimpsed him. But, when dusk came and they gathered in the den for tea, the invisible horseman joined them evening after evening. They might be talking amongst themselves, or they might be sitting quietly. Suddenly there came the creak of leather and, *thump*, the first boot landed on the floor. There was a pause. Then, *thump* went the second boot.

"It's not difficult to laugh away ghosts when you read about them," Sir Cedric says, "but it's hard to laugh them off when you yourself have sat in a room and heard them take off their boots. I grew up with our ghost at home, though, so I took him more or less as a matter of course. I really never thought about him until years later when I was in South Africa. And I don't know whether the thing I ran into there was a ghost or not."

[T was 1914 and Mr. Hardwicke—a very callow Mr. Hardwicke, who was not a Sir in those days and never expected to be one—was touring South Africa with a bedraggled little Shakespearean company. (Now you see why Shakespearean quotations fall so easily from his lips.) They were far out on the empty veldt, a full thousand miles from the nearest big town. One night they stopped at a small village which, nevertheless, had a passable hotel. The man who owned it was named Patterson, and as they sat down to dinner he entered the dining room with a worried expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" they asked him.

He shook his head gravely. "I'm afraid," he said. "I'm thinking about my kids. They're at school in England."

They laughed. "What's wrong with that?"

"I've been talking to my native boys," Patterson explained. "Have you ever heard of the Tree Men? Each of these natives in this part of Africa is given a tree when he's born. From then on it's his tree. He sits under it for an hour or two every week, and after ten or fifteen years they say they can get messages from the rustling of the leaves. My natives say their trees are telling them England has declared war."

Not a white man in all South Africa knew, that night, that England had declared war on Germany. Every native knew it twenty-four hours before news arrived by cable and radio.

"How are you to explain a thing like that?"

Sir Cedric inquires mildly. "It may be, I think, that there's some sort of mental telegraph system which primitive people carry in their brains, but which the rest of us have lost as we've grown civilized. Everyone knows dogs can scent danger. And my horses during the war would stand quietly beside a gun that was firing, but the slightest noise that a shell made coming in our direction terrified them. So

did shell explosions. Not many people can tell the difference between the sound of a big gun firing and a shellburst, but the horses always knew which was which."

THE old watchman at the Drury Lane Theater in London swore that the theater was full of ghosts. They were the spirits of long-dead actors and actresses who had played there in the past, he said. Sir Cedric listened to the old watchman's fanciful tales, but he never saw any visiting shades from beyond the Styx himself. When, however, he opened at the Haymarket Theater not far away he was interested and curious enough to perform an experiment. If the Drury Lane had ghosts in it, it followed that the Haymarket, the oldest theater in London, should have twice as many. Going on that theory, he asked the employees of the Haymarket if the place was haunted.

"Oh, yes, sir!" they told him positively. "It's haunted, all right!"

"Whose ghost do you see the oftenest?" he asked them.

"Buxton's," they replied unanimously, naming an actor of the olden days.

On Christmas Eve the cast gave a punch party on the stage after the show, and Sir Cedric decided it was a good time to put his experiment to the test. The others knew about Buxton's nostalgic visits, and it was agreed to ask him to the party, dead or alive. Buxton was no true actor if his ghost didn't like hot rum punch! At the end of the last act the curtain was rung down. The audience filed out of the theater and the actors, as soon as they had gotten out of their costumes and cold-creamed the make-up off their faces, gathered again on the stage. The front of the theater, with the lights out, was shrouded in an eerie gloom, but the stage was illuminated in the full glare of overhead lights and footlights. A table was set up and the huge bowl of steaming rum punch set on it. Everybody filled his glass.

Sir Cedric called for silence and addressed the empty house, peering out into the darkness across the brilliant band of the footlights.

"Buxton," he called, holding up his glass. "Buxton, do you hear me? Come and join us, old boy. It's Christmas Eve."

Only the silence answered him.

"Buxton," a pretty girl called, adding her invitation, "come on! If you want to come to the party give us a sign you're here."

And then, while they all watched with the hair bristling at the napes of their necks, the door leading to the stage from the pit opened, stayed open for a moment, and then closed gently, as though someone had passed through it to step up on the stage!

"And now," says Sir Cedric, "here's one I wish you'd explain for me."

It was the night of October 4th, 1930. He remembers the date perfectly, and the day—a Saturday. Coming home late from the theater, he went to bed and had the most horrible dream he has ever had in his life.

He dreamed that from somewhere out in space he was watching a giant dirigible struggle with a storm. What country he was in he could not tell; it seemed to be late at night, and all he could make out of the land down below him was a blur. On through the dark clouds, with rain streaming off her silvery sides, the

Zeppelin pitched and tossed. He could see faces peering out the lighted windows. The men aboard were trying to get their bearings. Lightning flashed. Then all at once he sensed what was wrong. The men aboard thought the ship was on an even keel, when it was really pointed at a slight angle toward the ground. Only a moment after he realized what the trouble was the ship struck. There was a deafening explosion and a blinding reddish-yellow glare as the hydrogen gas caught fire. Men screamed as they were burnt alive. Those not burnt were trapped in the twisted mass.

The picture was so vivid that when he opened his eyes and saw the morning sunlight streaming into the room he could scarcely believe he was awake. "My God, what a dream!" he exclaimed. He told it in detail to Mrs. Hardwicke as she lay beside him.

"I could see it quite plainly. It had R 101 painted on it," he said.

"Oh," his wife dismissed it, "of course, that's why you dreamt it! The R 101 left England last night on her test trip to India."

THERE was a knock at the door and the maid brought in the London Times. The Hardwicks, like all other acting families, spend their Sunday mornings in bed reading the newspapers, and there was the usual family argument as to who should have the first section and who should have the second. But this morning it made no difference; for every section was full of the same news.

"The airship R 101," they read . . .

"The airship R 101, which left Cardington on Saturday evening on her experimental flight to India by way of Ismailia, struck the ground near Beauvais about two o'clock in the morning and was completely destroyed by fire."

"Of her complement of fifty-four passengers and crew forty-six lost their lives. R 101 was following a course which would have led her over Paris, Toulouse and Narbonne towards the Mediterranean. The weather was bad, with heavy rain and a strong wind. The wireless operator describes the accident as follows:

"From my post in the ship I could not see much of what was happening outside, and I was asleep until just before the crash. The ship was struggling with a stormy wind. I was awakened by the gongs sounding for the engines to go slow. I was in charge of the switchboard which regulated lights and electric power, and I made for my switchboard. What happened then I hardly know. The ship took a steep dive forward and struck the ground. I heard a crash and a series of explosions. There were blinding flashes all round, and the next thing I knew the ship was on fire. She flared up in an instant from stem to stern. The fire was awful—awful. It was just one mass of flame roaring like a furnace. I threw myself at the fabric cover and tried to break through. Then I sat down and found myself sitting on wet grass."

Notice that the words of the radio operator describe almost exactly the scene that the man asleep in far-off London saw.

"I haven't any comment to make," says Sir Cedric. "I'm not psychic. I don't know anything about such things. All I say is that if being an actor has shown me anything about life it is this:

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

adding a novel romantic touch. The hero and heroine get married."

MANY a star has made one picture twice, but on the set of "Thin Ice," starring Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, we find an actor working in his second picture in one day. His name is Arthur Treacher. He has rushed up from the Swiss village to open a door for Sonja.

"As a matter of cold technical fact, the two rôles in the two pictures are quite different," he tells us. "I'm not a butler in this one. But I don't look any different, do I? And I'm sure I won't have to be any different. Ah, me. That's what comes of having a poker face. I never get a chance to act."

Wiping a tear from our eye—it's sad that Treacher can't get more than two acting jobs in one day—we hasten on, to the set of "Life of a Lancer Spy." With this picture, Gregory Ratoff is abandoning acting for directing. And he's giving a performance worth watching.

He knows what he wants in a scene, but he gets too excited to express himself in mere English. So he shows what he wants. As an actor, he used to play only one rôle in a picture. Now, as a director, he plays every rôle. And he is amusingly unconscious that his players are finding life difficult.

The setting is a small dressing room. At the dressing table sits George Sanders, once a heavy, now a hero. A gray-headed, gray-bearded Peter Lorre, talking rapidly all the while, pastes a false mustache on George, rises, slams into his coat, and leaves. It is not natural for Lorre to talk fast. It is a difficult scene for him.

They do it over and over, until Sanders has a stiff upper lip, and Lorre looks semi-berserk. Is there no pleasing this man Ratoff? Finally, after about the ninth "take," Ratoff says to Lorre, "That was beautiful! Sensational! Colossal!" Lorre relaxes, beams. Ratoff adds: "Now this is what I want you to do in the next 'take!'"

Later, someone who hasn't seen all this asks Lorre how Ratoff is doing as a director. Lorre shakes his head sadly. "I'm afraid there's no hope of a breakdown," he says.

We can't wait to see if he is correct. We have ground to cover. The ground, for example, to Universal City, where Deanna Durbin and a hundred musicians are making "100 Men and a Girl." With the help of Adolphe Menjou, Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Leopold Stokowski, who not only conducts the orchestra, but makes his bow as an actor.

At the moment, Deanna is the only one working. We see a bare hallway outside a theater office. We see Deanna edge out of the door, tiptoe down the corridor, obviously afraid of being discovered. The scene is short, and silent, but it tells us why Deanna, unlike most singers, whether fourteen or forty, is unself-conscious as an actress.

The answer is Director Henry Koster, the young Hungarian who also directed "Three Smart Girls." He does not treat her as an actress. He treats her as a young friend of his who is play-acting for the moment, with him as an audience. Because they're friends, she doesn't have to be nervous in front of him. He never points out any shortcomings; rather, he

suggests additional touches to what she has done. There is a subtle difference.

He explains to her the action called for by this scene. She goes through it once in rehearsal. She comes out of the door too fast, tiptoes away too unemotionally. But he does not say that. He says he thinks it might be "even better" if she looks out of the doorway cautiously, then cautiously steps out. And maybe, if she tiptoes away with her eyes very wide—he illustrates what he means—that might be amusing? Deanna agrees. Koster calls, "Camera." They shoot the scene. And they have to shoot it only once.



Lovelight in the limelight: Joan and Franchot Tone rehearsing for one of their special Lux Theater broadcasts

ON another Universal sound stage is "Too Clever to Live"—the story of a man who plots the "perfect" crime and is its most tragic victim. We don't know who is starred when we step on the set. We know a moment later, however. Seated in the center of the set—a police captain's office—is Lewis Stone.

We watch the placing of the lights for the scene. When the electricians finish, and the action is about to begin, Stone gets up and walks off the set. Onto the set walks a second Lewis Stone. This one plays the scene.

Who, then, is the first one? We unearth a strange true story.

For twenty years, a man named Stuart Richards was an executive of the Standard Oil Company in China, stationed in Hangkow, Shanghai and elsewhere. At length he retired, returned to America, settled in Los Angeles. There, weird things started happening to him. Unaccountably people asked him for his autograph, only to stare at him oddly afterwards. Strangers stopped him on the street, to ask him about people he didn't know.

He asked a friend the explanation. The friend said, "Why, they're taking you for Lewis Stone." The friend bet him that he couldn't get a movie job. He won the bet by getting a call as an "extra." He was told to

wear a light suit. He wore one light in color, instead of light in weight. He stood out in the crowd. Universal's casting director spotted him, found out who he was, and, for the duration of this picture, Lewis Stone has a retired Standard Oil executive for a stand-in.

Next door, we find a handsome set, designed by John Harkrider for "The Lady Fights Back." It is the interior of a mountain lodge for millionaires, managed by a fiery girl whose antics create mad comedy.

The girl is Irene Hervey, escaping namby-pamby rôles at long last. She will bear watching from here on in. So will her two principal co-players, Kent Taylor and William Lundigan. Comedy is new to Kent. And Lundigan is new to you. A tall, blond and handsome boy who looks, and sounds, as if he has something. Don't say we didn't warn you.

We ask Irene what she thinks of Lundigan's possibilities as the third angle of the triangle. And Irene's viewpoint (feminine) is: "He's too handsome to be the loser."

At Warners-First National, we discover another new white hope, also from radio. His name is Ronald Reagan.

Up to a few months ago, he was a sports announcer in Des Moines, Iowa, with baseball his specialty and the Chicago Cubs his special favorites. He took his vacation in the spring so that he would come out to California to watch them in spring training. A Warner talent scout saw him, tested him, signed him. He gave up radio announcing to play the radio-announcer hero of a little number entitled "Inside Story." And opposite him, oddly enough, was cast the daughter of the vice-president of another Chicago baseball team, the White Sox. Her screen name is June Travis.

There are romance rumors afloat. And plans afoot to give Reagan something beside Grade B films to do. Pronto.

Next we head for Hollywood and Columbia Studios, where we make two unexpected discoveries about the Hollywood animal kingdom: (1) Movie dogs, like movie stars and unlike extras, have stand-ins. (2) When they want a movie dog to register affection for a movie actor in front of the camera, they rub meat on the actor's trousers beforehand.

In "Life Begins with Love," Jerry, a Saint Bernard, has his father for a stand-in. And Comrade, a Peke, also keeps the stand-in work in the family by having his mother to take the brunt of the lights. The actor who gets his pants massaged with beefsteak is Douglass Montgomery, back from a long exile in England, and finally doing, he says, what he wants to do. "Something besides dramatic rôles in which I cry and chew the scenery. I can laugh in this one, go without make-up, and forget I'm acting."

With him is Jean Parker, about whom Doug says: "There's a sweet kid. She's changed a lot since 'Little Women,' the last thing we did together. She's grown up." He adds, as a devout afterthought, "I hope I have, too."

JOGGING on down Gower Street to RKO-Radio, and onto the set of "Stage Door," we discover that practically everything here is an afterthought. The picture is based upon the stage hit of the same name, but there is no

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



I DON'T BELIEVE IN
TAKING CHANCES WITH
COSMETIC SKIN —
SO I ALWAYS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT KEEPS MY SKIN
CLEAR AND SMOOTH

A famous beauty tells how she keeps her complexion lovely

Miriam Hopkins
STAR OF THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION
"Woman Chases Man"

TAKE MIRIAM HOPKINS' advice to heart — you girls who know the charm of lovely skin! Skin *can't* be clear and smooth when pores are continually choked. So use the care 9 out of 10 screen stars use — Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather goes deep into the pores, removes *thoroughly* dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use cosmetics all you wish! But use this gentle soap before you renew make-up — **ALWAYS** before you go to bed. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin — dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP



script for the movie. It is being written, scene by scene, right on the set. That's the way Gregory ("My Man Godfrey") La Cava works. Spontaneously.

With this saga of the distaff side of show business, RKO-Radio is trying a new experiment: the co-starring of two feminine names. None other than Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers—long rumored (and denied) enemies. Katharine is the rich girl who gives one great performance and can never give another; Ginger is the wisecracking, down-to-earth chorus girl who becomes a Hollywood star.

So far, there hasn't been a whisper of a battle. In the story, Katharine gets the sympathy; Ginger, the laughs. Both of them seem to like the arrangement. They even seem

dancing-singing number with the girls.

The setting is Westlake Park, Los Angeles, where the girls are hostesses at a rowboat concession catering to sailors. They do a swiny sailor's hornpipe on a couple of footbridges over water, which meet at a two-by-four island in the center, where Martha holds forth. They are eyefuls, in pale-blue tights and dark-blue sailors' jackets.

Martha is aware of the fact. She says to the camera crew, "Could you go for me now?" Then waves reassuringly to her bridegroom, Buddy Westmore, over on the sidelines. He's the make-up expert on the picture.

We can't understand Andy Devine, who watches awhile, then says, "Excuse me. I think I'll go out and hide somewhere. I crave sleep." Has Andy no soul?



A maitre d'hôtel baits a master of ceremonies: Ralph of the Troc uses his menu card to get those air-minded Don Ameches into a gourmet mood

to like each other. They go around the lot, arm in arm.

We get on the set when Katharine isn't looking—the set being the "parlor" of a showgirls' rooming house in New York. It has an 1898 mustiness about it. Around the room, on the seedy furniture, sprawl a score of girls, most of them new faces to us. They are just killing time, waiting for the newest batch of script to come through.

It finally arrives, and everybody goes to work. The girls read their dialogue from the script sheets, and La Cava tells them the action he wants. They rehearse the scene a few times this way; then La Cava calls for a rehearsal without notes. The highlight of the action is Ginger's finding another girl wearing a pair of her stockings, tussling with her, taking them off. The girls have fun, but they have trouble remembering their hastily learned lines. Finally, Ginger quips to La Cava: "Maybe we should shoot this in slow motion, so that our lines can catch up with us."

WE leave for Paramount around the corner. There, the sound of music draws us to the set of "Double or Nothing," starring Bing Crosby. But Bing is nowhere in sight. This is Martha Raye's day. She's doing a

By the time we get away from here, we are just in time to see the last shot of "Angel." A close-up of Marlene Dietrich, sitting on a divan, with Herbert Marshall (her husband) beside her, asking Melvyn Douglas (her lover) to describe the woman he loves.

He speaks of a woman, exciting, radiant. She says, "These are generalities." Slowly, he describes—a brunette. The camera, focused on her face, catches a fleeting hint of her reaction. But only a hint.

It takes them a half-hour to get this last scene on film. First, Marlene has difficulties pronouncing "generalities." Then, giving it the nuance of intonation that Director Ernst Lubitsch wants. Then, registering that final reaction. There are countless "takes." After each one, Lubitsch tells what is wrong, but he smiles as he does so. That is the Lubitsch touch in directing—chastising with a smile. It gets results.

WITH "Souls at Sea" at last finished, Paramount is starting another big sea picture, "Ebb Tide." This one is in Technicolor. It stars Ray Milland, Frances Farmer and Oscar Homolka, famous foreign star, new to Hollywood.

We see a two-shot between Milland and

Homolka in the Captain's cabin. It is near the beginning of the picture. Homolka, as the Captain, has to suggest a man bitter about life, capable of unpredictable rages. He does it in one "take."

Milland comes out of the scene, saying, "What an actor!" We ask him how he likes working with color. His answer is typical of Hollywood today. He says, "I don't see any difference—except more experts on the set."

A picture that *should* be in color, if the opening scenes are any criterion, is "The Adventures of Marco Polo," which will cost Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn a million and a half before it is finished. It is starting with one star: Gary Cooper. But by the time it is completed, it may have two. The second one: Sigrid Gurie.

We see her do a scene with Gary. The setting is the garden of the palace of Kublai Khan, in XIV Century Cathay—a setting as chastely beautiful as the garden of Shangri-La, and even simpler. They walk the length of the garden, the camera keeping pace with them—Gary, the swashbuckling adventurer from far-off Venice; Sigrid, the slant-eyed daughter of the Khan.

She tells him that she is to be the Queen of Persia. She has never seen her future husband, but when she was in her cradle, the marriage was arranged. Soon, in the Seventh Moon, she will start the long journey westward. Gary, studying her, says, "If I were the King of Persia, I would be very impatient."

We sympathize. In appearance, Sigrid faintly suggests Merle Oberon, but has a more delicate beauty. She has a voice haunting in its caressiveness.

She is twenty-two or twenty-three, but her appeal is ageless.

The meticulous director must feel the same way. He does not ask for a retake.

And so to M-G-M, where we have to get special permission to see Joan Crawford and her new page-boy coiffure. The set of "The Bride Wore Red" is closed to visitors. The star hasn't gone temperamental. It's the director who has put up the bars.

The director is Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's only woman practitioner of the directorial trade. Not only is she handling Hollywood's Feminine Star No. 1, she is working with a romantic fantasy. Her assignment isn't easy. And she's in no mood for distractions.

We marvel, on the set, that we are there. (It must be the magic of PHOTOPLAY's name!) We see one of the most difficult scenes of the picture.

The setting is a quaint bedroom in a hotel in the Tyrol. Joan, newly arrived, discovers an old friend there—Mary Phillips, playing the chambermaid. They fall into each other's arms, both talking at once, volubly, excitedly.

Joan is always nervous, working with strangers. And she has more reason than usual for nerves now—with the perfect timing necessary in the double dialogue.

Miss Arzner, who is somewhere in her early thirties, looks crisply capable in her gray suit and sport panama. But she is not crisp in her direction. She is soothingly calm, so quiet-voiced that we cannot hear her, thirty feet away. She gets the difficult scene in two tries.

On this set we come upon a short, short human-interest story. Joan's real name is Le Sueur. Her stand-in's name is also Le Sueur—Kasha Le Sueur. She was once married to Joan's brother, Hal. Whenever he comes on the set to see his sister, he can't help seeing his ex-wife, also. That's Hollywood!

Freshening Up



THIS WAY



Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy" . . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."



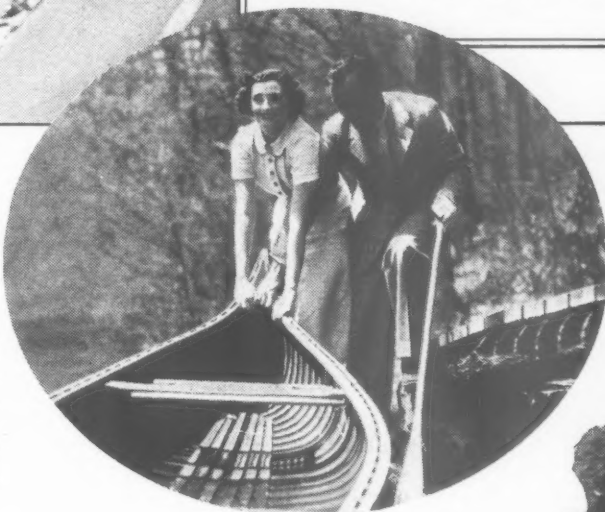
FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!



Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother! *Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 15CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Double Trouble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

tected an amazing odor through the house that grew in violence every moment. A stink bomb, authored by the twins, was found concealed in the kitchen.

A little girl who lives in the same apartment house confided to the boys that she had to attend a party that afternoon and didn't want to.

"Well, we'll fix you up," the boys sympathized. "You take this stuff along and in two minutes you'll break up that party."

Smiling and happy, the little girl was back in fifteen minutes. "Well, it worked," was her verdict.

THE twins are camera fiends of the deepest dye. They shoot everything and everyone in sight. Nights the collective shots are due for a preview, the boys place a candle before a tin plate and, in the manner of preview arc lights, flash the homemade arc light from their apartment house windows to the complete bewilderment of those driving by.

They possess that rare quality of laughing at themselves. In speaking of the tutor the studio compels them to have, Bobby nudges Billy and drawls, "A couple of snoots, that's us, eh?" To which Billy replies, "Swanky stuff, hot dog."

Their sense of humor runs to borrowed witticisms and practical joking. For instance, Bobby's reply to my inquiry concerning his favorite school subject was "lunch and recess." In speaking of their fans they adroitly add "if any." They hope to play certain rôles *if the public doesn't find them out.*

They adore calling friends on the phone and pretending, by an incredulous change of voice, to be someone else. Many a time they have telephoned their father and pretended to be a Warner Brothers' employer. The results have been upsetting, to say the least. Their licenses to ride scooter bikes are their greatest treasures—twin flashes accompanied by a put-putting noise are the Mauchs touring the studio.

Together they face any dire circumstance. Long ago, Mrs. Mauch discovered it utterly useless to ask which one broke a window. Loyalty to each other is their watchword and their standard.

They refuse to make any statement to friends or interviewers that may have even the faintest tinge of braggadocio about it.

"Did you tell the woman about your past experience?" Mrs. Mauch asked them when they returned from seeking a certain job.

"What?" was the scornful reply. "And have her think we were braggers?"

Let the upstart who thinks the Mauch boys fine targets for ridicule step forth and see what happens. Once when the twins were making still pictures in the open country, two boys stood heckling on the sidelines. "Look pretty now," they taunted once too often. The boys politely excused themselves to director and crew who obligingly pretended to be busy elsewhere. A few moments later a pair of disheveled twins returned to work, minus the sideline scoffers.

Once on Hollywood Boulevard a young rowdy poked fun at the long hair the boys had to wear for "The Prince and the Pauper." Reaching out a firm hand Bobby snatched at the ruffian and held him by the coat while Billy

hissed, "Yes, we know it's long. Want to make anything of it?" He didn't.

Just two years ago, for one black sickening week, it appeared the boys were to be forever parted. Bobby was desperately ill. There seemed little hope of recovery. It was necessary for the boys to be kept apart.

"I'll be outside at that window every night at seven, Bobby," Billy said. "I'll see you and be with you."

"You can't reach the window," Bobby whispered.

"I'll be boosted up, don't worry," Billy an-



Three months ago Mr. and Mrs. George Brent staged a surprise marriage; now Constance Worth has left the Brent ranch, has returned to her mother's home. The marriage, it appears, is over

nounced, and every night, promptly at seven, Billy's white face, his grief camouflaged by a grin, peered in at a beloved friend and brother who touched the border of death and came back because Billy would not let him go.

Errol Flynn is their idol and hero, the newsboy who delivers the evening paper, their friend and confidant, and the Japanese gardener who hasn't the foggiest idea who they are or what they're saying, their greatest admirer because they can ride their bikes hell-bent for heaven and never once touch the petunia bed.

YES, they're both normal, natural boys, but with this difference. All play, all pranks, all fun cease the moment they hear the cry of "Camera" or "We're on the air."

Either boy may be clowning at some far corner of a sound stage, oblivious to all sounds, but the minute the director calls "Camera," they're there, tense and quiet, watching the others work.

While Warners are going slowly mad in their effort to find suitable screen stories for the boys and thereby appease the thousands of fans who are writing in for more of "Bibby" and "Bolly," as some wag terms them, the lads

themselves are preparing to settle down in California. They have their eye on a valley estate and already have painted a gorgeous sign to hang over the entrance gate.

It reads, simply enough, "Robber's Retreat."

Their father, Felix Mauch, a railroad man, has been permanently transferred to Los Angeles and the Mauchs are here to stay. The boys are even building their own barn (from a collapsible framework) and making their own cement. May heaven protect us all!

The boys, at the moment, are knee-deep in the art of playwrighting. The only trouble so far is that they have no title. And that, without any advance warning, is where you who read this come in.

Here is a direct plea from the Mauch twins to you—will you give them that title?

It seems the play deals with the workings of a murderer's mind, something, only not exactly, like the one in "Night Must Fall." This murderer always buries his victims with their left foot turned slightly in. If the victim were pigeon-toed in the first place, the boys feel that that is his responsibility and not theirs.

"Of course," Bobby says, "the whole thing might turn into a musical. It depends." On what I don't know. So don't ask me!

Here are a few titles suggested by the twins themselves, and in turn discarded by them. "Father Never Laughed." It was decided since father got his own head cut he had little chance to laugh anyway. So that was out. "The Man in the Orange Socks," and "As It Must To All Men," meaning death, of course. These were cast aside as not descriptive enough of a good murder mystery. A five-word title is what they want, and in return for the best three submitted, they will personally autograph three copies of Mark Twain's book, "The Prince and the Pauper," and send one along to each winner.

Title suggestions, they beg, are to be mailed to this writer in care of PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, not later than midnight, August 25th. The author is appointed by the boys to act with them as judge, solely because the three of us claim the same birth date, July 6th, and because, they add, we all three agree steak is lots better than lamb chops. Titles submitted will be judged upon the basis of suitability and interest. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

And, oh yes—all titles must belong from henceforth on to the Mauchs and Bobby adds—"No squawks." "And get them in right away," Billy says. In fact, to be considered, all entries must be mailed not later than midnight of August 25th.

Well, don't look at me! I got into this as innocently as you did. It's the way those kids are, I'm telling you. There's no resisting them.

NEXT MONTH!

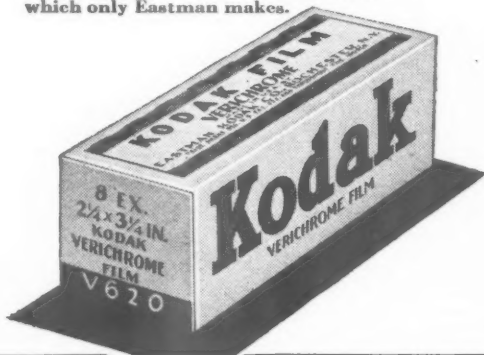
Your favorite authors will write about your favorite movie personalities in October PHOTOPLAY. Watch for feature stories by Errol Flynn, Faith Baldwin, Dixie Willson, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

"This snapshot fixed everything"



• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
—you must take Today

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Last week both the pal and his wife were killed in an auto accident. They were survived by a little six-year-old son.

George, hearing about the tragedy, traced the child, who was living with an obscure cousin who was on WPA, and arranged to have him placed in a swank seminary. Yesterday, the kid's entire education and future were arranged for by "Gangster" Raft, because of an erstwhile sentimental friendship.

GOSSIP IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME: How silly of Busby Berkeley to be so rude to all those photographers and correspondents on the Warner lot the other day! He shoed them off

At the "Wee Willie Winkie" premiere they announced that the stage introductions had to be made early because little Shirley Temple, the star, had to be taken home and put to bed. But coming out of the theater shortly before midnight we bumped against something small in the mob, and turned, and looked, and it was Shirley, hanging sleepily to her mother's arm. But she was having a wonderful time. Never could see this thing of taking all the fun out of life just because a child is famous—other normal American kids are allowed to sit up late occasionally, when the event is big enough. And Shirley's first premiere certainly qualified in that respect . . .



Paramount didn't discover sleek-haired Dorothy Lamour; it was the gentleman posing above at the Cafe Lamaze, Herbie Kay, orchestra leader who gave Dorothy a singing spot two years ago. What's more, he married the girl

in no uncertain terms and closed sets. Those press boys were the fellows who stood by him when he was in trouble over that famous motor accident . . . Banal coincidence, but true: Helen Vinson, now being touted by fashion magazines as practically the best-dressed Hollywood woman, has taken Lilyan Tashman's old house. Miss Tashman held the best-dressed title until her death . . . And speaking of clothes—Adolphe Menjou did ask the court to reconsider his income tax on the grounds that his sartorial elegance was part of his business . . .

When Mrs. Walter Wanger discovered her \$30,000 string of pearls had been substituted with glass beads she fired all her servants. It didn't, however, bring back the necklace . . . Toby Wing won't date anyone these days. She won't give out with the reason's name but they do say it's because Wesley Ruggles is in the East . . . Lila Lee and Sid Crams are doing a Romeo and Juliet . . . Eddie Sutherland and Claire Trevor, too—guess he's forgotten Loretta Young . . . Nice to hear Fred MacMurray's wife is getting better at last; she's been ill ever since their marriage . . .

Funny that June Knight, who got nowhere in Hollywood, should take London so by storm. They like her so much there that she can't get home even to visit her mother, except for a couple of weeks . . . Judith Allen planted some flower seeds in her garden, got onions . . . We're so glad that Metro at last is recognizing Bob Young as a swell bet. They kept putting him in pictures as second male lead, but, in the end, everyone wanted him, instead of the star, to get the heroine. Even his B pictures, hurriedly done, are better than a lot of the expensive epics. Now he's working with Joan Crawford, and it's said they dance so well together the producer is ordering more dance routines put into the picture . . . June Travis, having busted with Dick Purcell, has a new steady but is coy about it when asked . . .

THERE'S a mystery over on the RKO lot and one that has the whole town buzzing. The question is this—who fills Ginger Rogers' dressing room every day with American Beauty roses, also who places a bowl of bachelor buttons in Katie Hepburn's dressing room

daily? And is there any significance in the choice of flowers? Both girls, playing currently in "Stage Door," would certainly love to know. Especially Katie!

AMONG the younger social set of Hollywood's film group there is an understanding: of parties there will be many, of laughter much, of fun a great deal—but none of this is to be upstage, understand?

They're an unsentimental lot, these youngsters, and a little scornful of the high-powered glamour gals who lounge in white satin boudoirs and act grand all the time. If one of their own class tries it . . .

Well, Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney, if you believe what you hear, have been trying it lately. Result? The crowd is freezing them, ignoring them at parties, snapping curt farewells when they leave.

It's too bad, and yes, there is nothing more cruel than youth—but the system always works. When it doesn't—well, there are several young players, imbued with a sense of their own importance, who are finding it pretty lonely these days.

AS an example of brotherly love, 1937 style: when Buddy Westmore eloped with Martha Raye he was so excited—and the whole thing was so impromptu—that he went barging off on his honeymoon without notifying anybody. Without, as a matter of fact, notifying his brother Wally, who employs him.

Wally was somewhat burned. "Is this," he inquired, "a business or a hamburger stand?"

But he fixed it. He went down and had Buddy's salary suspended.

BOB YOUNG had noticed, with a certain cynicism, the extreme exclusiveness of Joan Crawford's daily tea parties on the set. Last week his nimble mind conceived a bright idea. "I will call thirty-five of her closest friends," he said to himself, "and invite them over tomorrow for tea—"

This he did. Only Joan got wind of the situation early that morning and went into action.

At four o'clock Bob stood in the sound-stage corner near Joan's dressing room, watching gleefully as the crowd of guests trooped in. Then, out of the dressing room, stepped Joan, poised and ready. Behind her came four liveried maids bearing trays of dainties!

THINGS THAT STOP US THIS MONTH: Dolores Del Rio's gold earrings that covered her entire ears . . . Madge Evans, who put a bell on her pet alligator so she couldn't lose him . . . Joe Penner, asking that some of his scenes be cut so as to help several newcomers . . . Victor Jory's new room at home, papered with critical fan letters . . . The \$10,970 a certain natty actor put down on his income blank for mustache wax, etc. . . . Ray Milland, playing chess by mail with a Dr. Szlenszka, who lives in Vienna . . . The prop man who got a seal for Producer Leonard Field by going to the end of a pier and yodeling. The seal was a pet, allowed to run free in the Pacific . . .

"WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938" IN TECHNICOLOR



Hollywood Says:
"THE VOGUE IN MAKE-UP
IS MAX FACTOR'S"



The POWDER Secret

The perfect color harmony shade for your type...that is the secret of Max Factor's Face Powder. Your skin will appear more beautiful than ever before, and you'll marvel at the clinging, satin-smooth effect that looks lovely for hours...\$1.



JOAN BENNETT
 in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938"



Magic in ROUGE

There's a color in rouge to enhance the beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead...and you'll find your shade in Max Factor's Rouge. Lifelike, it gives your cheeks the charm of natural beauty. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily...50¢.

HOLLYWOOD's magic wand of beauty is make-up created by Max Factor...and when you see Joan Bennett, Helen Vinson and the galaxy of stars in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938," you'll marvel at the beauty of color harmony make-up as revealed by Technicolor.

Now, the luxury of color harmony make-up created originally for the screen stars by Filmland's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices. Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...there is an individual color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick that will accent your own personality and bring you new loveliness.



Moisture-Proof LIPSTICK

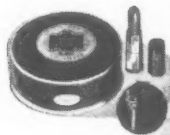
Imagine a lipstick so perfect that it will keep your lips an alluring, uniform color for hours...Super-Indelible and moisture-proof, you may be sure it will withstand every lipstick test. It's Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1.



HELEN VINSON

in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" illustrates how to create beauty with MAX FACTOR'S Color Harmony MAKE-UP

Max Factor ★ Hollywood



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
 Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
 also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
 and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
 illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE

1-0-34

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

Fashion Letter for September

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

buttons on his suits, says Omar, but men's pants fastenings under the jacket edge, and sometimes big simulated buttons of suede sewn over them as trimming. Look at Helen Vinson's suit on page 74 for this. The golf cap was inspired by Omar's own.

JOHN-FREDERICS has done the maddest, gayest, darnedest hats for this picture, the wearing of which might change a girl's whole life. Go and see them, go again and again, and get a meal of fashion.

Hedda Hopper will parade in a wine-red coat slathered in blue fox. Her hat is merely a crown of red felt with two great roses bobbing over her eyebrows.

I sat on the set as the Fashion Parade began shooting. "Pink!" came the director's call, and two great dusty pink curtains swung aside. "Cellophane!" he roared. And inner curtains of white fringe parted slowly. We saw a mammoth magazine cover of dusty pink with "Forecast. Vogues of 1938" painted on it. It opened and on a ship's deck stood two lovely

girls, one in an evening dress of white lamé, printed in soft colored, large flowers; the other in a Lyons velvet green evening coat, made with bows on the back of the waist and on the shoulders. A delicious John-Frederics whimsy of coarse black net, velvet and red roses topped this girl's fair hair. Superb jewels flashed from fingers and wrists. On and on they shot, these hard-working joy makers; all night, they told me. Cups of coffee and steak sandwiches kept them going. You and they may be sure of a reward in Walter Wanger's "Vogues."

Hollywood on the Air

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Just before the zero hour said she, "I must have a glass of wine!" She got one, which she sipped all through the show, hiding it down by her toes. First time we ever saw or heard of wine with a broadcast. What's the proper vintage, Maurice? All in all, it was a screwy show, and that's no idle phrase either, because Lionel Atwill spent the whole hour screwing a monocle in and out of his eye.

"THE PLAINSMAN" was all set to be a set-up for Cecil B. de Mille, being as how he'd made it into a movie himself, but before it was over C. B. had lost some of the few hairs he has left and the roots had turned a shade more gray. Everything happened, but mostly Gary Cooper landed in a horizontal position with the flu twenty-four hours before curtain time Monday night, with nobody prepared to pinch-hit. Sunday afternoon Fredric March took a hike in the hills with his wife. How did he know the

telephone was jangling with frantic attempts to reach him? The servants were all away, because Freddie and Florence were celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary and wanted to be alone. Anyway, with the help of the neighbors and almost every device except bloodhounds, they finally got hold of Freddie and asked him to substitute. He sat up all Sunday night with Florence and studied the script. Went on Monday and knocked 'em cold, as you know. But did you know that Fred had never seen "The Plainsman" movie, or ever played a Western dialect part in his life? Nice going, we'd say.

Gary had a temp of 104 degrees (we saw the doc's certificate) but 103 wasn't tough enough to keep Jean Arthur away from the mike. She did "Calamity Jane" with a face as red as Bill Fields' nose and her personal sawbones in the wings. Jean had to sit down, though, and we heard some meanies in the audience say, "That

Jean Arthur. Look at her sitting down. Temperamental again!" Just a little trouperamental, dearies. That's all.

It was a distinct relief to find Errol Flynn and Frances Farmer hale and hearty for "British Agent" in the L. R. T. although heaven knows Errol did his best to asphyxiate everybody with his pipes. Last time whata-man Flynn appeared on Lux he was headed for Spain and a bump on the head; this time he hadn't been back long enough to break in six British hods he's picked up in dear old Lunnnon. So he took the opportunity to cake them up at rehearsals. Only as cool and formidable a jane as Frances the Farmer could have risen above it. Frances, incidentally, was a cinch for the Russian siren part she played. She got to Hollywood via a trip through Leninland.

Jimmy Stewart made his Radio Theater debut in "Madame X" the next Monday—and that reminds us—there'll be only three more Lux shows to report about next month. Those guys have to have a vacation sometime, you know. Jimmy was a little shaky from his arthritis that miseries him a bit every now and then, but he managed to make the appearance an event with a prize performance. He was pretty bashful sharing honors with Ann Harding (who looked *très chic* in black).

"I don't know the ropes the way you do," said James.

"Well, I ought to know them," replied Ann, "I'm something of a pioneer."

"Hey!" chorused C. B. de Mille and Conway Tearle. "What do you mean—pioneer?"

Both those boys were in the drama dodge when Ann Harding was in pigtailed.

THE Don Ameche's Chase and Sanborn variety hour continues to be the busiest airollicker in town. They have to hold rehearsals on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings because everybody on the show does something else all week! Dorothy Lamour and Don make pictures, Werner Janssen scores them, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy headline at the Coconut Grove and it seems Bill Fields has been all tied up with the founts of justice lately. If you thought Bill wasn't as funny as usual last month stop and consider how you'd feel after being socked with a judgment of twelve thousand hard silver cart-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



The editors of PHOTOPLAY regret that through an error the picture on Page 59 in the August issue titled Tyrone Power II was that of Winter Hall (left), a well-known character actor still living in Hollywood. At the right is the portrait which should have been printed of Tyrone Power II. Our sincere apologies.



*"Watch your step,
young lady"*

WOBBLY ANKLES
are noticed by everyone but you

EVEN if you do look around, you can't see the backs of your own feet walking. Make sure that you are not guilty of wobbly ankles. *Styl-EEZ* shoes are specially designed to lend grace to every step. Their *FLARE-FIT* innersole cuddles up under your arch... guides your foot truly. You'll adore the fall styles and they \$ **6⁹⁵** and up are priced most moderately.



THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
In Canada, Selby Shoes Ltd., Montreal • In England,
Sexton Son & Everard, Norwich • In Australia, Selby
Shoes Ltd., Sydney • For Men, Wall-Streeter Shoe
Company, North Adams, Massachusetts

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

"I WANT
AN ANSWER
YES OR NO?"



"It's yes, of course!
You know I go for this
Beeman's flavor. I like the
neat and nifty airtight
package that keeps it so
absolutely fresh-tasting.
And of course every-
body knows Beeman's is
good for digestion."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

wheels. Probably not very hilarious. The exotic-looking beauty who made the front pages during Bill's days in court, Carlotta Monti, has been his secretary for a couple or three years. Bill says he couldn't get along without her.

Of all the Chase and Sanborn guestars last month, which included Joan Blondell, Josephine Hutchinson and May Robson, Connie Bennett caused the most commotion. Or maybe it was her tan cocker spaniel "Sandy." Connie rolled up for rehearsals in a big deep-breathing limousine with chauffeur and out hopped Sandy, marcelled, perfumed and ready for wear. The Bennett immediately fell for Charlie McCarthy (who doesn't?—drat that dummy!) and started bouncing him around on her knee. This was much too much for Sandy who fell prey to that green-eyed monster—jealousy. It was all very noisy, what with the yips and yaps and goings on. Amid it all Edgar Bergen got funnier and funnier with his wisecracks and Bill Fields got more and more annoyed. He doesn't care for pups with perfumed and marcelled hair. Do you?

Connie kept dark glasses on all evening, and when Don got up nerve enough to ask her why in the world, she whisked them off for a brief glimpse of telltale circles. "Up playing poker all night," confessed Connie calmly. What a gal!

Up until the other night Chase and Sanborn was one program where candid cameramen were absolutely *persona non grata*. But hard hearts relented and the first photographic free-for-all was almost a riot. Forty-three picture snatchers swamped the show and the janitor swept up 389 burnt flash bulbs that night! Yep, Hymie Fink was there.

Things were fairly quiet over Hollywood Hotel way last month, despite the appearance of the Mad Marxes in the "Day at the Races" radio come-on. Grouch and Chic and Harp acted like little angels, but when "Kid Galahad" took the air things began to perk up. The crowd tittered when Edward G. Robinson got tough, and of course that burned Little Caesar to a fine crisp. He had plenty to say. Only we were there and we wonder if it was Eddie they laughed at. It might have been Wayne Morris, because they had to shoot the mike up and down all through the show to let that young giant speak—he's six feet four—and it did look a little chuckly to us. Bette Davis didn't look any too chipper on the show, and sure enough, not very long after, she decided on a well-earned rest at a health retreat.

SWINGING over to the Old Kraft Music Hall, which to our mind is the smoothest of all the air varieties, mainly because of that Krafty Crosby gent. That velvet patter of Bing's which is so swell and such a part of his top etherating comes from the pen of one Carroll Carroll, in case you'd like to know. Bing can handle the ten-syllable words, but when it comes to a bit of a British accent, he has trouble. The night Doug Fairbanks, Jr., showed up in the Hall, Bing and Bob Burns cooked up a jolly English skit. Well, of course, that was a pushover for Doug, what with his recent London sojourning, and Robin shoved the hill talk aside easily enough. But Bing had a terrible time. "After ten words," he griped, "I swing right back to Spokane, Washington!"

Here's a nice story we heard about that King of Swing, Benjamin Goodman. Benny, you know, has taken over Jack Oakie's Camel spot for the lean months. When he arrived in Los Angeles, his agent had plenty of offers for a

dance engagement, naturally, since Goodman's gang heads the class for hot licks these days. Among the bids were the Coconut Grove and the Palomar. The Grove is a de luxe spot and always lends prestige to an orchestra that plays there. The Palomar is more the rendezvous of the less affluent younger school and working-class kids. Benny turned down the Grove and chose the Palomar. Why? Because the terrific response of those same kids on a previous engagement there had started him on the road to big-time fame. And Benny is grateful.

Hollywood radioperations will expand to the bursting point this fall, mark our word. The Big Parade has just started, say the wise ones who ought to know. Jeanette MacDonald has already placed her fine Italian handwriting on a ticket to star for Vick's later on. Later, because, we understand, Jeanette bent over some income tax figures and found out she'd be doing about \$75,000 worth of yodeling and netting only \$1,000 unless she waited until the tail end of the year. She doesn't wear that Scotch tag for nothing!

WELL, it's good-by now, after we sweep out the West Coast radio corners and dish up the dirt: the death of Al Boasberg leaves Jack Benny's two young script ticklers, Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow, to carry on, but Al will be missed—plenty. . . . Edgar Bergen has another dummy, Charlie McCarthy's brother. His name's "Elmer" and he works at the Grove, but not on the air. . . . Dick Foran bowed off the Burns and Allen show because of studio trouble with Warners—remember Dick Powell? . . . Gracie Allen will dance with Fred Astaire in his next picture, the spot Carole Lombard was supposed to have. Hold everything, Gracie! . . . Bob Burns has finally bought an \$85,000 Beverly Hills home. He'll be in it with new wife and Bob, Jr., when you read this. . . . Bing Crosby is embarrassed. His horses have been winning races and he's been telling his friends to lay off them! . . . Miltie-the-Berle will be back in Hollywood any day now with his gang. . . . Wish Rudy Vallee would make up his mind about coming to the Coast. . . . Vincent Lopez has put some hundred-year-old Japanese folk songs to swing—and are they torrid! . . . Don Ameche has lost ten pounds since starting the Chase and Sanborn hour. . . . Was it temperament that shoved Shirley Ross off Ken Murray's show? . . . Jeanette MacDonald says reason she's held off radio so long was her lack of an extensive repertoire—that's songs, you dope! . . . The newspapers were crazy to get Bill Fields' air script during the recent trial—it had all his wisecracks about doctors in black and white! . . . Walter Winchell plays the NBC studio organ before his flash hashes. . . . Producer Jesse Lasky may buck C. B. de Mille with another radio theater in the fall. . . . Hollywood stars, of course!

Speaking of Cecil B.—the night Helen Wills Moody guested on the Lux Theater, Ann Harding, Jimmy Stewart and company were amazed to hear the old boy challenge Helen to a game at his estate. With a strictly straight face, too. "Certainly," replied Queen Helen, "but I'm afraid I won't be much competition." That made it sound even screwier.

They were beginning to think the strain had got to C. B. at last when they heard him say, "Do you like to end the game when you hit the stake or play 'Rover'?" Then it dawned.

He wasn't talking about tennis, but his favorite sport—croquet!!!

Hollywood Women, Heaven Preserve Them!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

As a result of a series of incidents, coincidences, breaks and a lot of hard work, I have a good job. I have a job that happens to be in the public eye—I hope I'm not a sty in yours—and as a result of that job and my own personal experience, I feel that I can say that I can spot an insincere person a mile away. By that, I mean people whose primary interest in me is simply because I'm on the crest of the wave.

I've been a seaman all my life. I've seen a lot of waves and I've never seen one that didn't break sooner or later. That applies to Hollywood as well as every sea I've ever sailed. Personally, I have no desire to go on exhibition for any Hollywood hostess because I have a job.

The mistake all our charming huntresses make is that they only flatter a man's vanity—the surest way of bagging him—in a most limited way. He'd have to be a complete idiot in so many cases not to realize it was a name and a bank account the *jeunes filles* were really after.

THE most successful women in the gentle art of sniping are the ones who are hard to get, the ones who make a man feel as though he had never really extended himself before. A girl who makes a man feel that he is pretty good, but has a long, long way to go before she would even be interested in aiming at him, is a clever young lady. She puts the man on his mettle and makes him lead to her. If it's marriage she's after, she'll be building for her own happiness if she continues to make the man take that same initiative long after the *padre* tells them it's legal.

It seems to me, thinking all this over, that I've at best just brushed the surface on the parlous question of women in Hollywood. Maybe it would be a good idea if you and I understood each other right here and now. I'm just as big a sucker for Mr. Kipling's "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" as the next man.

I perch myself on a handy fence and I see a gorgeous creation in the offing. I say to myself, "Here comes a career hunter—or a celebrity-chaser—or a woman with ideas, and . . . oh, boy! she's looking my way!" and do I love it!

See?



The first at home pictures of "Mr. and Mrs. Lastfogle." Bob Burns and bride Harriet Foster really used that alias on their honeymoon last June

*"and life is
so much
gayer
now!"*

*Your lovelier way to
avoid offending did the trick!
I'm sure all the girls would be
more alluring, if they bathed
with this exquisite perfumed
Cashmere Bouquet Soap!
Sincerely,
Mary Moore*



LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE LINGERS . . . surrounds you glamorously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!



SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND, to guard daintiness this lovelier way. For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its deep-cleansing lather, removes every trace of unpleasant body odor . . . And besides, with its exquisite flower-like perfume, it keeps your skin alluringly fragrant! You're always completely safe from any fear of offending!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Hollywood Bad Manners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

are still quite some pumpkins with a certain group. The Charlie Rays' Beverly Hills parties were once the smartest in film-land. And poor old Fatty Arbuckle had curtains rung down on him after an unfortunate episode in a San Francisco hotel. Yet if any of them, as widely segregated as their individual cases may be, were to become B.O. again, that fateful dame called Chance would pick them up in a great big hurry again in Hollywood.

Socially speaking, Hollywood's middle name is gush. Like Yellowstone National Park each

in spite of his great wealth he has the instincts of a gentleman."

Once in a while you find some Newport hostess wearing an especially becoming gown. You'd like to tell her how lovely she looks; but you stop and count ten. If you hadn't, she'd snap back at you "How youthful you are; when did you leave college, my dear?" or "You must be a Westerner to talk like that." And let me say here and now, there is no term more degrading among the 400, than to be termed a member of that fraternity which runs from the

house; and you'll probably never be invited to that house again.

Once last summer at Lady Clive's (Clive of India fame) I came in exactly five minutes late and found everyone at table. I apologized profusely to my hostess, who didn't even look up from her soup as I talked; and all through the Russian Ballet that evening she belabored me on my "uncouth American customs."

ANOTHER quaint Hollywood custom has to do with so-called "engaged couples." And never was there such an elastic word as the Hollywood definition for "engaged." Solemnly are they always seated side by side, at every affair they attend. This of course bogs down the conversation about the festive board. And if they've been "engaged" for three or four years, it becomes a positive sin if you separate them in your table seating arrangements.

At least I agree with the Fifth Avenue manner in this circumstance, if no other. Married or engaged, you're seated as far apart as they can get you.

For years throughout my youth I've done my best to dodge that business of "table seatings" which turned my lovely mother's hair white, long decades ago. For hours prior to luncheons or dinners—and believe you me, I was "raised" on these social amenities, for our house has been a sort of free social soup kitchen to more than 500 people per week in the heart of the New York, London or Newport social seasons annually—we have gathered about the card table arranging and rearranging names: Miss So-and-So can't sit beside Mr. That-and-This because they've just become engaged. And so on, ad infinitum.

YET when I first went to Pickfair in 1923, Doug and Mary, the "world's happiest married couple," sat alongside each other at luncheon and dinner, and openly held hands. It wasn't a publicity gesture. It was the real stuff.

Time and again I've seen Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable inches apart, night after night, until I should wonder at their ever wanting to marry each other after the cream had been so thoroughly skimmed.

Again, in Hollywood the matter of divorces and engagements is handled, of course, with the greatest possible publicity. An editorial friend of mine told me the other day that a writer had suggested to him a story on David Niven, to be called "Now that he is a bachelor again." Of course, Niven has never been anything but a bachelor, but in the Hollywood sense, this simply meant that Niven's dating with Merle Oberon was over and that he was back in circulation.

Couples are constantly being announced as "engaged" in Hollywood, while one or the other of them, or maybe both, is still undivorced.

I was up at my ranch near Reno when the Associated Press from Miami, Florida, came out with a story that Arline Judge, then wife of Wesley Ruggles, was Reno-bound to divorce him and to marry handsome young Dan Topping. Nevadans shuddered! Even though Nevada grants a six weeks' divorce, it considers it highly unethical to talk about this business of changing horses. In fact, if any of the divorce court judges were to read about it,



WILL ROGERS

DIED AUG. 15, 1935

Remembering . . . a famous

smile, a ready wit, an ap-

pealing artlessness, a lazy

drawl—a great man

host and hostess does his best to outspurt others. If your B.O. stamps you as someone with whom to be reckoned you'll never really know the kind of guy you are by listening to the chant around you. And if you don't have a pendulum of some sort, you're liable to have your head turned forever by the hokum-mongers.

You are considered quite a prig if after a second meeting you continue to call people by their surnames; and you find yourself frequently invited to dinner at a house where you don't know your hostess and your hostess doesn't know you, or half the things you've become important for, except by name.

My father often tells a story which in a few words stamps British society for what it's worth. Forty odd years ago he and my mother were honeymooning in England. For two weeks they had been at the Duchess of Roxborough's house party in a lovely old English castle. The Duchess was my mother's niece, and the only American lady in waiting at the Court.

A certain British peer, whom it wouldn't be fair to mention right now, told my mother, as they were leaving "Wilton," that he'd formed a great attachment for my father: "He's the most affable chap I've ever met from the States," said he, brushing his bushy mustache. "I didn't know his name until a few minutes ago when May Roxborough told me you were leaving. And your husband and I have breakfasted together every morning for twelve days and he's never spoken a word. He's decent and refined and polite. I'm sure

Mississippi River to the shores of the vast Pacific Ocean.

In Hollywood, however, you are instantly and lavishly complimented on everything from your diction to your bridgework.

In the film capital it's also interesting to know that there's almost an entire lack of interest in food. You never hear of a hostess trying to "swipe" another's cook; nor of the glory of a great dinner. Such things just ain't, that's all.

In fact, one of the worst features of Hollywood society is that you may be invited to an important house for dinner at seven o'clock. No one thinks of coming before 7:30, and a good many drift in as late as 8:30.

TOO many cocktails are then served, and if you get dinner by ten o'clock you're indeed lucky. Naturally, by that time nobody can taste the food. In fact, there is a perfectly authentic story of a great party being given a couple of years ago in which dinner was so long delayed that the host forgot all about serving it. Most of the guests had passed out and nobody noticed the difference.

On Fifth Avenue the time limit is fifteen minutes. If you arrive twenty minutes late you'll find your hostess seated and you'll have to drag yourself in to dinner lorgnetted by every prig present.

On Park Avenue they often give you a half hour. But back in dear old Lunnnon you'll find five minutes the limit! And if you're going to be later than that no amount of white lies or anything else will keep you out of the dog-

they would probably throw the case out of court when it came before them, for the reason that the parties involved were merely using the law as a subterfuge.

And personally, I believe they would be within their rights.

The matter of what clothes to wear in Hollywood still amuses me no end. In the best of circles women still dress in dinner or evening clothes while men wear loud sport suits or heavy tweeds. As a matter of fact, from an Eastern woman's angle you usually have to figure that no matter how you are dressed in Hollywood, you're never really dressed correctly!

You may call your hostess and ask if she is dressing for dinner. She answers positively "No." And then you get there and discover her back bare to the waist, while a gentleman wearing a sweater or a polo shirt open at the neck under his tweed coat is seated opposite her.

Then again, you may find her wearing what are called "dress pajamas," whatever that means, and you have on your white tie and tails!

THERE'S a very famous story about Lilyan Tashman wanting to go for a walk on the beach at Malibu. It was a cool evening, so over her bathing suit she proceeded to put her white ermine coat. Then, all covered up in ermine, she sat down on the sand and watched the moon rise.

If such a thing were to happen on Bailey's Beach at Newport, the whole shanty would heave up and fall into the sea!

Dressing for dinner on Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue or Newport is *de rigueur*. In London a dinner jacket is a useless bit of baggage for any man.

Except on Sunday evenings when you always wear a dark blue business suit, you must always garb yourself in white tie and tails. You must have a new shirt and a new tie for every night in the week.

There is no exception to this rule. It applies similarly on Fifth Avenue and in Newport. Stiff shirts and winged collars are the only things accepted. The ties must be butterfly and ultra-large.

With the 400 in New York, Newport or London, you can't get away with a soft evening shirt, or the comfortable double-breasted dinner jacket which the Park Avenue and "Circus Set" relaxes in after sundown.

To this date, and I've spent a good half of my life in the past twenty years in Hollywood, I've only worn tails on a dozen occasions. Yet I keep more sport shirts, sweaters, polo shirts and zipper-trousers in my Hollywood flat than I use all the rest of the year elsewhere throughout the world.

Last winter the fashionable Florida resorts went Hollywood one better. Dark, wine-red, dull-blue, and mouse-gray double-breasted evening jackets were all the rage, with bow ties to match. And many of the smartest men-about-the-beaches wore dark red silk trousers; and some even wore soft-collared dark-blue shirts with their white sharkskin dinner jackets and white bow ties to match.

On one such occasion I saw my mother shudder.

Next morning she gave me a clipping out of a British newspaper, which was headed "Advice to Americans in London, on the Way to Dress"; and the subhead read "Don't Go Hollywood or You'll Go to Gaol." I gathered she was giving me a polite hint.

But Hollywood's manners are different. And so, again I say "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."



"You have an enemy —a beautiful blonde IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It's you, yourself, my dear!"

• • •

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm —

that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Myth Shirley Temple

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

usually blow the auto horn when a block away, and someone in the house pushes the gate button, letting them drive in. Otherwise they can lean out the car window, insert a key in the driveway post, and the gates open.

Carole Lombard's electric gate would really inspire fairy tales, since a loudspeaker is installed behind concealing vines, and when you ring, a spooky voice comes from nowhere to ask in sepulchral tones: "Who is it?"

Then there's the "midget" myth. It seems utterly impossible that anyone would believe that story, yet in some corners of the world it continues to crop up. I had thought it was just a crude gag, one that aptly illustrated the extraordinary lengths to which rumors will go. I learned otherwise.

We had been spending Sunday afternoon with the Temples, and our nine-year-old son was up in Shirley's playroom, engaged in a game of Lotto with her. (Of all her toys, this one from the five and dime gives Shirley the most pleasure.)

A secretary came by at the moment with some fan mail.

"We're getting some of the midget letters from Italy," she reported.

Mrs. Temple, who must have the disposition of a saint, merely sighed. We would have cussed, and with abandon.

The history of this astounding myth goes back to Shirley's first success, we learned. The story evidently started in England.

When Shirley's pictures began to appear in England, that legend, of course, died a rapid death. But now, to judge from the mail, the story is cropping up in Italy. Where it will spring up next remains to be seen. It's no fun to contemplate the fact that somewhere in the world are people who actually foster such an ignorant and odious misconception, when your own child is involved.

How the midget story started is a complete mystery, but it was probably derived from some ill-considered joke. Those who heard of the child actress couldn't believe one so young could attain such fame, and so the yarn spread.

IN almost any group you'll find one wiseheimer who can tell you exactly what Shirley makes a year. Everybody loves to talk about big sums of money, it seems, and reveal an intimate knowledge of the finances of the stars. These informants are quite safe in naming any figure they fancy.

The truth of the matter is that only Mr. and Mrs. Temple, their attorney, Loyd Wright, and Darryl F. Zanuck know what Shirley is paid. The contracts are kept locked in a vault. If anyone tells you what Shirley makes, just point this fact out.

It's quite natural that when the gossip turns to pictures, Shirley will be mentioned. It is the penalty of fame, as well as a commentary on the pettiness of some people, that some of the myths should be mean and mischievous. Some drip with gooey sentiment. You'll hear that Shirley is spoiled, or that she's a perfect angel, that she's dieting to get thin or eating to grow fat, that she has an IQ of a genius or that she can't read or write. To answer all the minor myths would be a tedious affair.

Shirley isn't spoiled, because you've got to obey orders double-quick when you're making movies and there's no time for coaxing or

folderol. Shirley has thrived on this rigid discipline.

Like all spirited youngsters, she gets a bit cocky now and then, for, thank heaven, she isn't perfect. Mrs. Temple puts just the right amount of warning in her voice, on such occasions, looks at her daughter and says "Shirley." If she says "Precious," Shirley knows she has been behaving correctly.

Shirley writes in the usual large scrawl of fourth graders, but she is well ahead of her class in reading. She is studying French and



Two new "finds" find each other. Wayne Morris, skyrocketed to fame in "Kid Galahad," Lana Turner, for whom Warners predict fame in "They Won't Forget," are sounding love notes

piano. She eats what's good for her, except that she has to be warned away from too much cake. She isn't on a diet and is neither too fat nor too thin. Leaving the 20th Century-Fox café one noon, a friend said: "Well, Shirley, you seem to be getting thin!" A half block farther, another friend said: "Haven't you put on weight?"

These small illusions are, of course, of little consequence. But there are other myths that hurt, and cause a great deal of needless anguish.

Usually picture people are protected by the shell of experiences gained through many a hard campaign on the stage, in vaudeville or in the common struggle for a foothold. George and Gertrude Temple, on the other hand, are average citizens from Santa Monica, accustomed to neighborly courtesies, fair dealing and good manners. There is no story of heart-breaking, sense-numbing struggle in Shirley's short history.

The Temples had reared two fine sons when Shirley came along, and the boys were practically grown-up. It's a job, bringing up boys. With Shirley, Mrs. Temple determined to have fun—dress her in cute clothes, fuss over her, teach her dancing and singing, and really enjoy

her lovely infant. Shirley was such a beautiful child, small, perfectly formed, with natural gold curls and a pair of legs that were a delight to behold, that she went from dancing school right into pictures.

So Mrs. Temple wasn't exactly prepared for all that a picture career would lead to. It has its pleasant side, but the rest of it isn't much fun. Particularly the myths.

Of all these legends, the most distracting and unhappy are those that involve the actors in bizarre feuds, brought about directly or indirectly by studio publicity.

Nothing so delights a publicity writer as a sure-fire feud. Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell made a fortune out of their feud, for it was the basis of the movie they made together on Shirley's home lot. In the old days, the feud between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri was always good for a story.

Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are supposed to be born enemies. When Mrs. Temple objected to stories she read about this feud, she was told that there was nothing exciting in two little girls' getting along together, but a feud would make copy.

You see, Jane had always worked on the Western Avenue lot of 20th Century-Fox, while Shirley ruled the main studio at Westwood. A few months ago the two lots were consolidated, and Jane moved into Shirley's domain. It was a natural set-up for stories that the two children were enemies, and that Shirley didn't like sharing her rule. Actually, they don't see each other from one month to another. A studio is a vast affair, and when you're there you are working in one of the big stages and see only your crew. It's absurd to think of Shirley and Jane's carrying on a feud. But it makes a good story, and so it's kept up.

THERE'S another feud legend, however, that has caused much heartache. The truth about it should be told before it does any more harm.

That's the yarn about Shirley's snubbing Freddie Bartholomew, when he asked to have his picture taken with her at the President's Ball last winter.

Shirley and her mother were the innocent victims of a complete misunderstanding. You'll remember that the anniversary balls were conducted throughout the country, during the flu epidemic. Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor attended the one in Washington, and both were victims of the flu. Shirley was asked to head the list of celebrities at the Los Angeles affair.

The weather was bad, and Mrs. Temple, who knows what a trying ordeal a public appearance can be, and how risky it is to take a little girl out late at night, was reluctant to go. But it was for charity, and duty called. She bundled Shirley up snugly and with Mr. Temple they set forth.

Shirley enjoyed it all, for she doesn't have a chance to stay up past her bedtime very often. A number of celebrities were brought up to have their pictures taken with Shirley, and flash bulbs banged away right merrily. The enterprising cameraman asked Freddie Bartholomew to pose with Shirley, and brought him to the Temple table.

Shirley was delighted, for Freddie is one of her screen heroes, and knowing this, Mrs.

Temple was more than pleased. Like the little gentleman he is, Freddie asked if it would be all right to have his picture made with Shirley, as the cameraman requested, and Mrs. Temple promptly gave permission, then, as Freddie left her group to pose, she resumed her chat with a family friend.

What happened in the next few seconds became a *cause célèbre* of a tragic misunderstanding. Three members of the 20th Century-Fox publicity staff, seeing a press cameraman about to pose Freddie with Shirley, halted the picture. Freddie was from another studio, and they couldn't take any chances with a picture that might involve publicity policies.

In another moment Freddie, abashed and humiliated, was leaving the scene. The harm was done, and now no one could undo it.

A columnist carried the story the next morning that Shirley had refused to pose with Freddie. The studio hurried to explain the true circumstances, and the gossip item was killed in later editions of the paper. But another myth, and an injurious one, had been started.

The three publicity men and the cameraman told me the same story.

"Shirley was smiling and delighted to pose," the cameraman said. "Mrs. Temple had given her consent and rejoined her friends. But the studio boys stopped me, and Freddie hurried off."

Shirley was quite unaware of the storm that had broken over her curly head.

Then Freddie gave a birthday party. He invited all the child players in pictures. All—except Shirley.

To grownups, it may not sound important. It's different with a child. Shirley couldn't understand. She was puzzled and hurt. Mrs. Temple, who thought the matter had been explained to the Bartholomews, was heartsick. Shirley came to her.

"What is the matter, Mummie—don't people like me any more?" she asked, trying to keep her lips from trembling.

That's when a myth turns into a tragedy.

The Temples owe no one an apology for what happened at the Ball, but they deserve one for the consequences. Up to this time Shirley has been shielded from the foolish myths which inevitably spring up about any celebrity. It's becoming increasingly difficult, however, to protect her from the big and little hurts these things inflict. She's outgrowing her babyhood. She has appeared in the first of a new type of picture for Shirley Temple.

"Wee Willie Winkie" has launched her as an actress. From now on she will appear in big productions of the most ambitious nature, surrounded by big casts. She will have co-stars, too, like Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and other top-notch actresses. She has come into her own.

Not long ago she experienced that thrill of a lifetime, the first première of one of her pictures, with milling thousands of fans, Eddie Cantor as master of ceremonies, with Tyrone Power to introduce her on the stage along with the others in the cast.

True, Shirley still is a child, but she could be wounded deeply by some of these myths. She's getting to the age when it won't be easy to keep the unpleasant things in life from her.

Fortunately, Shirley's friendly disposition, sunny temperament and good manners radiate from the screen and reveal the true character of the child. There stands the real Shirley Temple, as millions of fans know.

She, herself, makes those myths too ridiculous to believe.



NEXT
on the program —
a real hit,
**BEECH-NUT
GUM**



"Always Worth
Stopping for"



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, three rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

book. After I read it, I thought maybe I was 'Molly.' Louis B. Mayer thought so too, so now I'm 'Molly,' and I hope you will add 'bless her!' Wally Beery will play the millionaire 'Graham,' Fannie Brice is the cook. I'm certainly in good company for a young girl trying to get along in the movies." Before making "Molly," however, Miss Tucker will appear in "Broadway Melody of 1937," singing the type of song that made her famous.

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

HORSE OPERA OR BOB TAYLOR?

I think very often we become so engrossed with the box-office opportunities of romantic profiles and seductive feminine curves that we overlook some of the excellent stuff that appeals to our young generation. I mean, plain, simple "horse opera."

The other day I witnessed a little human interest scene which convinced me that our movie cowboy needs more applause than he gets. I attended the opening parade of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta. In that parade was the Los Angeles Sheriff's wonderful posse of horsemen and beautiful horses. Suddenly all the youngsters began to cheer and wave their flags wildly. Not so suddenly I saw the reason for the outbursts. Buck Jones was one of the horsemen. The parade stopped at this point, and the kids all rushed forward to Buck, calling him by name, asked to touch him and stood open-mouthed—and adoring. And did Buck follow through? He did. He patted their heads, shook their hands and even lifted one of them on his horse, thereby giving those kids the thrill of a lifetime. After watching these young ones worship their cowboy idol, "horse opera" is something more to me than a picture to sit through while waiting for a Bob Taylor feature to go on.

D. L. HOLLINGER,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I'D LIKE TO SEE—

I'd like to see Katherine de Mille as a romantic heroine. She can act and is too beautiful to be a beautiful villainess all the time.

I'd like to see Dorothy Lamour always in Glamour parts. Maybe it doesn't rhyme, but 'Lamour' spells 'Glamour' with a big G.

I'd like to see Sonja Henie as the heroine of a Nordic novel, by a Nordic author. She's a natural and she never overacts. Why skating pictures only?

I'd like to see Gloria Swanson as queen in the story of an imaginary Balkan country. Gloria has the necessary dignity, poise and romantic appeal and would surely "queen it."

P. T. WATERMAN,
Worcester, N. Y.

In 1928, right after she made "Sadie Thompson," Gloria Swanson made a picture called "Queen Kelly." It has never been released in this country, but is still showing to ardent Swanson fans on the Continent. She is at present considering a comeback in "The Second Mrs. Draper." "Thin Ice" is Sonja Henie's current attraction. Promised and hoped for is the appearance of the little skating marvel in "Hans

Brinker and the Silver Skates," not quite Nordic, but getting close. Won't Sonja be a darling in a Dutch costume?

\$1.00 PRIZE

RAYE RATES

I'd like to drop a bouquet of very rare orchids (Winchell, please excuse) into the very rare hands of a very rare star—Martha Raye. Her singing is swell and she is a splendid comedienne, but it's the way she uses her hands that counts. That's worth the price of admission any day.

She can put more expression into the turn of one finger than most people can put in a five-minute monologue.

I laughed for a week over that brief scene in "College Holiday" wherein Martha, looking like Aunt Jemina à la Cotton Club surveyed her manicure appraisingly and suddenly became self-conscious. And in "The Big Broadcast" when she stroked a rose and lamented her futile love-making and the acquisition of rheumatism, that my friends, was neat stroking.

You've got to hand it to Martha. Yeah, ma'am!

MRS. W. R. B. VANCE,
Atlanta, Georgia.

\$1.00 PRIZE

MAKE WAY FOR A LADY

I can offer definite proof that some of our favorites are not quite so disagreeable and temperamental as some people claim.

Recently I stopped in a drugstore in Hollywood and discovered I had seated myself next to one of Hollywood's newest sensations. Just as the waitress was about to set her orange juice before the young lady she slipped and the contents were spilled into the lap of the diminutive star. Of course both the waitress and myself tried to assist her in drying the ruined dress, but it was plain to be seen it must be dry-cleaned.

What better proof could I want when I saw that the actress did not indulge in a temperamental outburst against the waitress, but instead, merely smiled and said kindly "Eet is all right. Accidents, they happen to anybody." The actress was Simone Simon. Offhand, I could name a dozen girls of my acquaintance who would have made quite an unpleasant issue of the incident.

HELEN KISSEL,
Columbus, Ohio

\$1.00 PRIZE

GABLE INEXHAUSTIBLE

I have been a Gable fan for years and have tried more than once to find a reason for his tremendous and almost inexhaustible appeal. I have come to the conclusion it is because he does not put all his goods in his shop window.

Each succeeding picture surprises you with the number of small characterizations at which he is adept. You feel that no matter what the part, he will always have one more shot in his locker. Another valuable asset is the contrast of his features. He isn't confined to callow romances like Bob Taylor, nor always forced to be a heavy like Spencer Tracy. With the eyes and dimples of a con-

ventional hero, and the mouth and forehead of the more virile school, he can be either a Valentino or a Bill Powell according to requirements. He also had his personality strengthened by having started his career under handicaps. It is not good for a favorite to start with "everything." He usually ends by having nothing. Change of taste and fashion prove his foundations unsound, and his personality soft for want of exercise and opposition.

LOUISE MERRILL,
Sheffield, England

Reader Merrill will find that Gable gets enough of one kind of "opposition" in "Parnell." It will be interesting to this department to have our English friends tell us what they think of Gable in his latest rôle.

\$1.00 PRIZE

CHAMP COMEDIANS

I have just seen Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance" and enjoyed Eric Blore and Edward Everett Horton very much—these two certainly stole the picture. I haven't laughed so much since seeing Eddie Cantor in "The Kid from Spain" and the laughter around me was loud and plentiful too.

Fred is certainly a marvelous dancer, and the fact that he can step with any of them was shown in his specialty dance with Harriet Hctor. Ginger danced well but was painfully thin, a bad point that was accentuated by the streamline clothes she wore. Fred's best partner was Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady" and I certainly would like to see those two together again. And give us more of Blore and Horton, the best laugh combination in the business.

MARIE SELLMAN,
Baltimore, Md.

NO LIKEE

I want to protest against the practice of showing men in shorts and shirttails so often. It isn't funny at all. If the directors are sticklers for realism and insist on members of the cast running around in various stages of undress, it won't be long before they are showing people in the shower! I sincerely hope that our easily offended English cousins don't believe all of us Americans condone such a lack of propriety. But I think it is time for the layman to raise his feeble voice in protest. What is Will Hays for, anyway?

"DISGUSTED,"
Pasadena, Calif.

"Love is News" showed handsome, gangling Tyrone Power being pursued into his shower by determined salesmen, and poking his furious head out, dripping with water. With tennis courts and parks crowded with people in shorts, it has come to be part of the American scene, couldn't possibly be construed by the Hays Office as "indecent exposure."

A LAST TRIBUTE TO JEAN HARLOW

As a sincere admirer of lovely Jean Harlow, I would like to place a wreath, not of laurel, but of rue upon her last resting place. Jean

was not a great actress, perhaps, but an arresting personality whose breezy manner and inimitable wisecracking brought laughter and happiness to millions, a noble accomplishment. Her infectious good nature and charming friendliness permeated her screen portrayals, and to many of us her death is a personal loss. So, in the gallery of memory her portrait will remain, its colors untouched by time. Very often I shall pay grateful tribute to one who has given me many happy hours—and whose shield bore the gallant insignia: "Fidelity to work."

CORINNE CHILDERS,
Charlotte, N. C.

MALE OR FEMALE

With the world full of small boys, it's just too bad that the juvenile *Lord Nelson* in "Lloyds of London" had to be played by a girl. She looked like a girl, she talked like a girl and, horror of horrors, she ran like a girl.

MRS. T. W. MURPHY,
Janesville, Wis.

We fear that Mrs. Murphy must go back and take another look. The small actor who played "Lord Nelson" is very much of a boy—Douglas Scott, born in Seattle, Washington, Dec. 31, 1925. Young Scott has been in pictures since he was five, is Shirley Temple's first real beau in her new "Wee Willie Winkie."

AN OPEN LETTER TO ERROL FLYNN:

Recently you gave an interview concerning how well you knew women—well, you may think you know women in some countries where you have traveled, but you certainly don't know American women. In that interview you made a statement saying you realized the inferiority of women to men. After all, you wouldn't be in such a swell spot if it weren't for women. Your fans consist mostly of women; they made you a star by going to see your pictures and afterwards by giving such a hurrah for you.

You should be grateful; but instead you give out defamatory copy. By giving that interview you damaged your sparkling career and lost many admirers.

VIRGINIA STONE,
Albemarle, N. C.

THE ANSWER TO A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

I have just seen Joan Crawford again and a haunting thought is in my mind: I wonder if this woman has even the remotest idea of the vast influence and power she has on the women and girls of this age? The inspiration she is, the ambitions she gives them to be something besides dull, ugly, crudely dressed and awkward female persons. . .

Her life is a sermon for any woman. She was a clumsy awkward girl, but she wouldn't stay that way. She had no one to help her, but her own perseverance and persistence has made her the lovely, poised, graceful cultured woman that she is. It's marvelous to think of it, that a woman can have such subtle beauty and grace of speech that we pay our good money to sit and find delight in her every word and action. Wretched and ugly conditions of life mean nothing. We don't need to keep them. She is the answer to that—what Joan Crawford can do, I can do. She gives me a definite aim in life to get somewhere and be something better than I am. I only hope she never lets us down.

DIAN MADDEN,
Flint, Mich.



TOSS ME A KOOL

IT'S soothing to my throat. The mild menthol adds a refreshing flavor, yet none of the full tobacco goodness is lost. Toss me a KOOL... it's a skillful blend of excellent Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. And a coupon comes too—valuable coupons, good in the U. S. A. for handsome, useful premiums. *Extra* coupons come in every carton. Toss me a KOOL... it's quite a catch! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

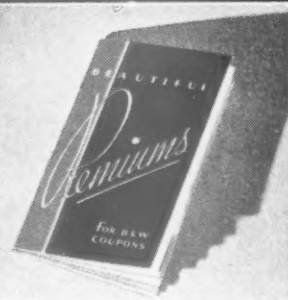
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The Life of a Problem Child

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

In the cab he lit a cigarette and settled back, trying to recapture the personal excitement he had felt all the way across the continent.

He remembered now, without mirth, the three years of tramping from studio to studio in search of a job—any job; the insane fruitless months in Chicago at the World's Fair; the sudden, stunning turn of luck in New York, when Cornell had decided that perhaps he had a little talent.

He thought suddenly, with a kind of amused detachment: *Wait a minute! What is all this, again? Thirty bucks a week as an understudy, a job in summer stock at a clerk's salary, and then the smallest of small parts in Katharine's fall play—is that what you're going to wave in the face of this millionaire industry?*

There was that to consider during the rest of the ride. Until finally, when he walked up the porch steps and faced Patia at the door, saw the sharp unmistakable questioning in her eyes, he was ready with the answer.

"Okay," he told her. "I understand. It's only the beginning. But just watch me from now on—"

He saw the relief in her face. "It's merely a suggestion," she said, taking his arm, "but what do you say we go in and jump up and down on the new sofa, to celebrate?"

UNDERSTUDYING Burgess Meredith in "Flowers of the Forest" did little enough for Tyrone professionally, except that he got a chance to see the theater at first hand and to study hard. The break restored his optimism in a measure, but not his self-confidence, because he had never lost that; not even at the lowest level of his luck had he ever forgotten, for a moment, the definite certainty of his innate ability.

The summer at Falmouth was an interlude primarily of pleasure, partly of hard work, but dedicated to the realization of what had happened—to adjustment. The beautiful little theater was located out-of-town, planted superbly on the edge of Buzzard's Bay; and it had a deck, awninged and cool, that overlooked the shining water, and it had a night club for its neighbor, and the tradition of good productions which brought in the critical, sophisticated audience that filled it nightly.

Tyrone, after the first week, gave up the conscious effort of introspection and allowed things to take an inevitable course in his mind. He was given for the first time (because this was an experimental institution and he was promising material) the best parts in most of the plays—and they were good plays. "Private Lives," "Ceiling Zero," "On Stage," in which he found his stride.

There were sensations to feel — not for analysis — during that period. There was waking in the morning to the clear heat of the Massachusetts July and August, and lying at ease on the narrow beach learning lines in the sun, and there was coming lazily up at dinner time to sit in shorts on the theater deck, in the pale pink glow of the unbelievable sunset.

There was dancing in the near-by cabaret with the several lovely, now forgotten girls who also were members of the colony, and the potent nostalgia that came after the third Collins, when the saxophones went soupy and remembered past summers in melody. "I

Apologize," said the saxophones, and "Can't We Talk It Over?" and "Just One More Chance" and "Say It Isn't So" and "Look What You've Done To Me, Baby."

There was not being in love, with anybody, and a clean sense of self-completeness . . .

Picture scouts infest stock groups of this sort and one cornered Tyrone on an evening after the show. "Maybe," the scout said, "I might manage to get some sort of a spot for you. You aren't bad as *Jerry*."

To his own amazement Tyrone mumbled, "Maybe you could. But I'm not interested," and left the bewildered scout openmouthed in the dressing room.

Later, after a week of self-recriminations during which he labeled himself a list of uncomplimentary things, young Mr. Power understood why he had refused the offer:

I had the same chance once, in Hollywood, he thought, and it got me nowhere. Except years of waiting in producers' offices, and disappointment, and being poor. That might happen again—because I'm not really ready yet. Now they're doing me a favor, tossing a little something my way. The time will come when I'll be doing them a favor.

HE was glad, then, for his first instinctive impulse. And in September he drove contentedly down to New York for the opening rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he was to have a rôle of his own to create and to develop before big time audiences.

They opened in Baltimore and toured for a long time, according to the Cornell policy—and in this manner Tyrone completed the memorable sensation-year of 1935. Aside from work, only a few things were outstanding in his memory as indicative of the season.

Being a Shakespearean character on the stage was all right, but when you had to keep your hair at shoulder length and still try to pursue the normal bent of a normal young man's daily life—in department stores and streets and on trolleys—the possibilities for trouble were endless.

None of the seven male members of the troupe dared venture forth alone in daylight—Tyrone least of all. His lean face and heavy dark eyebrows were positively Machiavellian in a frame of long, flowing locks.

At noon of Christmas Eve, that year, he decided to go out and buy presents for everybody. In a moment of inspiration he rolled up his unruly mop of hair and hid it under his hat. Late that afternoon he stood in a packed street car, laden with parcels, unable to move, sweating freely; and he dropped a small bundle.

Bending down was impossible. He had to unhinge his knees and lower himself slowly to grope for the package—and this he did, leaving his hat balanced on the shoulders of his standing neighbors. When he came up the hat was still there and it settled once more on his head; but to the startled occupants of the car "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was no longer fiction. Tyrone—the pleasing, attractive youth had disappeared. He had emerged as something out of the Sixteenth Century.

There was bedlam. Women screamed. Men crowded against each other, either in miserable silence or shouting with laughter. The motor-man stopped the car and somehow, from this

nightmare, the apparition escaped, leaving a trail of gaily-wrapped packages behind him.

He has that incident to remember until his dying day; and there were others. The party Miss Cornell gave one Thanksgiving Day evening at a club on the Chicago Shore Road, at which Tyrone and his fellows, apprehensive of the liquor supply, drank everyone's wine at dinner—only to discover a sea of champagne waiting in another room. The actor who always sent his man on ahead to reserve the best dressing room with his name plate, and the night Tyrone beat the servant to it. And watching the actor's face when he discovered that his dressing room had a strange aroma, and pulled off the name plate from the door, and found the inscription "Women" underneath . . .

On New Year's Eve, Tyrone Power and the cast of "Romeo and Juliet" finished the performance before midnight and went up to his small apartment to drink a toast to 1936. The host poured wine. The assembled group raised their glasses.

"What do you hope for yourself?" someone asked of him.

"That I can do as much in this next year as I did in the one just past," he answered quietly as a clock began striking the new year in.

HE had three months of grace, this young man; three months in which to rehearse stolidly for the part of *De Ponleney* in "St. Joan," to hoard as much as he could of his small salary, to make plans with a few of his friends to board a tramp steamer in the spring and bum through a long lazy summer in Europe. Then in April, things and events began to happen with such demented haste that there was no time for thought, no time for logical understanding, no time for anything—except to run as hard as he could in an effort to keep up; except to forget everyone and everything in the halcyon labor of a Star being born.

His agent called him from Detroit to New York to make a film test, and it stank. It was incredibly awful.

"Now are you satisfied?" Tyrone asked the agent afterward as they drank a consolation beer in the studio bar. "Now will you give me time, until I'm older and more experienced—until I'm ready?"

"Until you don't care any more, you mean," countered the shrewd agent. "Nuts! You never had time or patience for caution before. You wanted big things and you wanted them right away and you knew you could get them because you were good—so now, you fool, this is the time! And you'll take a second test tomorrow, y'see?"

Looking down into his glass, Tyrone thought: he's right. If I can't do it now, I'll never be able to do it. *But I can—I can!*

He said, "Okay. And it won't smell like the first one, either."

"Have another beer," said the agent, contentedly.

In a Hollywood projection room, a few days later, Darryl Zanuck sat and watched the shadow of Tyrone Power, Jr., move across the screen, heard his clear controlled voice read lines with interpretation and feeling. "Run it again," said Mr. Zanuck, and he said

it five times, and each time he sat straighter in his divan loge. Finally he rang his secretary.

"Take a wire," he commanded; and the words were sheer excitement.

It was incredible, but these were real, these tickets in this envelope that said a reservation had been made on a transcontinental sleeper plane for Mr. T. Power. Tyrone walked through the gate and up the steps and through the little door, and he sat down. He closed his eyes, thinking, I will be in Hollywood tomorrow. I will show my seven-year contract with 20th Century to Patia, and I will walk down the same streets, and I will see the same people. And this plane is starting now, and it is going too fast, too fast for me to follow, and I wonder if I will be sick, and can I make that contract good? *Can I be as good as I must be?*

He looked out of the window and down, and far below, the earth was flowing backward like an endless patchwork. The symbolism was too pat; he became one with the plane—the earth was his life, rushing past with a humming sound . . .

THE next months were like that, with their blinding pace and unfamiliar pattern and their ceaseless amazing flight. The United States held the most important election in its history and Adolf Hitler rewrote the Bible and Spain blew itself to pieces and an emperor took a twice-divorced American woman for a boat ride to the Adriatic and a group of prison officials had a little party at which they burned the man named Hauptmann to a cinder; but these things were secondary to the fact that Mr. Zanuck made "Girls Dormitory." Tyrone Power had a few feet of film in the last reel, which he shared with Simone Simon, and women said: "Do you see what I see?"

Mr. Zanuck made "Ladies in Love" and Tyrone Power had more than a few feet of film which he managed not to share with anyone, and the watching women said to their escorts: "Buy me that! The one with the eyes, and the smile. Named Power, or something."

Mr. Zanuck made "Lloyds of London."

After that people came to Tyrone and said, "What do you think about life and love and women and politics? Where were you born? What do you eat for breakfast? What color socks do you wear? America wants to know."

Publicity boys cornered him and said, "Don't tell them anything. Dole it out in little pieces. And watch this romance situation—if you run around with anybody make it a girl from this lot."

Sales agents grouped at his doorway. They sold him a radio, a set of books, an electric razor and a Cord car.

And Mr. Zanuck made "Love Is News." And the living patchwork began moving so fast that it became a gray blur, the noise of its speed a monotonous cacophonous disjointed jitter.

Hearing it, Tyrone sat over his coffee, waiting for the set to call him back for the afternoon of work.

Out of the confused jumble a voice said, "Are you Mr. Tyrone Power?"

He looked up, saw the trim body and the straight shoulders and the smile and the fresh healthy beauty of the girl who stood there. "I've some tickets to a skating exhibition, if you'd like them," she said. "My name is Sonja Henie."

That began it. He went to the exhibition and took her home afterward. A few nights later he tossed gravel at her window, and she climbed down an ivy lattice, and they went

for a drive. You could say they fell in love with each other that evening, but essentially it was that they discovered between themselves a kinship of circumstance.

They were foils for each other—her stolid, brilliantly poised Norwegian balance against his nervous, erratic alertness. Both were only twenty-two and both were already flashing high in success. The difference was she was used to adulation and he was not. She helped the necessary process of deflation, of dissemination.

Both were beautiful people, and neither was unaware of beauty. It was an indicated thing that they should go dancing together, that they should dine tête-à-tête in smart restaurants, that photographers' flashlights should flare about them and that columnists' typewriters should clatter weekly commentary on their smallest activities. To the newspapers, to the publicity professionals, and ergo to America, the arrangement was a Romance.

In a way the label was justified, except that Tyrone and Sonja were not (and are not) purely and simply sentimental about each other. Young Mr. Power, at twenty-two, had come too far, had learned too much, had acquired too great a share of the things called sophistication to be purely sentimental about anything or anyone, ever again.

Wherefore the past tense had lost its value in the telling of this story, and we are concerned with the present. Today's portrait of Tyrone Power must be done with care, but hastily, since the subject is changing; and problem children—even when they're grown-up—are unpredictable.

MET him the day after Hollywood saw "Lloyds of London" at its première and



OH, JANE,
I CAN'T GO. MY
SKIN'S SO ROUGH
FROM RIDING IN
THE RUMBLE SEAT
THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY!
I KNOW A
SPECIAL CREAM
THAT *MELTS*
SKIN SMOOTH



THAT WAS A SWELL
STEER ABOUT POND'S
VANISHING CREAM.
NOW MY SKIN'S SMOOTH
POWDER STAYS ON

Melts FLAKINESS AWAY —IN ONE APPLICATION

ANN'S made a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

Popular girls use Pond's Vanishing Cream. As a famous dermatologist says, "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to *melt away* harsh, dried-out surface cells when it touches the skin. Instantly the skin becomes fresh and smooth."

Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

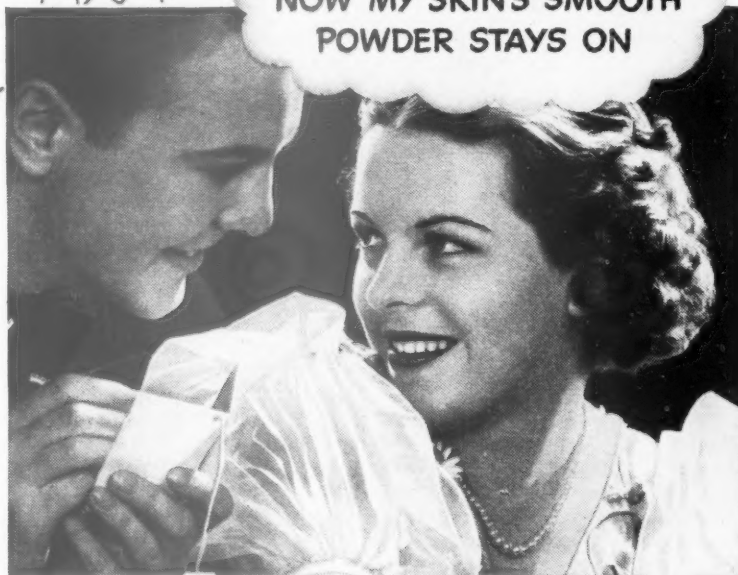
For powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it *smooths* your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish . . . stays.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!



Miss Nancy Whitney

"Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths off little roughnesses right away. Make-up looks better."



8-PIECE PACKAGE

Pond's, Dept. 15-VJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

found a young man apparently poised, apparently detached about what was happening to him, but breathlessly excited beneath a shell of mannerism. He was in the throes of adjustment to new wealth and new fame, but there was not the naïve astonishment at Hollywood and Hollywood morals that distinguished the collegiate Robert Taylor when first he hit the Town.

Tyrone—twenty-two precocious years old, then—was a little amused at the movie city and its vaunted sophistication. He knew it too well, as he knew the older, more vicious hardness of New York and Chicago theater circles.

Yesterday, when we talked, he was imperturbable, assured. The screeching of preview mobs, the insistent autograph hounds, the fan mail that has been multiplying itself like compound interest, the knowledge that he may open any newspaper, any time, and find his name in it—these things have done their work. It is the natural, necessary revision of personality that

must result from such circumstances.

He cannot, after all, be too amazed at what has happened; it is only what he set out to have happen, only what he promised himself six years ago, and, with a kind of ruthless shrewd determination, created. . . .

These are days which he knew must come, inevitably. He can say now, "Good evening, Marcel," and his regular table is waiting at a score of smart clubs. He can wake up in the morning, and touch a bell, and a smoothly working household leaps into action to make his day luxurious. He can go into stores, and say "I will have this, and that, and these," without even glancing at price tags. He can dial any one of a score of numbers and the world's most famous, most beautiful women are there to answer: "I'd love to! What time?"

At twenty-two he can say, "I think Sonja Henie is a lovely girl, but I will not marry her—or anybody—for several years because I'm too busy." And he can say, "I don't care what

happens to me in pictures. I can always go back to New York, to the stage." Tyrone Power, who played football with the Hunkies from across the tracks in Cincinnati, who only yesterday lived precariously in empty apartment buildings between changes of ownership, can say these things without blinking an eye.

He is ineffably attuned to 1937, easily one of the year's most important young moderns. He is the personification of this new day, and of his astounding generation. Things become him—the last notch of speed to be forced from powerful motors; the crashing, orgasmic finale to a Gershwin orchestration; sleek, superbly smart women with faces by Arden and minds by Havelock Ellis; the vital tense restlessness of the American mob; speedboats and the latest novel and the latest play and the latest amusing phrase and the latest anything.

Whatever happens, he will survive. He's too intelligent, too evolved, and too impatient with life to do anything else.

The Secret Gene Raymond Kept from Jeanette MacDonald

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

crowd. No Gene, but armies of autograph hunters, answered her beseeching glances. She signed and signed till her arms nearly dropped off, and still no Gene. Finally, worked up to a high state of apprehension, she telephoned his home.

Gene had meanwhile hurried back from the honeymoon house and was coming up the walk when he heard his telephone ringing. Even as for you or me, it became a matter of vast urgency to reach it before the party hung up. All out of breath, he jerked off the receiver.

"Gene! What are you doing there? You said you'd be at the polo game!"

"But I was going to pick you up at the studio," he stalled.

"What *have* you been doing?" demanded his bride-to-be.

Gene took a deep breath, crossed his fingers (a gesture which was to grow on him) and managed to stammer out something about an unexpected conference. Anyone else but this young man with the open, honest face would have been discovered, but Gene emerged safely that time.

Other narrow escapes were to follow.

HE had his heart set on obtaining some of the MacDonald plaid to use in decorating a divan in the little playhouse, now painted white and converted into a music studio. Jeanette gets a bolt of the MacDonald clan's plaid from Scotland now and then. There was only one thing to do—steal that bolt.

While Jeanette was out of the house he crept upstairs in the approved manner of burglary, hoisted the plaid out of a closet, and hastened for the front door. It was at this exact moment that Jeanette arrived home.

Hastily, Gene shoved the bolt under a davenport, contriving thus to hide it along with his nervous confusion. Next day he came again, and this time his bold thievery was detected by Sylvia Grogg, Jeanette's secretary. Gene had to let her in on the secret. Afterwards, she became an invaluable aid as a secret operator in the MacDonald home.

The plaid fitted in beautifully. Gene used it to upholster a divan, made it into frames for the pictures to be hung on the studio walls, and even trimmed the Venetian blinds with

strips of it. Then he moved in twin baby grand pianos, in white, with white chairs and rugs. It was the coziest spot on the whole estate.

As the chief counselor in these goings-on, Helen (Mrs. Shux) had her hands full. Through many ingenious hints, she finally found out all of Jeanette's preferences, her most minute likes and dislikes. Even so, every purchase was made "on approval." Jeanette's bedroom was Helen's particular triumph, decorated in dusty pink with an effect so breathlessly lovely that the new mistress hasn't made a single change.

The problem of getting the furniture was indeed difficult. For instance, when Gene prepared to move his piano from the home he gave to his mother, to the new residence, he faced a grave problem.

Possibly you never thought of this, but all the secrets of Hollywood are known to the moving companies. They are first to learn when a wife takes her trunks out to ship them to Reno, and first to learn when a secret bride moves in. They know who is buying a house and who selling, who is rich, who poor. In short, these movers seem to know everything.

Yet somehow, Gene had to get his piano moved secretly. Finally, he hit on a way. First he had the piano moved to the Hargreaves' home in Beverly Hills. Then another moving company was called to tote the piano to the honeymoon manse. A classic example of going all around Robin Hood's barn!

After the piano was moved, Gene was in for another close call.

He had constructed dog kennels for his and Jeanette's pets, building them along the path to the new stable he had erected. He wanted the dogs and the horses there, too. Gene had bought White Lady, riding horse at Kellogg's ranch, to be presented to Jeanette as his gift for her birthday, which was the day following the wedding. In the stall next to White Lady was Black Knight, the horse given him last August on his birthday, by Jeanette.

But Jeanette was boarding her dogs at Happyland, a de luxe resort for lucky canines. Shortly before the wedding, therefore, Gene sent out for Stormy Weather, the gray Skye terrier; Nick, her Newfoundland pup; and Sunny, the lamblike Bedlington. With merry

barks the dogs inspected their new homes and made friends with Gene's three dogs, Mike, Trey, and Askim.

Then Jeanette decided to run out and visit her dogs at Happyland, and of all days, she chose her wedding day!

WHEN Gene learned this, his heart turned handsprings, but he rose valiantly to the emergency.

"Hold her for an hour," he said. "I'll fix it."

In that hour the dogs were whisked back to Happyland, where in due course Jeanette arrived for a ten-minute romp with them. As soon as she left, back to town came the dogs. It must have been very confusing, even to the dogs.

The catastrophe averted, Gene went for a final survey of his and his confederates' handiwork, and found it good. The last stick of furniture was in place. In Jeanette's dressing room were her perfumes, her dresses, hats, shoes, everything. Not one minute detail had been overlooked.

The job was done.

But would Jeanette like it? Had they correctly divined all her tastes? Gene was on the verge of the jitters, for fair. This test was far more important than the most critical review of a movie, this was the crux of all his plans. If she didn't like their home, he was sunk.

Gene carried his bride over the threshold, just as he had dreamed. Then he set her down, carefully. His voice, of a sudden, failed him. So did his pretty speech, so hopefully prepared.

"This—this is our new home," he faltered.

Jeanette didn't understand, at first. The suspense must have been terrific for the nervous new husband.

Then, suddenly, the full realization burst upon Jeanette.

The excited tour of exploration that followed must have been a memorable experience. From room to room they wandered.

When at last they had seen it all, Jeanette looked at her husband.

"All my life I've dreamed of a home, and looked forward to one of my own," she said. "I came into it tonight."

Gene's secret was a success.

Molly, Bless Her

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

frightened almost to death until his father made it clear that he had been only the victim of a preying gang. The boy had forgotten his fear in the excitement of the arrest of Sam Adler, who, still weak, had been hustled into the police ambulance.

The police had quizzed Mr. Graham about the report of an actress being seen in his home, and told him that his housekeeper, who undoubtedly had seen Adler, might have to appear in court to testify against the crook.

Ronnie listened apathetically. "So what?"

"Well, isn't that terrible?" Peabody looked disappointed at Ronnie's indifference.

"It could be worse. Where is Mr. Graham now?"

"In his study, I think, but I tell you he is in a vile mood. I wouldn't try to see him today, if I were you. The poor man has had a terrific siege of it."

After a cursory glance at the papers, Ronnie said: "You can't work up my sympathy for Graham. I think he acted like hell last night, when you realize what Molly tried to do for that kid of his!"

EXPECTING to find Graham in an unfriendly mood, Ronnie was quite taken aback when he was warmly greeted by his former employer. "There was no need of your rushing to get here at ten-thirty, Burgess. Any time today would have done. How—how is Mrs. Bunch?"

"As well as can be expected. It wasn't a very comfortable trip last night."

Graham's face was haggard. "I realized later that you might have taken the limousine instead of the station wagon. In the excitement, I didn't think about it."

"Thanks very much, but we managed."

"I suppose you saw the papers this morning?"

"I glanced at them. Peabody told me all that happened. I'll stop and report to the detective—Peabody said they wanted to see me—on the way to the station. I can't give him my address, because I haven't one at present, but I'll keep in touch with him. Undoubtedly he will inquire about Mrs. Bunch, and I will be forced to lie and deny her whereabouts. As Bunch is an assumed name, he may never be able to trace her. Of course the Doyle Agency has her address, but as no one where Mrs. Bunch lives knows her by that name, they naturally will turn inquirers away." Ronnie seemed fully aware of the fact that he had Graham at a disadvantage.

"But I wish to see her myself," Graham said decisively. "I owe her some money."

"Yes, she spoke about that and asked me to collect it for her."

A slight shadow of disappointment fell upon Graham's face. "Oh, she did! Very well, then, I have it right here." He picked up a long envelope from his desk and handed it to Ronnie. "Give this to Mrs. Bunch as a token of my appreciation of what she did for my son." He glanced up in surprise as Ronnie tossed the envelope back on the desk.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Graham, I can't accept it. I had strict orders from Mrs. Bunch. She had a week's salary coming to her and the extra week that you promised." He paused and looked intently at Graham. "Here's the itemized list of the wages due the women."

"But I wish to provide for them, especially

These lovely lips **WON**
FIRST PRIZE AT THE 1937 CONVENTION
OF OVER 9,000 BEAUTY SPECIALISTS . . .

**WRIGLEY'S
 DOUBLE MINT
 CHEWING GUM**
 PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

*try
 Double Mint Gum
 for beauty of mouth and lips*

Mrs. Bunch, until they find other positions," Graham insisted.

"Sorry, Mr. Graham, but they simply won't take anything but what they've earned."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Graham slowly wrote checks to cover the list of the wages that Burgess had handed him.

"What about yourself?" Graham asked. "You have something due you, too."

"No, I haven't, Mr. Graham, I was paid by Mrs. Bunch up to the first of the month. And, as I resigned last evening, there is no further obligation on your part."

"I insist that you be remunerated for catching that crook last night."

Ronnie looked him coldly in the eyes. "There are a great many things a man does that he resents being paid for. That was one of them, Mr. Graham." He started for the door, then hesitated, and faced Graham again. "I almost forgot to mention a debt which I think you should pay. Mrs. Bunch gave Adler a hundred dollars out of her own savings. Here's his fake receipt. Although I know she would never ask for it, I shall be very glad to take it to her. We're all out of work now and she may have some difficulty getting back into her own profession. Times have been pretty hard for her, though she was once one of the best-known actresses in America. If she hadn't had a tough time, I can assure you she never would have left the stage. As he accepted the bill Graham handed him, he added, graciously: "Thank you very much, Mr. Graham. I'm sorry we caused you so much trouble."

"Hold on a minute!" Graham called as Ronnie hurried from the library. "I'd like to know Mrs. Bunch's stage name."

Ronnie paused for a minute in the hall. "I'm afraid I haven't the right to tell you," he answered, shortly, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

RONNIE, busy with his thoughts, was amazed that the return trip to New York seemed so short. As the air was cold and brisk, he walked from the station to Molly's flat. The door was opened by Lily.

"Ssh!" she warned him. "Molly's just gone to sleep."

Ronnie tiptoed quietly across the room and stood not far from the bed, listening to Molly's rasping breath. "Is she sick?" he asked worriedly.

"She had a terrible chill toward morning and we couldn't get her warm. Not even with two hot-water bags. I went out and got a pint of whisky and made her a hot toddy, but even that didn't seem to help. Half an hour ago she fell asleep."

They bent over Molly anxiously. "There's no doubt she has a fever," Ronnie observed, gravely. "If she isn't any better by tonight, we'll get a doctor. I've got to go now."

When Molly awakened from her heavy sleep that evening and saw the girls forlornly grouped around her bed, she forced a wan smile. "Just tired," she murmured. "Stop worrying. Get some rest yourselves. A couple of aspirins and I'll be on my feet again."

"But, Molly, we want to send for a doctor," argued Lily, who was frightened by Molly's flushed face.

"Don't you dare! I'll throw him out on his ear," Molly retorted weakly. "Well, what's happened?" She closed her eyes wearily.

"A lot has happened!" Julia answered. "The papers are full of the story of the burglar, and Ronnie seems to be the hero. Only a few of them mention an actress and our

names aren't even in it. I've cut out all the clippings so you can read them when you feel better."

"Poor Mr. Graham," Molly said. She thought she saw him smiling at her, and his smile was warm and friendly.

"I don't see why you feel sorry for Graham!"

Lily's voice was like cymbals in Molly's ears. "I think he acted like the devil! Believe me. If I ever run into him I'll give him a good piece of my mind and he won't forget it in a hurry."

"Ssh, Lil," Musette pleaded. "I think she's going off to sleep again."

They watched Molly as her eyelids fluttered and twitched as if she were in pain. "My chest hurts," she moaned.

"I'd get a doctor," Musette whispered, when they thought she was asleep. "I don't like the way she looks."

"Let's wait until Ronnie gets back," Lily decided. "He can handle Molly if she kicks about it. She's only thinking about the expense."

"Where's Ronnie gone?"

"Out to get a job."

"So soon?" Julia slightly elevated her plucked eyebrows. "Why, he's worn out, too."

"We all are," Lily agreed. "but tomorrow at nine A. M. I'll be on the hoof myself."

She rose and walked to the window. The last rays of the sun cast a faint glow upon the city. "Everybody hurrying, and for what?" Lily mused, as her eyes rested for a moment on an eddy of human flotsam that was swept around a corner as if whirled by an angry current toward an unknown destiny. So had she and Molly, and all the others, been rushing pell-mell through life, always with the mirage of success luring them on, and far too often accompanied by the frightening shadows of doubt, and fear, and failure.

She turned her head slowly and her eyes rested long and searchingly on Molly's face. What had Molly really got out of all her hard work? Everything had been so transient—her success, the money she had made, even the one great love of her life had come and gone like a phantom in the spring-scented dusk. It was true, she realized, that Molly and Fred Markham had found rare tenderness and beauty in their ill-fated love, had known the fulfillment of a deep passion. If Molly were to die tomorrow, Lily came to the instant conclusion, at least she had lived—if life really meant an infinite knowledge of all human relationships.

WHEN Ronnie returned that evening, he found Molly awake. "Did you find a room?" she asked, her eyes bright with fever.

"I sure did. In the Popper's flat right under this one. They seem very nice, and I can have my breakfasts there if I want to."

"You'll eat up here with us, Ronnie. Musette got her old room back, right across the hall."

"That's a break, isn't it?" He spoke cheerfully, but when he saw Lily watching him tensely, he nodded his head significantly. Immediately she left the room to telephone to the doctor. "Molly, hold your breath, old gal. I've got far more important news for you." She tried to focus her eyes on his broad face, highly colored by his hurried walk home in the biting cold. "I've found a good job in a florist's shop."

Molly scarcely heard him. "Your name's in the paper, Ronnie. I should have changed it when you went down there. I think I've got the brain of a rabbit."

He pressed her feverish hand between his cool calloused palms. "It's the best thing

that ever happened. Molly. Do you realize that all the papers speak of me as 'the efficient gardener on a large Long Island estate'?"

How weary she looked and how afraid! He rose hastily as an elderly doctor walked into the room.

After a brief examination, the physician found that Molly was too ill to be taken, even by ambulance, to the hospital. "Pneumonia," he said, and sent at once for a trained nurse.

"Doctor," Lily whispered, her face ashen. "will she pull out of this?"

"She's dangerously ill," the doctor admitted, reluctantly.

THROUGH the dreadful days and nights that followed, Molly's friends, keeping hushed and frightened vigil, waited for the crisis. Molly's mind was a jumble of memories. "Ring down the curtain!" she would say in a scarcely audible whisper. "Ronnie! Ronnie! They didn't laugh!" Then sometimes she would call, "Yes, Mr. Graham! Here I am, Mr. Graham!" But more often her parched lips would move as if she were trying to sing.

"Girls," Ronnie Burgess said one night, as they all gathered forlornly in Musette's room, "if it's Molly's time to go, no doctors or medicines or even prayers are going to hold her. Now you know how unhappy she'd be if she saw us acting like this. She has more courage than all of us put together. She never cried after Freddie died. She used to tell me, 'I've got to keep my chin up for Freddy's sake. If you ever find me all bent over from self-pity, promise to give me good swift kick.' So, girls, if Molly goes we've got to carry on. There must be some real work for us to do in this life, because I believe when there's no more work for you then you're hurried through the main exit. So come on, cheer up! I'll go down to my room and bring up a bottle of gin. We'll mix some cocktails and drink to Molly. That's the spirit she'd like to see in us."

"Ronnie's a great guy," Lily remarked as he left the room. "And he's right. We've got to pull ourselves together. I've a hunch that Molly's going to get well, and when she sees what a pretty sorry bunch of dishrags we are, she's going to lose her taste for us. Think of all the good news we have to tell her. That'll buck her up no end!"

"If you call working as a bundle wrapper in Macy's good news, then you're easily satisfied," Julia challenged.

"I'm not a bundle wrapper; I'm a parcel wrapper, and what's more, I like my job. Seventeen bucks a week!"

"Did Sol Rimbél answer your letter, Lily?" Musette asked, hopefully. She had found a job in a tearoom but, as yet, was having a bad time remembering orders.

"Not a peep out of him!"

"But you told him about Molly's being so sick, didn't you?"

"Sure I did, I wrote reams after I couldn't get in to see him. I flattered the pants off him, telling him what a great guy he was, and how much greater he'd be if he'd only line up a small part for Molly. I said that if she had a part waiting for her, it would buck her up no end. Say, a firing squad couldn't drill a hole in Sol's heart! The skunk!" she added viciously.

When Ronnie returned, his eyes reflected his excitement. "Lucky I went downstairs. Harry just got me on the phone. Old man Graham's going to take Jimmy to Europe with him. They're leaving Saturday."

"So Mr. Graham's going away?" Julia said

lugubriously. "What a pity, isn't it? I had hoped to meet him again when I wasn't employed by him in the capacity of a servant. As it was, I scarcely got a chance to have a personal word with him and I feel that we might be very much in accord."

A derisive "whoop!" went up, which Julia accepted freely.

"Didn't Harry let Mr. Graham know by some hook or crook about how sick Molly was?" Musette asked Ronnie.

"He did not! That's the last thing in the world that Molly would want."

"But she needn't have known anything about it," persisted Musette. "Harry could have let it slip out, and I'm sure Mr. Graham would have wanted to do something nice for her."

"Yes, and if we'd have accepted it, Molly would have never forgiven us." With a trace of scornful resentment, Ronnie continued: "The day I went down to testify against Adler, Graham was there. He kept plying me with questions about everything under the sun, and I have a hunch that he wanted to talk about Molly and didn't have the nerve. Queer old duck. Then," he added, apologetically: "I don't know why I keep calling him 'old.' I'm fifty myself, and I don't imagine he's more than a year or two my senior. But some men are so ingrown they're ninety at nineteen. Probably Graham never had a fling in his youth."

ALMOST every night after his work was done and he had paid a visit at the flat to inquire after Molly, Ronnie spent several hours on his play. He was basing this play on the events that had actually happened to them—Molly running into Harry Phipps—Kitty and the judge—Adler recognizing Julia—even the ridiculous Daisy seemed to belong. It was no easy problem to make their story seem plausible, Ronnie argued with himself, and yet, darn it all, it had happened! It was real, and somehow or other, he must recreate it in a play. As he roughly blocked out the acts, and then the scenes, the character of Molly as Mrs. Bunch, the housekeeper, became so vital that it gave the entire story a semblance of reality. Writing into it all his deep-rooted affection for Molly, Ronnie believed that if ever he captured her personality, he would win the approval, not of the critics, perhaps, but of warm-hearted audiences.

The Christmas holidays came in gaily, but their gaiety only mocked the heavy hearts in Molly's flat. It seemed incredible to her friends that Molly's abounding energy should have been so far-spent that she seemed willing to lie there, day after day, without even reaching out to grasp the straws of strength that whirled past in small recurrent eddies.

She almost cried when Peabody brought Daisy to see her. "Look at the fool dog," she pointed out to Julia, who stood looking at Daisy with undisguised contempt. "She knows me!"

"I don't see how she could ever forget you," Julia answered, caustically. "Why she wasn't the death of you still remains a mystery to me."

"Aw, don't talk about Daisy like that!" Molly reproached. "She's sensitive and she understands every word we say."

"Fiddlesticks!" Julia hastily left the room because she could not bear to see the huge Daisy making herself at home on the end of Molly's bed.

When Molly and he were alone, Peabody was relieved. He had two matters of grave import on his mind and he was at a loss how to proceed tactfully.

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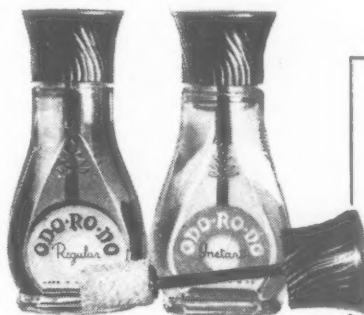
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"Molly," he began hesitatingly, "I hate to worry you about a thing like this when you're so ill, but do you think that Ronnie should go ahead with that play of his?"

Molly smiled tolerantly; she had listened to this argument before. Julia had ridiculed it from the start, while Musette had been afraid the judge would file a lawsuit against Ronnie. "Listen, Harry, don't you worry," Molly confided. "Nothing's going to come of it. Lily thinks it's a knockout, but while I'm amused by it, I'm sorry to say the play hasn't a chance I wouldn't tell Ronnie that for anything under the sun. Every night he works like mad, and on Sundays he always reads me what he has written. It's funny stuff, all right, but you know the trend of the times as well as I do. The public wants sophisticated stuff. Poor Ronnie! He's such a darling. He thinks he's going to put us all back on easy street. so how could I throw cold water on him?"

"Thank heavens," Peabody breathed a sigh of relief. "I didn't think it was quite fair to Mr. Graham. If the play came out, he might recognize himself. From what Ronnie tells me, he isn't sparing him, and of course it wouldn't take the newspapers long to ferret out the truth."

"Listen, Harry, if Ronnie got a chance to put that play on, you or I or nobody else would have any right to stop him. Not that I think he'll ever have a hearing, but it's Ronnie's idea and a playwright can get his ideas anywhere he wants to. Savvy?"

"I'm afraid so, Molly. Not that I wish Ronnie any bad luck, but I do hope nothing comes of it. Mr. Graham and Jimmy are having a nice time in England, so Jimmy writes, and you'd hate to have anything spoil the real friendship between those two that's sprung up since—well, since you left there."

"Nope, I don't want anything to worry young Jimmy," Molly agreed. "Some day I'd like to see him again. I'll bet he'd laugh over the whole mess. He's got much more of a sense of humor than any of us give him credit for."

Peabody scarcely heard what Molly was saying, he was tactfully trying to lead up to a very delicate subject. "Molly," he blurted, suddenly, "I've got quite a nice little nest egg in the bank. You know I spoke to you about that once before, and—and—I have a good steady job, so I don't need any more money than Daisy does an extra hind leg. I—"

"Aw, shut up, you darn fool!" Molly laughed softly, though there were tears in her eyes. "You're trying to lay that nest egg of yours right in my lap. Gee! It's swell of you, Harry, but I don't need it, really I don't. Ronnie and all the girls but Julia are working, and it takes so little to live here."

As Ronnie came in, Peabody left hurriedly. "Listen, girls!" Ronnie cried, in an exultant tone. "Bob Churchill's going to read my play over the week end."

A slight shadow fell across Molly's face. "Why don't you wait, Ronnie, until you get a better third act!"

Ronnie came over and dropped down on the edge of the bed. "Listen, Molly," he said seriously. "I've thought it all over, but I'm not going to cut out that sentimental stuff you're afraid of. I swear I think they're going to want to see the play end that way. It rounds out the whole central idea."

OVER the week end they waited eagerly, almost tensely, to hear Churchill's criticism of the play. Undoubtedly, they figured, he would see Ronnie sometime Monday afternoon, and by night they would know his opinion.

"I'm going to stay up today," Molly determined on Monday, "and we'll have a sort of a special dinner." She donned the pink bathrobe that Kitty had sent her for Christmas. "I feel alive again, just as if someone had shot off a giant firecracker under my tail. Who knows, we might all be back in the theater again!"

They decided, unanimously, to have a New England boiled dinner. While it was simmering on the stove, Julia lit the incense to war with the pungent aroma of cabbage, Lily set the table with the best tablecloth, while Musette tidied the flat. The moment they heard Ronnie's footsteps in the hall outside they knew that Bob Churchill had approved the play. Ronnie opened the door with a veritable war whoop and flung the manuscript across the room onto the couch.

"Girls! He not only thinks it's good," he shouted, "but he's going to boost it to Jerome Matthews, who backed his own play!"

MOLLY tottered over to Ronnie, and threw her arms around him. "You darling!" She laughed and cried.

"Come on, Molly, sit down and rest your hands and face," Lily urged, as she dragged the old rocker across the room. "Attaboy, Ronnie!"

"Do I smell corned beef and cabbage?" In his excitement, Ronnie was still shouting. "Food fit for a king!"

"Or a successful playwright," Molly reminded him. "Go on, Ronnie, tell us, I'm trembling all over. Who is this Jerome Matthews? And do you think—she could hardly voice her question—"do you think—"

"If I think any harder, Molly, my head's going to explode." Ronnie laughed easily. "This guy Matthews is none other than Jerome Jeribee Matthews from Portland, Maine. And lousy with money! He dislikes the theater, but as long as people insist upon going to plays, he's willing to use his money to see that the plays are at least prim-bonneted and wear cotton stockings. Bob says Matthews will be sold on 'Higher than High.' He's arranged a meeting with the old boy next Sunday. Right after church!"

"Hurray for crime!" shouted Lily.

On Sunday night Ronnie returned to the little flat not quite so hilarious as he had been after his interview with Churchill, but still surcharged with hope. "J. J. likes the play pretty well," he admitted. "If you girls are willing to chance it maybe he will kick through with enough money to give you a little something during rehearsal and while we're on the road. He's not crazy about it, but I think he'll stick."

Though their high hopes were somewhat dampened by this report, they all agreed, even Julia, that they would venture forth on this slightly unsteady craft with Ronnie at the helm.

On the first of March Molly was well enough to start rehearsals. They met in the flat, a solemn and somewhat awed group, to hear another reading of the play. Though no one had expected Peabody to accept the rôle he had played in real life, they had invited him to join them in what was to them their first step toward their return to Broadway. Ronnie read his comedy, occasionally pausing to look at the long serious faces before him, faces as immobile as masks.

"Very, very funny," said Peabody in a hollow voice, when the first act was finished. At the end of the third act he cried out unexpectedly: "Ronnie, you've got something! Somehow I feel it in my bones." Suddenly he

jumped up, his face flushed with color. "To hell with my job at the Graham house! I'm going to throw my hat into the ring with the rest of you!"

"Harry Phipps!" Molly rushed toward him with her arms outstretched. "I haven't seen you in a coon's age! I mean, the real old *you!* Boy! it does my heart good!" Molly stopped short when she saw a vaguely troubled look come back into Peabody's eyes. "What's eating you now, Harry?"

"I was just thinking about Mr. Graham," he admitted, reluctantly. "I can't dash right off without giving him warning, and then, if I do, how are we going to get Daisy away?"

"We'll buy her," Molly suggested, quickly, "now that we've got money to burn."

"But suppose Mr. Graham won't sell her?" A shadow of Peabody's old fear came over him. "It wouldn't be fair to Daisy to leave her down there all alone—especially when we need her in the play—"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Molly interrupted. "You write to Mr. Graham that you're going to leave. Ask him if you can't buy Daisy because you've grown so attached to her. Then, if he says no, there's only one course left. Somebody'll have to steal Daisy! I'll write Jimmy, telling him he'll get Daisy back when he returns."

That evening they all gathered around the table and fashioned a long earnest letter to Mr. Graham. Peabody copied it carefully and it was mailed the following morning.

Some days later Peabody and Daisy came into Molly's flat. The letter from Graham had been most reassuring. He had planned to remain in England until the following summer, and, as he intended to sell the Long Island estate, he was glad that Daisy had found a good home.

"I tell you it looks as if nothing is going to stand in our way, Harry," Molly exclaimed, after she had read and reread the letter.

RONNIE BURGESS deliberated long and seriously on which town would be best for their first opening, and decided that the farther they were from Broadway, the better their chances to keep the play a secret.

So, one stormy afternoon, the troupe boarded the steamer to Boston. From there they traveled by train through a country still bleak and locked in the embrace of an unusually severe winter. Their arrival at the small hotel caused little stir. They were not a particularly prosperous-looking theatrical crowd, with the exception of the actor who was to play the rôle of the master of the Long Island home, and few persons cast a second glance at them.

During the afternoon rehearsal, while the sun struggled through the dense but shifting clouds, they kept the doors of the theater open. Groups of children crowded to the open portals to watch curiously a strangely dressed theatrical group performing stiffly on the draughty stage. Hampered by the cold and burdened by heavy sweaters, mufflers and thick overcoats, the actors and actresses moved slowly and automatically through their rôles. There was a fearful creaking every time the scenes were changed and often elaborate curses drifted far from the stage where an inadequate crew struggled valiantly with frayed ropes and rusted pulleys.

"If God's in His heaven, and the creeks don't rise," Ronnie remarked, pensively, "we'll get through this performance tonight. I'm not quite sure whether or not the curtain is going to rise and fall; it's acting now like a balky mule."

"Everything's going to be O.K.," Molly as-

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sured him. "The town constable saw a little of the play and he said he thought it was 'a right pert little piece.' He wanted to wait until 'the bloodhound' came on the stage, but he had some important business at the town hall. Imagine calling poor old Daisy a bloodhound!" Molly suddenly grew very serious. "Do you think Daisy will ever learn to have poise and dignity, Ronnie?"

"Heaven knows," Ronnie answered hopelessly. "You'd think Daisy had ants in her pants, the way she squats down the moment she gets on the stage and starts that infernal scratching. It's so regular that it drives me crazy. I find I even keep time to it when I'm reading my lines. Sometimes, Molly, I think I made a mistake writing her into this play. Before we get to Broadway we might have to take her out."

"Aw, no!" Molly begged. "I've got a hunch that Daisy's going to put over a couple of laughs. Why, just to look at her is funny enough."

IN spite of Molly's optimism, however, Daisy completely ruined the first act. True, her entrance had been greeted by gratifying laughter and some light applause, which sent her spinning around the stage bewildered and frightened, yet, at the same time, a little bit flattered at so much attention. Then a small boy in the gallery, hoping to attract Daisy's attention, mewed noisily. Daisy, instantly on the alert, sprang from the couch where she had been told to lie, and leaped to the footlights. She paused there for a moment, blinded by the strong warm light that suddenly seemed to leap out of the darkness at her. At her first bark, every boy in the house began catcalling. Long loud mews came from every direction. Then laughter rose about it as Daisy, with one mighty yelp, leaped across the footlights and into the aisle.

"Ring down the curtain!" Ronnie shouted from the wings.

Strangely enough, instead of dampening the enthusiasm, the incident of Daisy and the excitement that followed after her leap from the stage warmed the audience. And when the asbestos curtain, after much difficulty, was hoisted up on the next scene, they relaxed and not only laughed, but applauded frequently.

At the end of the second act when Peabody, who had stolen into the rear of the theater and was well hidden behind a post, called "Author! Author!" the audience responded with a cry for "Molly Drexel!" Lily rushed into the crowded dressing room.

"Molly!" she cried, "they're calling for you out in front! I told you they hadn't forgotten you!"

"I can't believe it," Molly insisted. "You're making that up." Then, with sudden remembrance, "Of course, Harry's doing it! He's calling me instead of 'Author' just to make me feel good."

"You're wrong, Molly! I was looking through a peephole in the curtain. It comes from a whole bunch of old-timers down in front. Hurry up, throw your dress on and go out and take a bow. See if you don't get a hand!"

The applause that greeted Molly as she stepped before the footlights made the tears smart in her eyes. For a moment she stood there mutely, too moved for empty words.

"Go on, Molly, say something!" somebody yelled.

When she heard them call her by her first name, Molly felt as if warm hands had been extended to her across the footlights and their touch was electrical

"Gee! it's good to see a lot of old friends out there," she began. "I've been off the stage for such a long time I thought maybe you'd forgotten me."

"Not on your life!" a voice cried out heartily. And then the gallery kids began to whistle and stamp.

"Hello, kids!" Molly yelled to them, quickly forgetting the years that stood like a deep dark chasm between her and her past successes. "Come around to the stage door after the show and I'll give you Daisy's autograph."

A roar went up at this. Ronnie, standing in the wings, grew pale with excitement. When Molly, after taking her last bow, bumped into him as she hurried into her dressing room, they looked at each other in silent happiness.

IN Connecticut, the troupe decided to stay at a small resort not far from Molly's old farmhouse. One Sunday morning Molly stole away alone to pay it a little visit.

She peered through the broken panes in the windows and was not in the least disturbed when she saw that the downward draughts from the chimney had strewn rubbish on the floors. The fireplace yawned darkly, and though its great mouth gaped at her, Molly only smiled. Already she could see it glowing again with warm lights as a log crackled on the polished andirons and jetted its live sparks against a protective brass screen. Molly could see the floors shining again, and deep-cushioned chairs resting importantly on the wide hooked rug in front of the fireplace. She could hear the piano tinkling in the far corner of the room, and Lily's booming voice rising above Julia's throaty uncertain contralto. Musette would be there, too, old and gray-haired and somewhat bent. And Harry and Ronnie Burgess, and perhaps one of Daisy's great-granddaughters. For the picture Molly was seeing carried her mind far into the future when all of them would be old and useless and ready to settle down in this haven to peacefully await the fall of the last dim curtain.

Filled with her dreams, Molly walked back through a country lane toward the hotel. "Hello, Molly, you old runaway, you!" Sol Rimbeld undraped himself from the old porch rail and came toward her. "I might never have found you," he said, "if someone hadn't drifted into my office the other day and told me you were tramping around New England. I said: 'Damn it, I've looked all over the country for Drexel. Got two or three swell parts lined up that she could go to town with.' Sure, Molly, my very words. And the minute I located, up I come just to talk over these parts I got for you."

"That so, Sol?" Molly answered, coolly. "My, that's generous of you!" She looked him steadily in the eyes. "Lily said she wrote you a couple of letters last winter, telling you that I was ill."

"She did?" His face grew dark and became distorted with an expression of anger. "Jeez, a man can't get a decent stenographer in New York! I told those dames that if any letters ever came from you or the old gang, they was to be stuck right on top of all the rest of my mail. Say, Molly you don't think for one minute, if I heard you was sick, I wouldn't be over luggin' flowers and buckets full of champagne and—" He paused, and his lying eyes shifted uneasily. "Honest, Molly! I know it sounds fishy, but I'd swear it on anything holy!"

"Even on my old stockings that were sure full of holes the last year I was under your management, Sol?"

"Is that a way to talk to me after me trying so hard for years to get you a good part?"

"Come clean, Sol, let's not kid each other. I know why you're here. You've heard through the old grapevine that we've got a good show. That it's playing to capacity and getting plenty of laughs and has a darn good chance on Broadway. Ain't I right, Sol?"

"Sure, Molly. But there's no use getting sore about it. I'm nobody's fool, and if you do get a backer, you need a go-between. I'm willing to sign you any day, even for five per cent. and that's only because we're old friends."

"Seen the play, Sol?" She held his gaze unflinchingly.

"No." He lied easily, and Molly knew that he lied. "But I hear it's not bad. Not so good either, of course, but then—"

"I thought we were going to lay our cards on the table, Sol! I know you've seen the play or you wouldn't bother to talk to me."

"Well, I saw parts of it," he admitted reluctantly. "Some of it's good, but it's got weak spots. What it needs is a smart guy like me to find a couple of A-1 dialogue-writers to pep it up a bit. Sort of blood transfusion. Get me, Molly? It's a little bit old-fashioned."

"Sure it is," Molly answered with pride. "and that's the way it's going to stay!" She looked at him with steely eyes. "So long, Sol!"

The expression in Sol Rimbél's eyes revealed to Molly that he would leave no stone unturned to make their entrance into New York as unpleasant as possible. For a moment she was afraid she had gone too far. Then she shrugged her shoulders. Let Sol throw his harpoons! Let the critics ridicule the play or damn it with faint praise! What was the difference? Their audiences alone were going to decide their fate!

Will powerful Sol Rimbél ruin Molly's show on Broadway? What will the wealthy Graham's reaction be to a play that openly ridicules him? Read October PHOTOPLAY



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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.

RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount

HERE is another *Hopalong Cassidy* Western with William Boyd at his best in the title rôle. It has plenty of action with Boyd turning detective to clear his pal, Russell Hayden, of the accusation of a bank robbery, and incidentally uncovering cattle rustlers, unmasking a crooked lawyer and an unscrupulous banker. He also finds time to fall in love with Muriel Evans. Better than the average *Hopalong*.

THE CALIFORNIAN—20th Century-Fox

A DIFFERENT Western concerning the early days of California history. When Ricardo Cortez returns to California from Spain, he finds his people at the mercy of gringo bandits who have moved in. Becoming another *Robin Hood*, Cortez organizes a band to right the injustices done the Spanish settlers. Katherine de Mille, wife of the deposed outlaw leader, causes plenty of trouble. Marjorie Weaver is heroine.

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A LIGHTWEIGHT little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor, breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Unmarried, they enter a happiest married couple contest, win, and are forced to live up to the terms of the contest, which include a couple of kids and pets. It's fairly amusing, but it's the supporting cast that gets most of the laughs.

MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

FANCY the hysterical "woo hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby comedy. Add to the fun, Mischa Auer as a phony artist, and Frank McHugh as a timid Romeo in love with Carol Hughes, and for good measure throw in Alan Mowbray and Hugh O'Connell. Need we say it's a laugh riot?

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

BASED on the fanatic but not incredible adventure novel of H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the thrilling experiences of five travelers searching for the lost diamond mines of King Solomon. Paul Robeson contributes an excellent characterization and some fine singing as the King of the Zulus; Cedric Hardwicke plays Alan Quatermain with his usual finesse, and Roland Young, Anna Lee and John Loder complete the cast. The native scenes photographed in South Africa are highly interesting, and though the whole picture seems somewhat à la serial, you'll enjoy it

ON AGAIN—OFF AGAIN—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey as a pair of quarreling business partners. They decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their

troubles. The winner takes over the business, the loser becomes valet to the winner. Woolsey wins and the antics of Wheeler as valet and his troubles with Esther Muir, Woolsey's wife, are very funny. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep.

SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox

THIS picture has all the old time-tested comedy devices, including the ones of mistaken identity, the crackpot millionaire and his valet, the dumb country boy and the clever girl; but they fail to amuse. Jack Haley, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn, and Rochelle Hudson are excellent, but the complicated story yields only a few moments of genuine hilarity.

☆ NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio

IF variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of music form your requisite for fine cinema—then this is superlative. Certainly it is mad, and fast, and pretty to look at. And, despite the colossal task of weaving so many sketches and minor acts into a composite whole, the general effect is smooth. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus and Harriet Hilliard form the supporting wedge of established talent on which is built a complicated structure of entertainment.

The story concerns a theatrical producer who deliberately produces flop shows as a racket; finally he is found out, disappears, and leaves his group of youngsters to carry on. They do, for reel after interesting reel.

Outstanding is a parody undressing act by Eddie Rio, the song "Widow in Lace," Mary Frances Gifford, and the photography.

CORNERED—Warners

THIS is "The Bad Man" without that story's virtues, done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well have been left undone. Boris Karloff is the rebel general who solves Gordon Oliver's love problems by killing off Ricardo Cortez, Beverly Roberts' husband, and saving Oliver's oil field. There are raids, rebellions and general turmoil, but it all lacks conviction, and the performances are generally mediocre.

☆ THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—M-G-M

GORGEOUS production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer and the always superlative performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture. From any artistic standpoint the story is involved, melodramatic and antique, like the candlesticks which form its motif.

Luise and Powell are spies for opposite countries. They hide various secret papers in two candlesticks. Then, on the way to St. Petersburg, the things are stolen—and a chase begins, which almost ends in disaster for both. Robert Young is the appealing *Grand Duke* whose abduction sets off the fireworks; Maureen O'Sullivan plays his seductress, and surprisingly, is believable. You may expect the usual fine performance from Frank Morgan, E. E. Clive and Henry Stephenson. Coming after "The Good Earth," Luise Rainer's characterization is refreshingly wordy; and her beauty is breath-taking.

SUPER SLEUTH
—RKO-Radio

JACK OAKIE goes to town. He mugs, slugs, and practically turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire of all mystery yarns.

Jack plays a dim-wit Hollywood actor who yearns to be a detective off screen as well as on. When a jealous pal who runs a beach concession insists on taking pot shots at the actor, Oakie sets out to discover the would-be murderer.

The chase leads all through the crazy pier concessions and ends up, of all places, in the haunted horror house of Oakie's jealous enemy.

It's screamingly funny hokum with Oakie at his boisterous best. Ann Sothorn as his girl friend is cute and perky.

WILD AND WOOLLY
—20th Century-Fox

THIS fast-moving comedy presents Jane Withers in her best picture to date as the tomboy granddaughter of Walter Brennan, ex-ban-dit, who wants to be sheriff.

With the able assistance of "Alfalfa" Switzer, Jane uncovers a bank holdup plot, and brings romance to Pauline Moore and Robert Wilcox.

Jane has a song and dance number that will captivate you, and you'll love "Alfalfa's" antics.

★ **DEAD END**
—United Artists

SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S play, "Dead End," loses none of the realistic beauty of its New York production in the screen version. Slums and smart apartment houses meet at the end of a street running to the East River which forms the background for the action. The story of how society makes its own criminals has been told before, but not by a group of children who, fighting for a place to play, "start out with knives but end up with guns."

There are individual performances in this large cast which are outstanding. Twelve are children, who almost steal the picture. Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea play the starring rôles. Sylvia is convincing as *Drina* who fights to keep the spirit and body of her young brother, *Tommy*, clean, but *Tommy*, head of a juvenile gang, is heading toward the reform school. Wendy Barrie is excellent as the luxurious young woman living in the expensive apartment house next to the tenements. Both are in love with the idealistic, lame, young architect, sympathetically portrayed by Joel McCrea, who is brought up like *Drina* in the slums.

A superb and poignant scene takes place when *Baby Face Martin*, gangster, who grew up on this street, returns to "Dead End" and meets his mother for the first time in years. Humphrey Bogart has the rôle of the gangster.

This is a must see unless you don't like realism in the theater.

How Hollywood found the "Molly" of Frances Marion's serial (page 62) that you have been following in PHOTOPLAY, is a story so human you'll love it Watch for it then, next month.



Mrs. Leona W. Chalmers

invents *invisible protection* . . . so comfortable you'll never feel it . . . so secure you'll always be at ease!

IT TOOK A WOMAN

to ease women's most trying ordeal

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Guided by gynecologists and other physicians who have made a study of the delicate female organs, Mrs. Chalmers created the Tass-ette.

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disposal. Physicians recommend it for its non-irritating qualities.

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If your druggist hasn't yet received his stock of Tass-ettes, mail us one dollar and we'll be glad to send you a Tass-ette in a plain package, and a FREE copy of the new booklet, "The Conquest of Feminine Discomfort," which fully illustrates and describes the use of this amazing, new protection. Mail the coupon today.

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Well Sister,
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• No need to have your nose red as a Stop-Light just because you're a hay fever victim! When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues. It saves your nose, because genuine Kleenex is so soft and soothing that irritation is almost impossible. Saves money, too, as it reduces handkerchief washing.

Furthermore, the Kleenex Habit helps protect family and friends. Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.



KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Putting Curves On The Thin Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

cessive thinness, to keep herself up to par physically and to be able to keep her figure attractive enough to hold its own among Hollywood's best.

I am that proud of one of the many photographs that Connie has autographed. It reads: "To Sylvia—without whom I should not be on my feet today. Best wishes and many thanks. Love—Constance Bennett." Just another proof of "beauty-made-to-order" replacing the lingering belief that the beauty of a star is born. No more than it's born for you, my darlings. Whatever amount of beauty anyone is able to acquire or retain is dependent upon the effort put into the job. Remember that, will you?

AND now let's get on with our work. While the thought is still fresh in my mind, let me give you a couple of exercises to round out a thin throat. The first is the tip I gave Loretta in an open letter. Inhale quickly, as if you were taking a big bite of air, but don't let the air go down into the lungs. Keep it in the throat as much as possible. Hold it. Now with the mouth closed and chin relaxed, expand the throat by forcing that air against the muscles and flesh of the throat. Tense the neck in this manner three or four times, then exhale. Relax completely and repeat. Do this at least six times during the day.

After you have mastered the above exercise you can move on to this one. Begin as above, holding the air in your throat. Now clench your right fist and hold it tightly against your mouth as a cornet player would hold the mouthpiece of a cornet. Release the air in short spasmodic spurts into the clenched fist. Remember, hold that reserve air in the throat and not in the mouth. Avoid puffing the cheeks. As you force the air against the fist, use the tongue between the lips as a sort of valve to control the spurts of air. Keep this up until you have exhaled all the air. Relax and repeat.

These two exercises will do wonders to fill out a scrawny neck and, by so doing, will tighten up loose skin.

Naturally, the earlier one starts to develop skinny legs the better, and I hope that mothers of children with such a handicap will see to it that the child puts in a certain amount of time each day for leg development. Perhaps you are a mother who needs some good solid flesh on your own legs. Then it's corrective exercises for you, too. These exercises are necessary, even though you may be following my general building-up diet, for the simple reason that the legs may not get their share of flesh so quickly as other parts of the body. It is an obvious fact that fat settles more readily on the hips.

The "scissors" is a swell exercise for developing the legs. It consists of two movements. First, lie on the floor on your back. Raise up both legs until they are at right angles to your upper body. At the same time place both hands under the lower back to keep the hips off the floor. Now separate the legs and spread them as far apart as possible. Pulling them together is the next step, crossing the right leg over the left. Spread again and repeat the cross, but this time, the left goes over the right. The idea is to work the outstretched legs much in the manner of the blades of a pair of scissors. Keep this up for several minutes at a time. And remember, every day!

Add to the above exercise tap dancing, rope skipping and bicycle riding. All these are positive developers. If you haven't a bicycle, ride without one—like this: lie on the floor using your arms to balance your body as you extend your legs straight up in the air until you are supporting your body on your upper back across the shoulders. Your hips must be off the floor. You may find it easier to keep them in the air by holding them there with the hands, braced by the arms and elbows on the floor. Now start pedaling as if you were riding a bicycle. Push as if you were pumping up a steep hill and put plenty of knee action into it. Do this at least five minutes at a time. Yes, my darlings, every day!

There is nothing so wonderful for all-around development as swimming. Exercise the shoulder and chest muscles by pulling yourself through the water with the full, open breast stroke. Reach way out in front of your body with both arms, then force them to the sides and well back with each stroke. The water will offer fine resistance which is needed to round out and develop the chest muscles. This will also fill out shoulder hollows. Swimming is equally valuable for too-thin legs. Smack the legs against the water for all you are worth. Watch our friend the frog and kick with your legs in the same manner as he does. You still have left a good many summer week ends. Take advantage of them!

Also, during the week, take a "waterless" dip in front of your open window every morning. Stand erectly, inhale deeply and do the breast stroke as an exercise. Work as if you were actually ploughing through the water. Inhale as you raise the arms and complete the stroke. Exhale as you drop the arms to the sides of the body before beginning a new stroke. At least ten times every morning for this one. Incidentally, practice deep and correct breathing as often as possible during the day. Fresh air is a potent tonic for you frail ones.

SUN baths, of course, you *must* have. Take them often. Begin with a short exposure and increase the time daily until you can stay out in the sun with no danger of blistering. Always keep the head covered and the skin lubricated to prevent dryness. Red chiffon veils or red cellophane parasols are excellent protectors for delicate skins. You still get the benefit from the rays of the sun, but with far less burn.

Rest is vitally important. You've heard that a thousand times, I suppose, but you can't be bothered to do it. Well, let me tell you, babies, you'd better, or you'll be taking a long rest that you didn't expect to take.

Lie down for half an hour after luncheon. If you work in an office, that's out, but at least you can do it before dinner. Stretch out, close your eyes and relax. This will smooth out the kinks in your stomach and your nerves; it will aid digestion, too, which is also a part of the program to gain weight.

It is a good idea to have a light, soothing massage at least twice a week. Have it at night after you have prepared for bed. Instruct the person giving you the massage to linger longest over the feet and the lower part of the spine. It must be a gentle, relaxing massage, nothing vigorous or overstimulating.

Make it a rule, three nights a week, at least, to be in bed by nine o'clock, and every night,

get at least nine hours of sound, restful sleep. There is nothing like it to repair worn tissues.

If you find you have difficulty in getting to sleep, try this: lie on your back in bed. Raise the knees. With both hands, begin to massage the abdomen. Begin low on the right side and with a rotary movement, work upwards. Use only a slight pressure and increase it over the liver. Continue across the abdomen and down on the left side. Do this for about five minutes, always massaging in the same direction. After you have finished this treatment, put a warm pad or tepid water bottle on your stomach. Or, instead, if you like, a small pillow. It is not so heavy, yet produces sufficient warmth to sooth the stomach nerves.



That happy proprietary air on Bing Crosby is because his little frau, Dixie Lee, is beside him to see the huge crowds attending the opening of his race track at Del Mar, California

SPEAKING of stomachs, I can hear you yelling, "When do we eat?" Okay, children, here is a general building-up diet that contains nourishing and tissue-building foods—both so necessary for good health and good looks. You can adapt this diet to your individual needs and your doctor will advise you of any necessary substitutes.

1 Upon Arising: a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon

2. For Breakfast: small dish of stewed prunes, stewed figs, a baked apple with cream or sliced bananas. Portion of hominy grits with a small square of butter and a tablespoon of brown sugar. As a substitute, corn-meal mush, cream of wheat or brown rice flakes. A couple of days a week you may have a coddled egg. Whole-wheat toast, buttered. Jam or marmalade, if you desire. Coffee or a glass of milk

3. About Eleven O'clock: large glass of orange or tomato juice.

4. Luncheon: a bowl of soup. Cream of tomato, celery, mushroom, lentil, chicken okra with rice or vegetable. Salads: half an avocado with French dressing, pineapple with

cottage cheese, plain lettuce, endive, watercress or mixed greens. Use plenty of parsley in both your salads and other prepared dishes. It is valuable. With your salads you may have a crisp roll or whole-wheat toast, buttered. Once in a while for luncheon have a good portion of spaghetti or noodles with a piece of butter put on after the dish has been taken from the fire. Or you may have the course with plain crushed tomatoes. A vegetable plate is fine for a change. For dessert, one of the following: rice, custard, chocolate or bread pudding. Fresh fruits, fruit gelatine, cake or ice cream. Large glass of beer or milk with your luncheon.

5. Mid-afternoon: glass of milk (part cream) or a very ripe banana or big handful of raisins. Twice a week, the yolk only of a raw egg. Stir it in with the milk or take it alone. A little lemon juice and a dash of pepper and salt makes it more palatable if the raw idea makes you a little squeamish.

6. Dinner: crisp celery. Eat plenty, tops included. Choice of any soup or salad mentioned for luncheon. Substitute a clam or oyster stew occasionally. Two of the following vegetables: lima beans, turnips, parsnips, lentils, creamed celery or onions, stewed tomatoes, spinach, carrots or peas. Potatoes baked or boiled in the jacket. Eat the skin. Housewives, steam your beet tops, kale, mustard greens and such. Save the juices and drink a glassful during the day. It's liquid health. Choose one of the following meats: broiled liver, meat loaf, rare roast beef, sweetbreads (grilled), old-fashioned lamb stew, ground round steak (broiled), or baked veal or lamb hearts stuffed with parsley. Broiled chicken. Avoid fried foods. You can and should have the juices of meats, but be sure you skim off the indigestible fat. Choice of any dessert from the luncheon list. No coffee or tea but instead, a glass of milk.

7. Before retiring: a glass of fresh grapefruit juice.

There you are, darlings! I've given you plenty of variety, so don't let me hear any complaints about your diet becoming monotonous. Take time to chew your food well. Eat slowly. Whenever you are taking milk, chew that, too. By mixing it thoroughly with saliva, it will digest more easily.

I've given you a sure-fire routine here, and I demand your co-operation. Stick to it and before long your thin figure will round out and you'll acquire the smooth, round curves that every one of you has a right to possess.

"But jeepers," some of you are probably saying, "What am I going to do when I begin to put on weight and it settles in places where I don't want it?"

Now, for Pete's sake don't worry about that at a time like this! Get it on those spots where you do want it first. That's the important thing. We can always keep it controlled or get it off elsewhere by doing my special exercises for those bulgy spots, just as the fat girls have to do. So hop to it and remember whatever you need to help you along to greater beauty is yours for the asking.

Madame Sylvia will help you on any beauty problem. Perhaps you would like her special weight control chart to help you decide what your figure really needs. Just write to Madame Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. PLEASE ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR HER REPLY.



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Smart, successful women now strive for individuality in appearance—in personality. They want to be themselves. Therein lies real charm.

Thus Revlon Nail Polish is used by attractive women everywhere. For Revlon offers 21 shades from which you may select those suited to your own personality, hands and clothes. And, of course, Revlon wears and wears. Lustre lasts longer.

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Do you miss Jack Benny? You don't have to because his latest *radio* broadcast is ready for you.

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All based on material furnished by Jack Benny himself, skillfully blended to make a perfect program, Jack's "Vacation Broadcast" will go far to make up to you his absence from the air during the coming months. By all means read this sprightly feature—it's an innovation in the radio fans' own magazine.

**Radio
MIRROR**

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Critics Rave Over New Book

(See Inside Back Cover)

"'Pull Yourself Together, Baby!' should be popular because of the breezy style in which it is written, its common-sense directness, and its unusual appeal."

The St. Augustine Record, (Fla.)

"In the chatty style of a popular woman columnist, sandwiched with casual endearments, Sylvia turns an experienced eye and a facile pen on common-sense facts about women."

The Montgomery Advertiser, (Ala.)

"Mixed in with the modern, merry chatter is quite a bit of sound common sense, which, if weighed and acted upon, would help many a woman to improve her physical appearance, the state of her health and her mental attitude."

Journal, Dallas, Texas

"Innumerable suggestions to help her who has not been blessed with this world's goods in looks and figure."

Herald-News, Fall River, Mass.

"Interspersed with her pet slang, it is withal well written and its sense and its logic cannot but prove not only interesting but extremely helpful to every woman."

Evening Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.

"... she (Sylvia) talks to you about the main essential of glamour as well as the tricks and trimmings."

—The Boone News-Republican, Boone, Iowa.

"You'll get many a laugh, and several helpful ideas from the new book."

—Evening Post, New York, N. Y.



Brief Reviews

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

and superb acting by all the principals combine to make Kipling's powerful tale of Portuguese fisherfolk the best picture of the season. Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy and Melvyn Douglas surpass their most brilliant efforts. Positively a "must." (June)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS—20th Century-Fox.—Warner Oland again dishes out his Chinese homilies with aplomb in this mystery of stolen airplane inventions located at the Berlin Olympics. Keye Luke is again his eager helper. Fast moving and intriguing. (June)

DANCE CHARLIE DANCE—Warners.—Stuart Erwin provides what comedy he can in this old-plotted picture of a small-town boy who inherits mazuma and puts on an unsuccessful Broadway production. Jean Muir is his sympathizing Girl Friday. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards and Glenda Farrell contribute. (July)

★ **DAY AT THE RACES, A—M-G-M.**—One of the grandest bits of nonsense in the whole Marx of Time parade. Gags that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with insanity, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls are sketched in against a background that entangles Groucho, a horse doctor, Harpo a jockey, Chico a tipster, Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Alan Jones who sings her love songs. A fun fest. (Aug.)

DREAMING LIPS—Trafalgar-United Artists.—A problem play of the triangle school that allows Elisabeth Bergner as the wife, Romney Brent as the wronged husband, and Raymond Massey as the weak lover, full play for their magnificent talents. If you like your psychology tragic, see this. (June)

★ **ELEPHANT BOY**—Korda-United Artists.—Tropical jungles and Oriental magnificence are the background for this simple tale of a boy's friendship with the biggest elephant in existence. Based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" it is a completely diverting photographic masterpiece. Don't miss it. (June)

FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox.—Another cuckoo comedy of the semi-mad type with Ann Sothern running away to elope, and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce action. They meet in a deserted cabin. From then on, it's everybody's party. John Qualen and Slim Summerville are around. (June)

FLY-AWAY BABY—Warners.—Glenda Farrell, feminine Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time she takes to the air on a round-the-world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the dick in love with her. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug.)

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National.—Ancient in theme, treatment and direction, this story of a small-town girl who reforms a local scamp meanders around witlessly. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are the bucolic protagonists. Stay away. (June)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—Grand National.—With sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan tunes to create nostalgia, and a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, this reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. Bob Armstrong is the down-at-the-heel manager of a singing troupe. You should see it. (Aug.)

GO GETTER, THE—Warners.—Peter B. Kyne's famed story of a man, who despite the loss of a leg, fights against all odds and finally wins out. Charles Winninger is grand as *Cappy Ricks*; Anita Louise is his charming daughter, and George Brent is sympathetic as the ambitious young man. (July)

★ **GOOD EARTH, THE**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch provocative as the second wife. See this by all means. (Mar.)

GOOD OLD SOAK, THE—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery as the wayward rum-guzzling father finally untangles his family's problems involving Eric Linden's passion for a night club gold digger, Judith Barrett. Una Merkel and Janet Beecher exceptionally fine support. Hokum but good. (July)

HER HUSBAND LIES—Paramount.—Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a new-fashioned way by the compelling characterization of Ricardo Cortez as a gambler forced to play against his own brother. Gail Patrick is a treat for the eye as usual. (June)

HIT PARADE, THE—Republic.—Stars of radio contribute to the fun and frolic of this musical built around Phil Regan as a talent scout who, when double-crossed by singer Louise Henry, discovers Frances Langford. Eddie Duchin and Duke Ellington supply the melody. (June)

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO-Radio. — A movie cowboy proves himself a two-fisted outdoor lad when he is mistaken for a real cowhand. George O'Brien is the hero who outwits ranch racketeers, wins Cecilia Parker. Joe Cairns is the riotous stooge. Fast, furious and funny. (July)

HOTEL HAYWIRE—Paramount. — A conglomeration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that manages to be very funny. Leo Carrillo is the fake seer whose bad advice breaks up the family of Lynn Overman and his wife, Spring Byington. The amateur detective work of Benny Baker and Collette Lyons adds to the marital confusion. (Aug.)

★ **I MET HIM IN PARIS**—Paramount. — As modern as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated conversational comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. Claudette Colbert is the department store designer out for a fling. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young see that she gets it. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles. The snow scenes taken at Sun Valley are breath-taking. Simply swell. (Aug.)

★ **INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY**—Paramount. — Tense melodrama of the clinic and barroom with Joel McCrea in the sacrificial white of a young doctor, and Barbara Stanwyck as the desperate woman seeking a lost child. Villainous Stanley Ridges knows all the answers. A minor gem. (June)

IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—20th Century-Fox. — Paul Kelly, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch from Judith Allen. He falls in love with her, becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. You write the rest. (Aug.)

JIM HANVEY—DETECTIVE—Republic. — Portly Guy Kibbee turns sleuth in this mildly amusing comedy mystery, interrupting his mania for rabbit catching to tie a lovers' knot for Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown by solving a murder. Fair (June)

★ **KID GALAHAD**—Warners. — An exciting story of the prize ring with Edward G. Robinson as the self-centered manager of Wayne Morris. Eddie hotheadedly tries to sell Morris out when he discovers the fighter is in love with his doll, Bette Davis. Humphrey Bogart, Bette, and Eddie himself are perfect. Punchy he-man material with Morris proving a winner. (July)

KING OF GAMBLERS—Paramount. — The shocker-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneuvers of Akim Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who murders anyone who stands in his way. In love with Claire Trevor he lures his rival Lloyd Nolan into a trap which catches the wrong feller. Top-notch (July)

★ **KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR**—London Films-United Artists. — James Hilton's story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution, beautifully produced and superlatively photographed. Marlene Dietrich, as the exquisite countess, drops her mask, becomes really human. Robert Donat, as the secret service agent who saves her life, is perfect. Exceptional. (Aug.)

LADY ESCAPES, THE—20th Century-Fox. — Another Grade Z attempt at whimsical farce that fails miserably to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery decide on a divorce. What happens? Who cares? (Aug.)

LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount. — An action-packed drama of modern Spain with timely subject material and a good story, but the dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast are Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, and Gilbert Roland, all of whom overact. (Aug.)

LET THEM LIVE—Universal. — Vivid and fast-moving story of a young doctor's efforts to better sanitary conditions in the slums. John Howard is splendid as the medico; Edward Ellis true to type as the crooked politician who balks Howard's efforts. The cast is good. (July)

★ **LOST HORIZON**—Columbia. — After two years of monumental research and expense, James Hilton's tale of a lost Paradise in Tibet, directed by Frank Capra, is a screen triumph. Ronald Colman distinguishes himself and heads a great cast including Jane Wyatt, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Isabel Jewell and others. It is spellbinding. (May)

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—Paramount. — A tender heart-stirring story of two old people who are unwanted by their children. Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore (in a serious rôle for once) offer a richly sympathetic portrait of a devoted couple. Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Porter Hall among the strong cast. It's splendid. (July)

MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal. — The story of a cop, Edward Ellis, who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, allows his heritage to throw him for a loop on the wrong path, but all ends well with the help of his heart throb, Nan Grey. Take it or leave it (Aug.)

★ **MAYTIME**—M-G-M. — Gav. charming and heart-stirring with a superb musical score, this again teams Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a beautiful story of love, lost, found and lost. Jeanette is a prima donna; John Barrymore her impresario, and Nelson a student. Rapturous songs, both classical and modern. A "Must." (May.)

MEET THE MISSUS—RKO-Radio. — Miss America contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Victor Moore-Helen Broderick snicker-flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby along. The judges finally pay them to leave town. Anne Shirley is romantic. Looney and lively. (Aug.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Republic. — A sentimental, sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans to win back the custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, grows to love Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband becomes convinced of her sincerity. The kiddies are cunning. (Aug.)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Warners. — Based on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father (Robert Barrat) who beats his daughter (Josephine Hutchinson). She kills him, goes to prison. George Brent, as her attorney, does his bit. Too repellantly cruel. (Aug.)

★ **MOUNTAIN MUSIC**—Paramount. — This screwball story of a hilly-billy with amnesia is a rollicking comedy of the knock-down drag-out tradition. Martha Raye is the homely hen whom no man but Bob Burns wants. Things get raucous when the mountain people accuse John Howard of murdering Burns. If you like fun, here it is! (Aug.)

NAVY BLUES—Republic. — Sailor Dick Purcell makes a bet he can win unattractive librarian Mary Brian. Besides metamorphosing her into a beauty, winning a promotion and foiling spies, he of course wins the bet. The cast is fair (June)

NIGHT KEY—Universal. — The transformation of Boris Karloff from bogeyman to sympathetic character is the important feature of this pleasing picture. Karloff is an inventor of electrical burglar alarms. There is humor and suspense in his revenge when crooks use his brain child for their own ends (July)

★ **NIGHT MUST FALL**—M-G-M. — Sheer stark horror marches through this unusual, imaginative but superbly produced picture. Bob Montgomery steps out of his playboy rôles to appear as an English bellboy with an insatiable blood lust, and does a knockout job ably supported by Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty. Exceptional (July)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY—Paramount. — This tries to follow the tradition of the *Philo Vance* series and fails miserably. When a murderous someone seems bent on exterminating the whole *Greene* family, you wish they would get it over, so you could go home. (Aug.)

★ **PARNELL**—M-G-M. — A moving and educational portrait of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" and the woman for whom he gave up his power, directed with restraint and scrupulous attention to historical detail. Gable in the title rôle is dignified, Myrna Loy as *Kitty O'Shea* is completely charming, and Edna May Oliver, Montagu Love, Neil Fitzgerald and Edmund Gwenn offer able support. Superior entertainment. (Aug.)

PERSONAL PROPERTY—M-G-M. — Puichritudinous Jean Harlow as a penniless widow and Bob Taylor as a playboy bill collector scramble through this dizzy burlesque in fine style. Reginald Owen is Taylor's brotherly rival. Mildly risqué and very exuberant. (June)

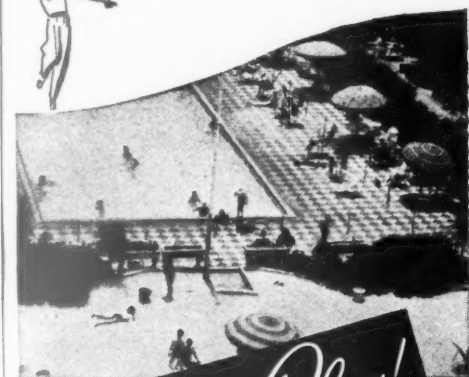
★ **PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, THE**—Warners. — Mark Twain's sly tale of adventure and pathos revolving around two youngsters whose exchange of costume changes the British Empire. Errol Flynn plays his usual soldier of fortune rôle superbly. The Mauch twins are infectiously charming. Glamorous and gratifying. (June)

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—Warners. — New faces in a slightly used tale of petty racketeers who marry off Jane Wyman to William Hopper in a mock wedding which turns out to be legal. The newcomers are promising; Marie Wilson provides the laughs. (June)

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Columbia. — A family programmer built to high entertainment by George Bancroft's superb impersonation of a racketeer evangelist who finally reforms. Evelyn Venable does nicely as the town organist, Wynne Gibson is good as the gang-girl. (June)



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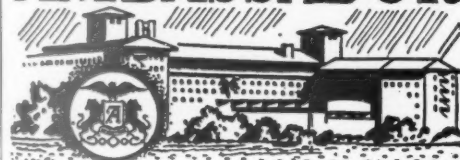
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RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic.—Better than most independent "quickies" this offers Pat Ellis as an unsuccessful composer of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician she manages to compromise. Put it on your see-if-necessary-list. (Aug.)

SAN QUENTIN—Warners.—Lieutenant Pat O'Brien introduces Army methods into prison character building. His star pupil is Humphrey Bogart, brother of his cookie, Ann Sheridan. Complications include a "sit-down" by prisoners, much shooting. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **SEVENTH HEAVEN**—20th Century-Fox.—The revival of the hauntingly beautiful love story of two Parisian waifs caught in the vortex of the World War. James Stewart as *Chico*, the street cleaner, and Simone Simon as *Diane* are sincere and effective. Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard and Jean Hersholt round out the splendid cast. (June)

★ **SHALL WE DANCE**—RKO-Radio.—The seasonal teaming of Rogers and Astaire full of original ideas, Gershwin music, stunning sets and completely novel dance routines. The plot revolves around a ballet dancer's attempts to marry the girl without revealing his identity. The cast is diverting, the songs are delightful, the whole thing is *deluxe*. (June)

SILENT BARRIERS—GB.—The adventures, the loves, the perils and disasters of the lusty pioneers who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. Richard Arlen is the reformed gambling man, Antoinette Cellier, his soul mate, Lilli Palmer, the siren. A bit heavy but worthwhile for the magnificent scenery. (June)

SING WHILE YOU'RE ABLE—Melody.—Hillybilly Pinky Tomlin capers through this tepid tale of a yokel boy makes good. Lured to the city for radio work, he is befriended by Toby Wing, makes the villains sorry for their dirty work. Songs are fair, production stupid. (June)

★ **SLAVE SHIP**—20th Century-Fox.—A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the African slave traffic of 1850 somewhat rescolored by a romance between Captain Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle. Wally Beery, Joseph Schildkraut and George Sanders graphically villainous. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (Aug.)

SLIM—Warners.—Sizzling with excitement, this high voltage tale reveals the bravery of telephone linemen in their hazardous work. When love for Margaret Lindsay upsets the palship of Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda, the triangle is squared with a terrific climax. A hummer. (July)

SONG OF THE CITY—M-G-M.—A complicated story of a young man who gives up an heiress because of her money, and a fisherman's daughter because of her career. Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean J. Carol Naish and Nat Pendleton are the principals. (June)

★ **STAR IS BORN, A**—20th Century-Fox.—The best Hollywood story to date, and in Technicolor too! It portrays the joys and sorrows of an extra girl who achieves stardom and the fall of the male idol whom she marries. Janet Gaynor makes a glorious comeback as the extra, Freddie March is the fast slipping screen king. Scrumptious cast. A "must see." (July)

STUTTERING BISHOP, THE—Warners.—This time Donald Woods plays *Perry Mason*, dynamic detective who finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease. He also falls in love with his smart secretary, Ann Dvorak. Satisfyingly suspenseful. (June)

TALENT SCOUT—Warners.—Lively entertainment results from this gay story of a talent looker-over, Donald Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Madden. When she becomes a hit and falls in love with Fred Lawrence minor complications result. The cast has plenty of vim and the songs are catchy. (Aug.)

TALK OF THE DEVIL—GB.—An extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody's voice. This aptitude gets him into hot water when Basil Sydney, a smooth forger, uses Cortez for a blind, brings Sally Eilers to the brink of ruin. (July)

TENTH MAN, THE—GB.—John Lodge blusters his way through English politics, big business and marital troubles in a very loud way. Antoinette Cellier is his long-suffering wife all decked out in every thing but the window drapes. A few nice character parts. Stuffy. (July)

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN—Warners.—An anemic story of a jobless waif, Mary Maguire, befriended by an elevator boy, Tom Brown, who lands her a job as a chambermaid. Accused of stealing, she runs away; Tom brings her back. Dull as dish-water. (June)

THERE GOES MY GIRL—RKO-Radio.—The aged setup of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations but even Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THEY GAVE HIM A GUN**—M-G-M.—Excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy Franchot Tone and Gladys George make this artistically good; an abundance of action makes it thrilling. It concerns war buddies who fall in love with the same woman, and bringing the action to the present day, shows what happens to a coward. Unique and worthwhile. (July)

★ **THEY WON'T FORGET**—Warners.—Here is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema, and excellent entertainment. Based on the best seller "Death in the Deep South" it relates with truth and power the story of a murder case which involves the nation in sectional hatred. Newcomer Gloria Dickson shines; Claude Rains is outstanding. Don't fail to see it. (Aug.)

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox.—The first of a series dealing with the clever Japanese detective of the Saturday Evening Post stories. Peter Lorre is perfect as *Mr. Moto* who with incredible jiu jitsu traps a ring of smugglers. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the love birds. Plenty of thrills. (June)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—This old thriller has lost none of its terrors by having its face lifted. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders, saves her daughter Madge Evans from suspicion, and Thomas Beck is the Governor's son who loves Madge. Plenty of suspense and shivers. (July)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—New World-20th Century-Fox.—Old-fashioned in theme and treatment, this reveals Annabella, the current toast of the Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of dukes, duels and diamonds in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Veidt is miscast, Annabella is pert and pretty. Romney Brent is excellent. (Aug.)

★ **WAIKIKI WEDDING**—Paramount.—Crooner Crosby goes to Honolulu for the background of this melodious madcap story. Publicity for pineapples is the motive which brings Shirley Ross, Bob Burns and Martha Raye and Leif Erickson into juxtaposition. Magnificent fun. (June)

★ **WAKE UP AND LIVE**—20th Century-Fox.—A swift-moving, rip-roaring musical riot introducing Walter Winchell who carries on his famous newspaper feud with Ben Bernie, surrounded by a smash cast including Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Walter Catlett and others. It's keen. (June)

★ **WEE WILLIE WINKIE**—20th Century-Fox.—Kipling's famous tale of British Army posts revamped to allow Shirley Temple the name rôle, and full scope for her undisputed powers of capturing the affections of dour officers as well as American audiences. There is action and plenty of it when Shirley delivers a spy message, is kidnapped by an Indian Khan. June Lang and Michael Whalen carry the romance; Victor McLaglen is excellent as usual. A "must see." (Aug.)

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Universal.—A breezy version of cops and robbers aboard a liner, Europe bound. Sally Eilers' stateroom is used as a hideout for swindlers. Love embarrasses detective James Dunn in his duty. Mischa Auer is a panic. (June)

★ **WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG**—Universal.—A gay and dashing musical with a Cinderella theme beautifully acted by Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor and a splendid cast. Virginia is a small-town ugly duckling who becomes a Broadway singsation. You'll like it. (June)

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal.—An effective story dealing with the stresses of the naval flying service on newlyweds Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland. After many marital complications they discover regulations and love can mix. William Gargan and Kent Taylor are splendid. Nice. (July)

★ **WOMAN CHASES MAN**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Brilliant nonstop comedy with Miriam Hopkins as a penniless architect, Charles Winninger as the screwball promoter and Joel McCrea as the reactionary son. Miriam chases Joel up hill and down dale, finally corners him in a tree while you are hysterical with laughter. Go. (July)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—RKO-Radio.—Paul Muni is the wronged husband, Miriam Hopkins, the woman and Louis Hayward is the too solemn lover in this war triangle. The three work out their destiny with the help of God and German air aces. Very grim but see it for fine direction and acting. (July)

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Here is screwy comedy which manages to be consistently funny. Silk-hatted Preston Foster is tied up in politics, meets Joan Fontaine, falls in love. Herbert Mundin troups nicely as Foster's manservant, and Barbara Pepper is hilarious. You'll laugh. (Aug.)

You Can't Get Away From Sex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

might be titled Snappy Sex A and Snappy Sex B. In A a young girl makes two or three "mistakes" with one or more young men. Then a noble spirit comes along—maybe the first boy returns—and understands and forgives all. Snappy Sex B is the same thing, only it's an erring wife who's forgiven.

The stories were bad art and bad life—things are not that easy. Fathers didn't want their daughters exposed to such philosophy. Husbands, especially of young wives, didn't want Honeybunch's head filled with such phony life tips.

Items 3 and 4 explain themselves.

Those four rather simple things caused most of the shooting. The producers, for more than three years now, have been trying to keep such offenses down and to attend to that matter of developing general good taste on the screen. What has happened, and where do we go from here?

The first accomplishment, from the viewpoint of the audience, is seldom realized. Because of extreme care in treatment under the Code, censor boards no longer chop pictures to pieces, taking vital scenes out of two or three reels in a feature. In the old days, what actually reached the screen in many places was Censor Hash. Better to make the picture right at Hollywood.

The second result of three years of script conferences, retakes, prayer and cussing between the Code Administration and the studios has been startling. As the writers and directors became more able to handle sex deftly (instead of dumbly) an amazing horizon opened. Because of the new skill, the scope of the screen has widened, not narrowed. Subjects and titles that could not have been handled before now are done strongly and smoothly. Think of a few:

"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"—couldn't have touched it in the old days.

"Camille"—a story with obvious possibilities for trouble.

"Marked Woman"—a theme as daring as could be imagined. Messed about, it would have been sub-gutter. Result of care: a strong, powerful screen play, good enough for Bette Davis at her best.

"Dodsworth"—triangle drama played to the hilt, but handled in perfect taste.

"Seventh Heaven"—so delicate you hardly realize the heroine's sordid background, till you think back.

"These Three"—Broadway's "The Children's Hour." This strong drama would have been lost to the screen, except that the cause of disaster was successfully changed to a child's false talebearing. Critics said the movie was stronger and finer than the play. There was no dramatic value lost.

The list of such salvaged themes and stories is long.

THERE'S a third advantage of self-discipline on the screen. Dirt, as distinguished from honest and sincere treatment of sex, is often a lame-brain's crutch. Some novel writers smear a little every fifty or sixty pages—an easy substitute for thinking. Movies were getting the same habit. These crudities merely insulted the audience.

Why have movies improved so swiftly in tightness of plot, in number of plot twists, in excellence of dialogue? Because neither writer

nor director can be crude any more. He has to think.

Advantage Number Four is simple: reformers today have discouragingly (to them) little ammunition against the movies.

You can't get away from sex. What about the new season?

Purchase of story properties and pictures already in production indicate that motion-picture companies now feel competent to handle sex with civilized zip. Maybe it's more appealing when done with an artist's brush than daubed on the back-yard fence. Box-office figures look that way.

The new season will have plenty of this zip.

The Great Garbo will add to her "Camille" the portrait of Countess Walewska, mistress of Napoleon. From the same studio will come "The Heavenly Sinner," a life of Lola Montez, charmer extraordinary. Such comedies as "The Bride Wore Red" and "The Redheaded Woman of Paris" won't be slow.

JUST a few out of scores of pictures that will test Hollywood's growing power to handle strong themes, are:

"The Second Mrs. Draper," which will bring back Gloria Swanson, one of the suavest of the famous sex-appealers.

"Dead End." Its own press notices call this play "the farthest modern advance in realism on the stage."

"Wife, Doctor and Nurse." Warner Baxter, Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young will do a triangle. I ask you!

"Stage Door." Troubles of young girls seeking stage employment. Hepburn and Ginger Rogers.

"Confession." The French version of this, called "Mazurka," even shocked the French. Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone.

"Boy Meets Girl." Not quite so simple a plot as the name implies.

"Hurricane." A battle between the white man's morality, grimly applied, and the different standards of the South Seas.

"The Adventures of Marco Polo." History will be chuckingly kidded and the Oriental oompah will be there.

"Fight for Your Lady." Adventures of the world's No. 1 bachelor.

None of these, or other, pictures will be dirty. Dirt on the screen is out.

Joseph I. Breen, executive of the Production Code Administration, has a habit of saying, "We are trying to make reasonable pictures for reasonable people." That means that both the extremists—those who want plain dirt and those who want a sexless screen—will be disappointed.

It's a fast business, requiring thought like a fencer's rapier. Perhaps the year's medal should go to Darryl Zanuck. First he took a young lady whom the world had never thought of except as a fancy skater. In her he uncovered a talented musical comedy actress, as femininely appealing as any on stage or screen. That is Sonja Henie.

Mr. Zanuck then reached for Gypsy Rose Lee, sensational in 10,000 headlines, the world-heralded strip-tease Queen of Burlesque. Mr. Z. made her resume her real name of Louise Hovick and is playing her in straight parts—with her clothes on.

One way and another, you can't get away from sex!



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Boyer Breaks His Bonds

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

a language, Boyer was a bit unhappy during the shooting of "The Garden of Allah."

"You see," Boyer would explain to his wife evenings, "behind all good acting lies a secret. The secret of thinking the lines as one says them. A sort of union of mind and heart. As for me, I only think *how* to say words, not what they mean."

He began the practice of the long confessional speech in "The Garden of Allah" six weeks before the scene was due to be shot. He'd wander about the location camp, out on the sands at night, saying over and over and over the lines of that confession.

Then one day strange things happened. He came in from the swimming pool and faced his wife.

"What do you think has happened?" he asked. "I am thinking in English!"

A week later he called from his room, "Know what? I dreamed last night in English!"

The transformation was quick and amazing. One day only recently an actress given over to cultivated elegance telephoned the Boyer home.

"Is this 'Sharl'? 'Sharl Boy-yay'?"

There was a moment's pause and then came the answer.

"No. But this is Charlie Boy-er."

And Monsieur, from that moment on, was free from the complexes, worries, and chains that had held him for years.

True, there will always be the accent. But at least Charlie Boy-er will think and speak in unison, and that is something.

He takes great delight in snatching up colloquialisms and adapting them to his own use.

In "History Is Made at Night," he approached the director all aglow

"Look, I have invented a line of dialogue I should like to use with Miss Arthur in the next scene. Don't tell her. I want to surprise her."

The director consented, and at the end of the scene Boyer looked up, a twinkle in those so dark eyes, and exclaimed à la American, "Well, what do you know about that?"

The success was terrific. Jean Arthur, his leading lady, thought it wonderfully clever of him. In fact, they've left that line in exactly as Boyer said it.

Gone thus far into the depth of spoken American which, even we admit, is slightly different from the English language, he refuses to retreat. He'll grab the slightest excuse to use his newly found mode of expression. He approached a group of men on the set one day with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Look," he said. "I can't make up what this means."

"Make out, make out," the prop boy hissed, and, nothing daunted, Boyer spent the rest of the afternoon wandering about the set repeating over and over, "Make out. Make out. Make out."

Once free from this fear that crowded his true self into a brooding background, the real Charles Boyer emerged and a right pleasing gentleman he proves to be. Friendly, no longer ill at ease, eager to be a part of the town that for three long years had seemed so remotely cold.

He plays a crack game of tennis. But for some reason, he won't run after the balls

which is very gratifying to Mrs. Boyer, who will run after the balls.

He goes to parties, has a good time, but inevitably seeks out some member of the group whose enunciation is distinct and perfect. He'll listen attentively, charming beautiful women with his eager attention, and all, well, nearly all, because their sentences are clearly etched gems of perfect diction.

To which Charlie—he prefers to be called Charlie—will occasionally contribute his newly found, "Well, what do you know about that?" in places it no more fits than a rabbit.

From the moment Charles Boyer announced to his mother in that little town of Figeac, in southwestern France, that he had decided to become an actor, he dedicated himself to the work. There was no room for anything outside.

"But, Charles," his mother once said, "why do you not play a little? Are you not interested in play?"

He wasn't. And he said so. "Mother, I am married to my work. Nothing, no one must come between me and it."

All Paris came to understand the serious intent of the rapidly rising star—Charles Boyer.

All Hollywood recognized it too, and that was why his sudden marriage soon after his arrival three years ago was a bit of a surprise. A young English actress, Pat Paterson, had also recently arrived and the two met for the first time at a dinner party.

"Only a sneaking feeling that it was too soon after our meeting kept us from marrying then," Pat laughs.

But three weeks later they did elope to Yuma.

Three months later Boyer sailed to France—alone—to fulfil a contract.

"It was a good thing," Pat said, "for it gave me time to adjust myself.

"The usual fears were stealing over me. 'What have I done?' I'd say over and over to myself those first weeks. A Frenchman just arrived and I just arrived in this new country! Had we made a mistake? Was it wrong?"

"But in those six months Charles was away, I found myself. I adjusted myself to a new life and it turned out beautifully."

ALL her life Pat Paterson, a tiny blue-eyed blonde with intelligence aplenty to match her loveliness, had been accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of theatrical people.

"Mad people," she calls them, loving them with her voice.

She had married a man, she soon discovered, who had little in common with such hysteria.

"On days I'd bang-off (English for throwing a fit) Charles would take me by the shoulders and say, quietly, 'Why? Why did you bang-off?'"

"Must I have a reason for banging-off?" I'd say.

"The answer was calm, cool, quiet but determined.

"Yes. What is the reason?"

"For a time it drove me mad," Pat laughed, "trying to find a logical reason for what was to me a natural outbreak.

"But I soon learned it was the wisest thing. Whatever problem arose at the moment was discussed and thrashed out at once. No bad moods were allowed to be carried over."

"What is the reason for this?" The coldly logical questioning of Boyer must find its answer then and there.

Boyer's love for his wife, need I say, is very beautiful. Indeed the Boyer ménage is a happy one in every respect. That marvel of a French cook, the envy of all Hollywood, was hired by Boyer even before his marriage.

The small house across the driveway his mother occupies. But nearly every waking hour is spent in the home of her son.

A husband, a wife, a mother-in-law. And a happier threesome you can't find.

"I-speak-no-English," Madame Boyer greets each visitor and sits silently by, knitting the dog a sweater.

"Naturally I had never met Charles' mother," Pat said, "until we made our first trip to France together. She loved me and I loved her," she adds simply.

NOW for the Boyers' blending of work and marriage. Although both are under contract to Walter Wanger, they plan never to work together.

"Not good policy," Pat explains.

"His work," Pat says, "was something he had before he had me. Therefore, it belongs to him. His happiness in his marriage, his well-being—these concern me; therefore, they are important to me.

"Charles doesn't like me to see him work before a camera. But I like to see the first rough cut of his pictures."

And that moment Boyer entered, a man of average height, his dark black eyes twinkling.

With pride he showed me the library his wife had redecorated as a Christmas gift to him. With pride he brought out his books, one a bound edition of Bernstein, which binding he had purchased with the first week's salary he ever made.

He spoke of his dogs, sadly. Four had died of various illnesses in six weeks' time.

"I am afraid to have another one," he said. "We get to love them so much."

Time after time the Boyers had dogs sent from various pet shops only to have Boyer reluctantly return them a few days later.

"I'm afraid," he'd say frankly.

He's known among men as Charlie. The Boy-er, instead of Boy-yay, is his own idea. "More American," he explains.

"He can and has been pretty stubborn," an assistant director told me. "It's when a piece of slipshod writing or directing creeps in, that Boyer's jaw sets and locks.

"No," he'll say, 'let's do it right.' And Boyer will wait, a one man sit-down striker, until the shoddy, second-rate business is done away with and first-class material takes its place."

Pompous people have begun to steer clear of Charlie. He deflated their egos with a sharp wit, or worse still, right there before them he'd go into an imitation that took the wind right out of them. Charlie's imitations are the talk of the town.

Thrifty French in most things (there is no butler, no chauffeur in the plainly furnished home of Boyer), he's a good spender and a good loser. In poker, especially.

He's crazy about champagne and will bet any one any amount that the best pâté de foie gras in the world comes from his own little town of Figeac.

None of this Hollywood nonsense of stealing the little guy's ideas and calmly annexing them as one's own is found around Charlie Boyer. Once on a picture an assistant director whom we shall call Bill was seized with the idea of a truly swell bit of business that finished a scene off beautifully. Immediately a pompous writer, brushing aside little Bill, adopted the idea as his own.

But not to Charlie he didn't. "Good idea, Bill," Boyer kept saying. And all through the shooting, "Good work, Bill." And then to Walter Wanger, the producer, "Bill, here, had a good idea."

He was never hissed but once.

It happened during the run of a play in Paris. Boyer and his leading lady began breaking up during a scene. They didn't put forth too much effort to stem their laughter. Suddenly, from the pit of the theater came a long French hiss, more deadly, even, than the English variety.

From that moment on, he gave every ounce of himself to his work. He approaches it seriously, reverently, and has respect only for actors who do likewise.

"TONIGHT'S Our Night" is his next picture. He plays with Claudette Colbert who will star in that picture. The path ahead in Hollywood, at least, seems bright and happy for Charles Boyer.

He will, however, insist on wearing black and white sport shoes in midwinter. Even when it rains.

Such, then, is the man who will hold to his French bosom none other than Garbo in "Marie Walewska."

"How did he react when you told him he had won a part in the Garbo picture?" I asked a member of the Wanger production staff.

"You know, it's a funny thing," the man answered. "Charlie was standing at the living room window looking down on Hollywood."

"Suddenly he laughed. And without even turning around he said, 'Well, what do you know about that?'"

The Big Wig Mystery—with Irene Dunne

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

very becoming to the wearer, and that night the scene was not nearly so effective when played in the makeshift made necessary by the loss. To top everything Colonel Savage turned up, and was not pleased with the performance.


When I reached the hotel after the show, to my surprise there were two bags, both identical, parked in my room. One contained the missing wig, and as I raced down to the hall to return the bag, I had many visions of temperamental leading ladies, but instead of a disagreeable scene, my apologies and explanations

were accepted, and as the "Vine" trailed its way slowly toward Boston during the weeks that followed where Vivienne Segal was to take over the star's responsibilities, we grew to be quite good friends. The show was a bit high-brow for these audiences, and business wasn't so good. "Some day they'll wish they had come out to see me," the understudy used to say. And what an opportunity the theatergoers in those small cities missed, for the lady who tramped unheralded and whose glorious talents went unrecognized on that particular tour was none other than—Miss Irene Dunne.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"—M-G-M.—Original story by Eric Von Stroheim. Screenplay by Frederick Stephani and Marion Parsonnet. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: *Allan Meighan*, Franchot Tone; *Claire Donahue*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Patricia Sloan*, Virginia Bruce; *Tony Woolcott*, Leonard Penn; *Snoopy*, Cliff Edwards; *Miss Pringle*, Janet Beecher; *Dr. Webster*, Charley Grapewin; *Sally*, Helen Troy; *Nurse Howley*, Grace Ford; *Eleanor*, June Clayworth; *Dr. Barili*, Edward Norris; *Tom Donahue*, Anthony Nace; *Priest*, Hugh Marlowe.

"CALIFORNIAN, THE"—PRINCIPAL-20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Story by Harold Bell Wright, adapted by Gordon Newell. Screenplay by Gilbert Wright. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Ramon Escobar*, Ricardo Cortez; *Rosalita Miller*, Marjorie Weaver; *Chata*, Katherine de Mille; *Pancho*, Maurice Black; *Tod Barsto*, Morgan Wallace; *Don Francisco Escobar*, Nigel de Bruiler; *Ruiz*, George Regas; *Miller*, Pierre Watkin; *Sheriff Stanton*, James Farley; *Marshal Morse*, Edward Keane.

"COUNSEL FOR CRIME"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Harold Shumate. Screenplay by Fred Niblo, Jr., Grace Neville, Lee Loebe, Harold Buchman. Directed by John Brahm. The Cast: *William Mellon*, Otto Kruger; *Paul Maddox*, Douglass Montgomery; *Ann McIntyre*, Jacqueline Wells; *Senator Maddox*, Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Maddox*, Nana Bryant; *Friday*, Gene Morgan; *Edwin Mitchell*, Marc Lawrence; *Asa Stewart*, Robert Warwick; *George Evans*, Stanley Fields.

"DANGEROUS HOLIDAY"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Karen DeWolf. Screenplay by Nicholas Barrows. Directed by Nicholas Barrows. The Cast: *Ronnie Kimball*, Ra Hould; *Lottie*, Hedda Hopper; *Duke*, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; *Gollenger*, Jack La Rue; *Gifford*, Jed Prouty; *Jean*, Lynn Roberts; *Tom*, William Bakewell; *Aunt Elsie*, Fern Emmett; *Aunt Augusta*, Virginia Sale; *Doffie*, Franklin Pangborn; *Max*, Grady Sutton; *Solitaire*, William Newell; *Marty*, Thomas E. Jackson; *Popcorn*, Olaf Hytten; *Sergeant*, Jack Mulhall; *Jerry Courtney*, Michael Jeffrey; *Robbins*, Harvey Clark; *Police Captain*, Wade Boteler; *Tango*, Carleton Young.

"DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Lee Loebe and Harold Buchman. Screenplay by Jo Milward and Richard Blake. Directed by Harry Lachman. The Cast: *Paul Driscoll*, Richard Dix; *Eve Hammond*, Joan Perry; *Mrs. Sanders*, Nana Bryant; *Elias Sanders*, Ien Wulf; *Tony Stevens*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *John Stevens*, Henry Kolker; *Louis Wooster*, Walter Kingsford; *Kitty Wooster*, Ann Rutherford; *Martin Foster*, Frank C. Wilson; *Sam Mitchell*, Paul Harvey; *Joe Peters*, John Wray; *Dan Healy*, Charles C. Wilson.

"EASY LIVING"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Vera Caspary. Screenplay by Preston Sturges. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The Cast: *Mary Smith*, Jean Arthur; *J. B. Ball*, Edward Arnold; *John Ball, Jr.*, Ray Milland; *Mr. Louis*, Luis Alberni; *Mrs. Bell*, Mary Nash; *Van Buren*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mr. Gurney*, Barlowe Borland; *Wallace Whistling*, William Demarest; *E. F. Hulgur*, Andrew Tombes; *Lillian*, Esther Dale; *Office Manager*, Harlan Briggs; *Mr. Hyde*, William B. Davidson; *Miss Swerf*, Nora Cecil; *Butler*, Robert Greig.

"EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS, THE"—M-G-M.—From the book by Baroness Orczy. Screenplay by Monckton Hoffs and Harold Goldman. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The Cast: *Baron Stephan Wolensky*, William Powell; *Countess Olga Mironova*, Luise Rainer; *Grand Duke Peter*, Robert Young; *Maria*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Colonel Baron Swoff*, Frank Morgan; *Prince Johann*, Henry Stephenson; *Mitsi*, Bernadene Hayes; *Anton*, Donald Kirke; *Korun*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Dr. Malchor*, Charles Waldron; *Leon*, Ien Wulf; *Albert*, Barnett Parker; *Pavloff*, Frank Reicher; *Porter*, Bert Roach; *Santuzzi*, Paul Porcasi; *Auctioneer*, E. E. Clive; *Housekeeper*, Emma Dunn; *Colonel Radoff*, Frank Conroy.

"EVER SINCE EVE"—WARNERS.—From a story by Margaret Lee and Gene Baker. Screenplay by Lawrence Riley, Earl Baldwin and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: *Marge Winton*, Marion Davies; *"Mabel" DeCraven*, Frank McHugh; *Jake Edgall*, Allen Jenkins; *Al McCoy*, Barton McLane; *Manicurist*, Carol Hughes; *Hotel Manager*, Arthur Hoyt; *President of the Purity League*, Harry Hayden; *Lowell*, John T. Murray; *Freddie Matthews*, Robert Montgomery; *Sadie Day*, Patsy Kelly; *Abbie Belldon*, Louise Fazenda; *Camille Lansing*, Marcia Ralston; *Alonso*, Frederick Clark; *Employment Clerk*, Mary Treen; *Barton*, Pierre Watkin; *Henderson*, William Davidson.

"HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Edward Eggleston. Screenplay by Robert Lee Johnson. Directed by William Nigh. The Cast: *Shockey*, Mickey Rooney; *Mary Evans*, Anne Nagel; *Jack Mathew*, Frank Shields; *Captain Carter*, Edward Pawley; *Mathew, Sr.*, William Gould.

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—Adapted from the novel by Rider Hag-

gard. Screenplay by A. R. Rawlinton, Charles Bennett, and adaptation by Ralph Spence. Directed by Robert Stevenson. The Cast: *Allan Quatermain*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Umbopa*, Paul Robeson; *Captain Good*, Roland Young; *Sir Henry Curtis*, John Loder; *Kathy O'Brien*, Anna Lee; *Kapsie*, Makubalo Hlubi; *O'Brien*, Arthur Sinclair; *Gagool*, Sydney Fairbrother; *Infadoos*, Ecce Homo Toto; *Twala*, Robert Adams; *Scottish Wholesaler*, Frederick Leister; *Red Alf*, Goddard; *Sylvestra*, Arthur Goulett.

"LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE"—WARNERS.—Story by Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg, based on the life of Emile Zola. Screenplay by Heinz Herald, Geza Herczeg and Norman Reilly Raine. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: *Emile Zola*, Paul Muni; *Alexandrine Zola*, Gloria Holden; *Captain Alfred Dreyfus*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Lucie Dreyfus*, Gale Sondergaard; *Pierre Dreyfus*, Dickie Moore; *Jeanne Dreyfus*, Rolla Gourevitch; *Mathieu Dreyfus*, Frank Mayo; *Maitre Labori*, Donald Crisp; *Georges Clemenceau*, Grant Mitchell; *Larue*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Charpentier*, John Littel; *Violet Richards*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Minister of War*, Gilbert Emery; *Chief of Staff*, Harry Davenport; *Assistant Chief of Staff*, Paul Everton; *Commander of Paris*, Ralph Morgan; *Commander of Paris*, Holmes Herbert; *General Gillian*, Robert Cummings; *Colonel Sandherr*, Walter Kingsford; *Colonel Picquart*, Henry O'Neill; *Colonel von Schwartzkopffen*, William von Brincken; *Brucker*, Egon Brecher; *Major Walsin-Esterhazy*, Robert Barrat; *Major Dort*, Louis Calhern; *Nana*, Erin O'Brien Moore; *M. Cavaignac*, Montagu Love; *Major Henry*, Robert Warwick; *Captain Guignel*, Moroni Olsen; *M. Van Kassel*, Frank Sheridan; *Anatole France*, Morris Carnovsky; *Cezanne*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Fishwife*, Tempe Pigott; *Senator Kestner*, Walter Stahl; *M. Delagorgue*, Charles Richman; *Major d'Abbeville*, Alexander Leftwich.

"LOVE IN A BUNGALOW"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Eleanor Griffin and William Rankin. Screenplay by Austin Parker, Karen DeWolf and James Mulhauser. Directed by Raymond B. McCarey. The Cast: *Mary Callahan*, Nan Grey; *Jeff Langan*, Kent Taylor; *Wilbur Babcock*, Jack Smart; *Mr. Kester*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mr. Bisbee*, Richard Carle; *Mollie*, Louise Beavers; *Lydia Bisbee*, Margaret McWade; *Emma*, Marjorie Main; *Mrs. Kester*, Minerva Urecal; *The Go-Go Prospect*, Florence Lake; *Junior*, Jerry Tucker; *Darlings*, Jean Howard and Joan Breslau.

"MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST"—M-G-M.—From a story by Harry Ruskin. Screenplay by George Oppenheimer and Everett Freeman. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Tom Wakefield*, Robert Young; *Kitty Brent*, Florence Rice; *June Baylin*, June Clayworth; *Tweed*, Barnett Parker; *Harry*, Warren Hymer; *Miss Fleeter*, Helen Flint; *Mrs. Baglapp*, Irene Franklin; *Kenneth*, Hugh Marlowe; *Mr. Baglapp*, Tom Kennedy; *Police Sergeant*, Edgar Dearing.

"MARRY THE GIRL"—WARNERS.—Based on a novel by Edward Hope. Screenplay by Sig Herzog, Pat C. Flick and Tom Reed. Directed by William McGann. The Cast: *Ollie Radway*, Mary Boland; *Virginia Radway*, Carol Hughes; *David Partridge*, Frank McHugh; *Dimitri*, Mischa Auer; *Michael Forrester*, Hugh O'Connell; *Jasper*, Tom Kennedy; *First Southerner*, Olin Howland; *Drake*, William Davidson; *Happy Elmer*, Irving Bacon; *Partridge's Secretary*, Louise Stanley; *John B. Radway*, Hugh Herbert; *Specs*, Allen Jenkins; *Dr. Stryker*, Alan Mowbray; *Bill*, Teddy Hart; *Buster*, Dewey Robinson; *Second Southerner*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Andres Victor Antoine Descale*, Charles Judels; *Third Southerner*, Louis Mason; *Radway's Secretary*, Bess Flowers.

"NEW FACES OF 1937"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the story "Shoestring" by George Bradshaw. Adaptation by Harold Kusell, Harry Clark and Howard J. Green. Screenplay by Nat Perrin, Philip G. Epstein and Irving S. Brecher. Directed by Leigh Jason. The Cast: *Seymour*, Joe Penner; *Wellington*, Milton Berle; *Park*, Parkyakarkus; *Patricia*, Harriet Hilliard; *Jimmy*, William Brady; *Robert Hunt*, Jerome Cowan; *Elaine*, Thelma Leeds; *Suzy*, Lorraine Krueger; *Judge Hugo Sivaigh*, Tommy Mack; *Count Mischa Moody*, Bert Gordon; *Hunt's Secretary*, Patricia Wilder; *Broker*, Richard Lane; *Stage Manager*, Dudley Clements; *Assistant Stage Manager*, William Corson; *Doorman*, George Rosener; *Bridge Guard*, Harry Bernard; *Joe Guzola*, Dewey Robinson; *Count Moody's Secretary*, Harry C. Bradley; *Themselves*, Lowe, Hite & Stanley, Brian Sisters; *Derry Deane*, Eddie Rio & Brothers, Loria Brothers; *Catherine Brent*, Ann Miller; *The Three Chocolaters*, The Four Playboys, Dorothy Roberts, Camille Soray, Rene Stone and Diana Toy; *Showgirls*: *Mary*, Mary Gifford; *Betty*, Louise Smith; *Johnson*, Harriet Brandon; *Juanita*, Beatrice Schute; *Fields*, Cynthia Westlake.

"NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on "Cottonwood Gulch" from Clarence E. Mulford's book. Screenplay by Jack O'Donnell. Directed by Nate Watt. The Cast: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Windy Halliday*, George Hayes; *Henry Stoneham*, Stephen Morris; *Lucky Jenkins*, Russell Hayden; *Shark*, John Beach; *Faro Annie*, Bernadene Hayes; *Crowder*, John Rutherford; *Bull*, Walter Long; *Goodwin Lee Cobb*.

"ROAD BACK, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the book by Erich Maria Remarque. Screenplay by R. C. Sherrieff. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: *Ernst*, John King; *Ludwig*, Richard Cromwell; *Tjaden*, Slim Summerville; *Willy*, Andy Devine; *Lucy*, Barbara Read; *Angelina*, Louise Fazenda; *Wessling*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Albert*, Maurice Murphy; *Von Hagen*, John Emery; *Mayor*, Etienne Girardot. *Prosecutor*, Lionel Atwill; *Bethke*, Henry Hunter; *Weil*, Larry Blake; *Giesicke*, Gene Garrick; *Elsa*, Jean Rouverol; *Maria*, Greta Gynt; *Ernst's Mother*, Spring Byington; *Ernst's Father*, Frank Reicher; *Ernst's Aunt*, Laura Hope Crews; *Uncle Rudolph*, Charles Halton; *Heinrich*, Arthur Hohl; *Bartscher*, William B. Davidson; *Mr. Markheim*, Al Shean; *Willy's Mother*, Clara Blandick; *Defense Attorney*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Judge*, Robert Warwick; *Principal*, Edwin Maxwell.

"RUSTLER'S VALLEY"—PARAMOUNT.—From an original story by Clarence E. Mulford. Screenplay by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by Nate Watt. The Cast: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Windy Halliday*, George Hayes; *Lucky Jenkins*, Russell Hayden; *Clem Crawford*, Oscar Apfel; *Cal Howard*, Lee Cobb; *Randall Glenn*, Stephen Marris; *Agnes Glenn*, Muriel Evans; *Taggart*, Ted Adams; *Joe*, Al Ferguson; *Boulton*, John Beach.

"SHE HAD TO EAT"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on stories by M. M. Musselman and James Edward Grant. Screenplay by Samuel G. Engel. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The Cast: *Danny Decker*, Jack Haley; *Ann Garrison*, Rochelle Hudson; *Carter*, Arthur Treacher; *Raymond*, Eugene Pallette; *Duke Stacey*, Douglas Fowley; *Sleepy*, John Qualen; *Finger Print Expert*, Maurice Cass; *G-Man Inspector*, Wallis Clark; *Mrs. Cue*, Lelah Tyler; *Pete*, Tom Kennedy; *Rusty*, Tom Dugan; *Mr. Phoebean-Wylie*, Franklin Pangborn.

"SING AND BE HAPPY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screenplay by Ben Markson, Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *Buzz Mason*, Anthony Martin; *Ann Lane*, Leah Ray; *Myrtle*, Joan Davis; *Mrs. Henty*, Helen Westley; *Allan Howard*, Allan Lane; *Della Dunn*, Dixie Dunbar; *Mike*, Chick Chandler; *John Mason*, Berton Churchill; *Thomas Lane*, Andrew Tombes; *Posini*, Luis Alberni; *Sheriff*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.

"SINGING MARINE, THE"—WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL.—Original screenplay by Delmer Daves. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: *Bob*, Dick Powell; *Peggy*, Doris Weston; *Aneas Phinney*, Hugh Herbert; *Sergeant Mike*, Allen Jenkins; *Mr. Fowler*, Addison Richards; *Ma Marine*, Jane Darwell; *Slim*, Lee Dixon; *Dopey*, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; *Helen Young*, Marcia Ralston; *General*, Pierre Watkin; *Diane*, Veda Ann Borg; *Joan*, Jane Wyman; *Marine Sergeant*, Edward Chandler; *Marine Corporal*, Harry Wood; *Fanny Hatteras*, Rose King; *Specialty Number George "Doc" Rockwell*.

"SMALL TOWN BOY"—GRAND NATIONAL.—Directed by Glenn Tryon. The Cast: *Henry*, Stuart Erwin; *Molly*, Joyce Compton; *Mr. Armstrong*, Jed Prouty; *Mrs. Armstrong*, Clara Blandick; *Eddie*, James Blakeley; *Sandra*, Dorothy Appleby; *Mr. French*, Clarence Wilson; *Lafferty*, John T. Murray.

"SUPER SLEUTH"—From a play by Harry Segall. Screenplay by Gertrude Purcell and Ernest Pagano. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The Cast: *Bill Martin*, Jack Oakie; *Mary Strand*, Ann Sothern; *Professor Horman*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Larry Frank*

Alan Bruce; *Lieutenant Garrison*, Edgar Kennedy; *Doris Dunne*, Joan Woodbury; *Ralph Waring*, Bradley Page; *Gibbons*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Watts*, Willie Best; *Beckett*, William Corson; *Eddie*, Alec Craig; *Barker*, Richard Lane; *Motorcycle Cop*, Paul Hurst; *Policeman*, George Rosener; *Jailer*, Fred Kelsey; *Casey*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Sullivan*, Philip Morris; *Grimes*, Dick Rush.

"TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on "Book of Daniel Drew" by Bouck White and the story "Robber Barons" by Matthew Josephson. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols, John Twist and Joel Sayre. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: *Jim Fisk*, Edward Arnold; *Nick Boyd*, Cary Grant; *Josie Mansfield*, Frances Farmer; *Luke*, Jack Oakie; *Daniel Drew*, Donald Meek; *Fleurique*, Thelma Leeds; *Vanderbilt*, Clarence Kolb; *Photographer*, Billy Gilbert; *Broker*, George Irving; *Lawyers*, Russell M. Hicks, Frank M. Thomas; *Wallack*, Oscar Apfel; *Collins*, Dudley Clements; *President of Board*, Lionel Belmore; *Bellhop*, Robert McClung; *Janitor*, Robert Dudley; *Beefy Dolan*, Dewey Robinson; *Top Sergeant*, Stanley Fields; *Major*, Gavin Gordon; *Mary Lou*, Joyce Compton; *Virginia Lee*, Virginia Carroll.

"TOPPER"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Based on the novel by Thorne Smith. Screenplay by Jack Jevne, Eric Hatch and Eddie Moran. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. The Cast: *Marion Kerby*, Constance Bennett; *George Kerby*, Cary Grant; *Mr. Topper*, Roland Young; *Mrs. Topper*, Billie Burke; *Wilkins*, Alan Mowbray; *Casey*, Eugene Pallette; *Elevator Boy*, Arthur Lake; *Mrs. Stuyvesant*, Hedda Hopper; *Miss Johnson*, Virginia Sale; *Hotel Manager*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Policeman*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Secretary*, Elaine Shepard; *Rustics*, Doodles Weaver and Si Jenks; *Themselves*, "Three Hits and A Miss."

"CORNERED"—WARNERS.—Based on "The Bad Man" by Porter Emerson Browne. Screenplay by Crane Wilbur. Directed by John Farrow. The Cast: *General Wu Yen Fang*, Boris Karloff; *Jane Creed*, Beverly Roberts; *Gordon Creed*, Ricardo Cortez; *Jim Hallet*, Gordon Oliver; *Lola Galt*, Sheila Bromley; *General Chou Fu-Shan*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Dr. Abernathy*, Gordon Hart; *Mr. Cheng*, Richard Loo; *Myron Galt*, Douglas Wood; *Cap'tain Kung Nui*, Chester Gan; *Chan*, Luke Chan; *Hemingway*, Selmer Jackson; *Pao*, James B. Leong; *Eurasian Conductor*, Komi; *Wang Chung*, Eddie Lee; *Eurasian Conductor*, Maurice Lui; *Hua Mei*, Mia Ichioaka.

"WILD AND WOOLY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original Screenplay by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton. Directed by Alfred Werker. The Cast: *Arnette Flynn*, Jane Withers; *Gramp Flynn*, Walter Brennan; *Ruth Morris*, Pauline Moore; *Zero*, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; *Chauncey Ralston*, Jack Searl; *Edward Ralston*, Berton Churchill; *Blackie Morgan*, Douglas Fowley; *Frank Bailey*, Robert Wilcox; *Leon Wakefield*, Douglas Scott; *Dutch*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Barton Henshaw*, Frank Melton; *Lutz*, Syd Saylor.

"WILD MONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Paul Gallico. Screenplay by Edward T. Lowe, Marguerite Roberts and Eddie Welch. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *P. H. Dodd*, Edward Everett Horton; *Judy McGowan*, Louise Campbell; *Perry Brown*, Lynne Overman; *Bill Court*, Porter Hall; *Bill Hawkins*, Lucien Littlefield; *Jennie Hawkins*, Esther Dale; *Cole*, Colin Tapley; *Al Vogel*, Benny Baker; *Jackson*, Nick Lukats; *Mrs. West*, Ruth Coleman; *Malcolm West*, Billy Lee; *Spreckell*, Barlowe Borland; *Sheriff Jones*, Howard Mitchell.

Ask the Answer Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

wood for years without creating more than passing interest until "Wake Up and Live," though he has appeared in the last year in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "Mr. Cinderella" and "Pigskin Parade." It's true Bobby Clark, the radio singer, sang for Jack in "Wake Up and Live," but Jack has a fine baritone voice, and has been signed recently for the radio this fall, so you'll be able to hear him for yourself.

JANE FRITZ, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.—Your good-looking favorites are all Middle Westerners; maybe it's the climate. Henry Fonda was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16, 1905, attended the University of Minnesota. Fredric March (Frederick McIntyre Bickel) was born in Racine, Wisconsin, on August 31, 1898, was educated at the University of Wisconsin. Lew Ayres was born on Dec. 28, 1908, in Minneapolis, Minn., attended the University of Arizona. Alan Baxter was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He is twenty-seven years old, graduated from Williams

MARGARET ROSE HEMOND, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Rosalind Russell will again be teamed with Bob Montgomery in "Live, Love and Learn" but the picture will be in a much lighter vein than the gruesome "Night Must Fall." Fred Astaire will be teamed with Ginger Rogers this fall. Fred is five feet nine inches, weighs 138 pounds.

KATHLEEN GOODE, CORSICANA, TEXAS.—Judging by the reports and the letters that have stuffed our mailbag, Warners have a new "find" in the young actor you asked about, Wayne Morris, playing his first major rôle as the prize fighter in "Kid Galahad." He was born Bert deWayne Morris, Jr., in Los Angeles on Feb. 17, 1914. He is six feet two inches tall, has blue eyes and blond hair, tips the scales at 190 pounds. He was educated in San Francisco grammar schools, then at the Los Angeles High School. His only acting training was at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He had a bit part in "China Clipper."

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